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THE BATHS OF THE FURNAS.

A

WINTER IN THE AZORES;

AND A

SUMMER AT THE BATHS OF THE FURNAS.

BY

JOSEPH BULLAR, M.D.

AND

HENRY BULLAR, OF LINCOLN'S INN.

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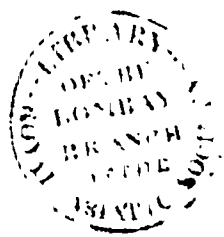


A

WINTER IN THE AZORES.

CHAPTER I.

We scaled
A steep ascent: and reached a dreary plain
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us; ——— which I paced
Dispirited: when all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been by eldest time
So placed — to be shut out from all the world.

THE EXCURSION.

Visit to the Caldeira at Fayal. — Appearance of the mountain. — First view of the Caldeira. — Field flowers. — Scarcity of wood. — Opal. — Deficiency of water; its causes, and the remedy. — Island of Ascension.

FAYAL, MAY 14. — As the morning was promising and the mountain clear of clouds, we

started with a party, some on foot and some on asses, to see the Caldeira, which is one of the natural beauties of Fayal.

Speaking generally of the island, it is a low cone, with a lozenge-shaped base; and in the top of this cone, which is nearly in the centre of the island, the Caldeira is sunk. It is frequently covered with a cap of clouds, which, although they may shut out the view from the summit, and obscure the depths of the crater, yet fully compensate for these hindrances to impatient travellers, by the floating shadows which they throw upon the mountains, by the strength of colouring which they borrow from the morning and the setting sun, and by the varied delicacy with which these colours are reflected from their surfaces upon the hill-side. To-day, however, the mountain had doffed his cap, and from the shore to the summit was enriched by the yellow light of a hot morning sun.

After passing the scattered houses on the outskirts of the town, the road lay along the valley of the Flemings, through which sometimes a river runs, whose rocky bottom was now quite dry. Having crossed this, we began the gradual and easy ascent of the mountain, at first through fields, and then over heath and grass, inter-

spersed with a few wild flowers; among which, a bright-belled heath, of deep scarlet, was scattered among the herbage, that resembled in colour the fruit of the wild strawberry, and was entirely different from the common heath so abundant in these islands; the quiet unobtrusive blossoms of which seldom attract the eye. Now and then a woman or a girl tripped past us on her way down the mountain, carrying on her head a heavy load of wood; a few scattered cows and heifers stopped grazing and stared round, or started off with their tails awry, when we walked so close as to disturb them; and as we neared the topmost edge of the crater, a group of idle wood-cutters, with their figures clearly cut out against the sky, lay and stood about, surrounded by their wives and children, who squatted on the ground, and tried in vain to silence a yelping Azorean cur, which ran forwards to bark and bite, as naturally as if he had been at the cottager's own door.

As is usual in ascending all mountainous ground, we passed one ridge after another, wishing and thinking each was the last, (for the dull succession of hill upon hill, clothed only with rough grass, was without variety,) when,

without a moment's warning, we suddenly stopped on the precipitous edge of the crater. Hitherto there had been unvaried sunshine, and no tree or other object to cast a shadow; but now we suddenly saw beneath our feet an enormous valley, deeply sunk in the earth, the huge fissures, with which its almost perpendicular sides were cleft, being in deep shade, and the projecting ridges in bright light. At the bottom was a gloomy lake, over which one white sea-gull floated — the only living thing in that solitary place. The eye can gaze long, and without fatigue, and with much delight, on all things that are beautiful; but the first glance (like the first rapid perusal of a letter from one we love at a distance) seems to fill the mind at once, and make it a temporary master of the delight. We gaze longer afterwards, that we may remember it more surely; but the first glance is the intensely pleasurable one.

Having taken this first look at the glorious scene that had rewarded our toilsome ascent, the next fell on the contents of a goodly basket, stored by no sparing hand, which had been spread at our feet; and, sitting on the soft grass, in sunshine moderated by mountain breezes, as

pigeon-pies, chickens, hams, tongues, and wines, became part of our own being, we could quietly contemplate the lonesome beauty of the deep vale below us. How different was that green silent valley now, with its tranquil lake and solitary bird, from the time when it was the mouth of a vast furnace, casting out smoke and flame, and pouring down red-hot torrents of rock, and showers of burning cinders, into the hissing, and steaming, and bubbling sea. Then, "fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell;" — now, as quiet a spot for the discussion of cold meat on a sunny day, as could be found anywhere.

The Caldeira appears to be perfectly circular, and is a complete basin, the edge being regular, that is, as regular as these natural works ever are; not a mathematical circle, but a fine waving line. We were nearly an hour and a half in walking round its rim, and we thought it by far the most striking old crater we have yet seen in the islands. The valley of the Furnas is much larger, but its size takes away from its apparent depth; and its shape is so irregular a circle that the two cannot be compared together. In Corvo there is one crater, and in Flores there are several; but the sides of these slope so much more

gradually, that they rather appear to form shallow basins, bearing no resemblance to this deep and circular valley, whose walls are sunk like a shaft in the very apex of the island, and are seen suddenly and unexpectedly from a point where the eye takes in the whole view at a single glance. Its volcanic origin cannot be doubted for an instant; and on those who are unused to volcanic scenery, (if they have not travelled so much as to be quite above being impressed by any scenery at all,) it produces a strong impression at the time, and a very durable one.

From this point, which is, as it were, the nave of the wheel, a good general view may be had of the entire island, which, from its circumference to its centre; from the sea, that is, to this spot; whether sprinkled with villages and marked out with fields (as it is near the coast) or swelling into hills, or rising into cones or small craters, or broken up into ridges and valleys, which the wants of the islanders have not yet required for cultivation, (as it is between the belt of fields on the coast and the summit on which we were standing)—the eye discovers no colour but green. The slope from the Caldeira to the sea is gradual, but steeper towards the north and north-east;

and although the aspect of the island is neither grand nor sublime, still it has a quietude and soft fertility, which are of themselves agreeable; and, when seen in immediate contrast with the pomp and majesty of Pico, soaring high into the distant clouds, possess additional charms.

We had occasion to remark, in our excursion to-day, (and the same observation applies to the other islands we have seen,) the scarcity of field flowers, as compared with their frequency in England. A botanist, who had gone through the islands in search of flowers, made the same remark. The daisy we never saw, nor wild violets. The flower most commonly seen by the road-side, is the shabby rag-wort. I never remember to have seen even the modest little wild geranium of our English hedges. One of the most common flowers here is a rose, with small flowers, and numerous petals, called the rosa multiflora; this is frequently met with in the outskirts of the town, and the cottagers occasionally cultivate it in their gardens.

In common with all the islands, the want of timber trees is everywhere felt by an English eye, so that Johnson's exaggerated satire on Scotland, "Trees, sir, trees! why my walking-stick is

the only stick of timber I have seen in Scotland," might with about equal justice be applied to the Azores; where, if it were possible to move the wealthier landowners to plant more largely, as the proprietors of lands in Scotland were stirred up by Johnson's sarcasms; not only would the scenery of the islands profit by it, but lands now comparatively useless would become productive. A thriftless use is made of what little timber there is; trees are cut without being replaced; young plantations are rarely to be seen; and to such an extent has this short-sighted destruction been carried in Fayal, that, with ample room for plantations, the principal supply of fuel is derived from Pico, which island can spare somewhat from its limited population. But the want of timber does not interfere with the verdure and appearance of fertility which characterise these islands.

May 15.—A man of science from America, who was here last year, found in the rocks, on the north-eastern side of the Bay of Horta, a vein of opal in a state of partial decomposition. We walked to see it this morning, and found the friable stone which was so called. It soon crumbles to powder after exposure to the air, and

possesses few of the external characteristics of that stone. In returning we looked into a fort upon the shore, where were one or two rusty guns, a decayed pyramid of balls, a plot of cabbages, and an old woman hanging out her linen in the sun; as unwarlike a place as the kitchen-garden of one of those battlemented boxes which cockneys build in the outskirts of London.

Although the Islands of St. Michael's, Corvo, and Flores are plentifully supplied with pure and excellent water, in this island as well as in Pico and St. George's, (at least in the parts we visited,) water is scantily supplied, and is in many respects bad. In the former islands there are fountains everywhere, from which streams are continually flowing, beneath which the women have only to place their red pitchers, and they are immediately filled; but in these islands the water is drawn from wells, around which groups of men and women are to be seen dropping in little buckets or horns, and slowly and laboriously filling from them their larger wooden tubs. So behindhand are they in mechanical contrivance, that there is not in the streets even a common windlass (that universal machine above an English cottager's well) to save their labour; and it is

almost provoking to see them thus ignorantly expending their strength for nought. The wealthier people do not use this water, but collect the rain in large tanks, and filter it. In Pico, and at Ursalina in St. George's, the water is brackish. The only fountain I have seen in the island is in the valley of the Flemings, and there the supply seemed plentiful and good. This deficiency in water may be partly owing to the improvident way in which the evergreen trees, which are the natural clothing of the island, have been destroyed for firewood.* It is a fact that one of the Cape de Verde Islands which once used to furnish the East India ships with a copious supply of water, now scarcely yields enough for its

* In 1589 when Edward Wright visited Fayal with the Earl of Cumberland he remarked the same deficiency of water. "On Monday," he says, "we sent our boats ashore [at Fayal] for fresh water, which (by reason of the rain that fell the former night) came plentifully running down the hilles and would otherwise have been hard to have gotten there." At Graciosa, too, there was a similar lack of fresh water; the islanders returning for answer, "that as for fresh water, they could not satisfy our need therein, having themselves little or none, saving such as they saved in vessels or cisterns when it rayned, and that they had rather give us two tunnes of wine than one of water." Wright does not state whether the island was at that time well-wooded.—2 Hakluyt p. 160.

own inhabitants, and this is since they have cleared the island of trees. For trees condense the vapour, and thus make the clouds and mists, which float about and rest upon the mountains, furnish pure water for the plains below.*

In America, where the experiment of clearing away trees on a large scale has been tried, the effect has been to diminish the quantity of water. Many brooks are now completely dry in summer in Kentucky, which, thirty years ago, afforded abundant water during the whole year; and in New Jersey, since the woods have been extensively cleared away, it is said that many streams have disappeared. As evergreens are never destitute of leaves, they must necessarily be "alembics" in perpetual action, and their loss must be great in proportion.

That part of Pico which is cultivated in vineyards, is like a black barren rock, with little soil, and as the vines are cut very close to the

* "In heavy fogs," (says White in his "Natural History of Selborne,") "on elevated situations especially, trees are perfect alembics; and no one that has not attended to such matters, can imagine how much water one tree will distil, in a night's time, by condensing the vapour, which trickles down the twigs and boughs, so as to make the ground below quite in a float."

ground, and are only in leaf during a few of the summer months, it is not surprising, on this theory, that there is little water. In St. Michael's and in Flores there are deep ravines running up the mountains, the sides of which are still covered with box and bilberry, Fayas, and large heaths; and by these natural agents for the condensation of clouds and mists, streams are formed which run along the bottoms of these glens. The extent to which orange-trees are cultivated in St. Michael's must increase the supply of water, and make some amends for the improvident destruction of other trees; for the leaf of the orange is smooth and thick, can imbibe little moisture, and must condense rapidly. But in this island, there are comparatively few orange-trees, and very little wood of any kind; the greater part of the uncultivated land being covered with coarse grass.

How easily deficiency of water in any of these islands might be remedied by practical scientific knowledge and well-directed energy, is shown by the little Island of Ascension; a volcanic rock, lying midway (as is well known) between Africa and South America. It is, like these islands, of purely volcanic formation, but

much more barren. A single green mountain, two thousand nine hundred feet high, rises in the centre of a black table-land, consisting of sheets and masses of lava, fields of cinders and ashes. There is little verdure, or even soil, except in sheltered spots. It was taken possession of by the English government on the transportation of Napoleon to St. Helena in 1815. In 1829 the population consisted of one hundred and forty Europeans, chiefly marines, and seventy-six Africans; they suffered from both a deficient and precarious supply of water, depending on springs or drips in banks among the mountains. The water thus obtained was conveyed in barrels on ox-waggons, to a tank in the town, and some rain water was collected in casks. After long droughts, even this scanty supply was liable to great diminution. At this time Captain Brandreth surveyed the island by order of the Admiralty, and proposed boring for water. "He fixed on a spot high up in the mountain district at the bottom of a steep ravine, the sides of which were eighty feet in height, and the section showed the arrangement of the strata to consist of volcanic matter lying on beds of retentive clay." The clouds and mists, and constant evaporation

from the sea, were evidently arrested by the high land, and their moisture deposited here; and the experiment fully succeeded. "At a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface, they found a spring that has yielded on an average five tons of water daily for the last five years." A line of iron pipes, of nearly six miles in length, reaching from the mountain to the town, has been laid down, and in the course of the line, a tunnel, six hundred feet in length, was driven through high land which intervened. This tunnel is of sufficient size to admit a person to walk through it, and was worked out of compact beds of cinders and ashes, and occasionally of clay and trachyte. It was executed in a short time, with much labour, but very trifling cost. When Captain Brandreth visited the island after a lapse of five years, he found abundance of water in it, and learned that the average amount in the tanks throughout the year was one thousand tons. (See Journal of the Geographical Society of London, Vol. V. Part 2, 1835.)

This was all effected by a marine officer and a small garrison, in addition to their garrison duties, farming, catching turtles, erecting forts, &c.

CHAPTER II.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters, and gay young isles;
Aye, look, and he 'll smile thy gloom away.

W. C. Bryant.

Ride round Fayal.—Wine-shop.—The basket-system.—Castello Branco.—Cedros.—Silver Lamp.—Finesse.—Red pottery.—Gentleman Farmer.—Return to Horta.

Fayal, May 18.—Yesterday and the day before we rode round the island. On arriving at the village of Feteira, being obliged to make a halt, owing to rain, we stopped at a wine-shop which had an upper room in all respects as decent as the parlour of a village inn in England. The windows were well glazed, the floors were sound and clean, the walls well white-washed, and the

chairs as soft as wooden-bottomed chairs usually are. "In whatever way you travel," says Walker in his 'Original,' "I particularly recommend you to guard against the cravings of hunger, both for your health's sake, and in order the better to preserve placidity of temper, which, with every precaution, is exposed to frequent disturbance. When your mind is ruffled you can neither see with pleasure nor profit, and the natives are pretty sure to revenge themselves for your ill-humour by imposing upon you. On setting out on the last long journey I made," he adds, "which was in a private carriage with one companion, I bought a small basket and caused it to be filled with cold provisions, bread, and fruit, which I kept constantly replenished during ten months, whenever we were upon the road, to which circumstance I mainly attribute the fact that we never had the shadow of a disagreement or an uncomfort."

"There is nothing like a basket of this sort for diminishing the dreadful tediousness of uncertain distances at the end of a long day, and it is a great consolation in case of accidental stoppages." I cannot say that "we bought a small basket;" but, by the kindness of a lady, we had

been provided with a large one; and at this "accidental stoppage" we cordially assented to the good sense of the foregoing advice,—which, if applicable to European travelling, where luxuries are everywhere to be found, must be still more so in these islands, where nothing can be procured in the villages, but the distasteful Indian-corn bread and wine; and in the place of diligences, coaches, or carriages, you have to jog at the rate of three miles an hour, on a dull uneasy ass.

"Some people have a habit, and rather make a boast of it, of travelling long distances without eating any thing; but I strongly recommend the basket system, having tried both plans." Excellent willow baskets are made in the island, to which a padlock may be fastened, a necessary precaution here; because, in travelling once, armed with such a basket, while *we* were occupied with the scenery, our ass-boy was as busily engaged in relieving us of all the inner parts of the sandwiches, leaving nothing but the bread and butter cases behind; and a friend at Flores, having a party of men to carry him in a hammock, unsuspectingly entrusted them with his three-gallon jar of wine; and at the end of his journey they

returned it to him empty, gravely saying, with much intrepidity of face, "that the jar had leaked." Now the basket system being adopted as a means of keeping an unruffled temper,—it is important that the traveller should not have imposition as well as hunger to disturb it.

After leaving the wine-shop, a short ride brought us to Castello Branco, a lofty white promontory jutting into the sea. Here we dismounted, and climbed the cliff on foot. The point to which this name is given, appears to have been once a crater. The top is basin-shaped, but incomplete towards the sea,—the basin or crater is covered with heath and herbage; and the walls, which rise from the sea perpendicularly, appear to be formed of decomposed lava, of a greyish white tint; much worn by the weather and the waves. The point is higher than the adjoining coast; with which it is connected by a neck of land of a warm brown colour, and a tough consistency. The eastern coast is as black as coal, stretching far away in a gradually diminishing line; while the western shore sweeps round into a gentle curve of many miles' extent. The day was stormy, and the surf rolled in upon the shore with a tremendous rush.

The stormy sea and black coast, skirted by a long fringe of foam; the rocks of Castello Branco rising in the midst, almost as white as the waves that broke against them; the lonely sea-birds sailing high over the cliffs, and screaming defiance to the winds; the lowering clouds which skimmed rapidly up the mountain, and by obscuring the distance, and shutting out objects of comparison, gave additional boldness to the cliffs; —formed a wild and striking picture.

Those who visit Fayal for the sake of seeing the island, should by no means omit coming to this place. If, however, they are pressed for time, or are disinclined to trouble, or have been long enough in the Azores to have become infected with Azorean torpor, (which may easily be in no long time;) should they have seen the island from the Caldeira, they will not lose much by turning back to Horta, instead of going round it. We, however, went on, and were gratified quite as much as we expected to be.

Villages are scattered along the coast, and there is a long belt of cultivated ground encircling the whole island. At one of these villages we slept, and on the next day moved on, and halted at the little village of Cedros, where

we rested our man and beasts. In the mean time we looked into the church, where a large silver lantern is shown, the gift of a native, who, after emigrating to the Brazils, returned a rich man, and presented the church of Cedros with this lamp. It is costly and clumsy,—but its being of silver seemed, in the eyes of the person showing it, to compensate for any want of taste in shape. Had the giver gone to the church of the Jesuits' college for his models, he could not have erred. Italy could not have furnished him with better.

After loitering about the village for some little time,—looking over the grave-yard wall at a pompous fussy turkey-cock, who strutted over the graves and gobble-gobbled with much importance, and thinking how inappropriate a bird he was to be in such a place,—we were touched on the elbow by a man with a bunch of keys in his hand, who, with an air of grave politeness, requested we would come to his house, which was near, and have some wine and refreshments. We thanked him, and declined. But he was so importunate, that, for the sake of peace, we followed him by the church-door to his cottage. His wife was sitting in her window working:

She welcomed us and bade us be seated, with as much self-composure and easy civility as any other well-bred person would have done; and, her husband being the sexton of the church, and keeper of the keys, she began to talk about the lamp and other matters, while he handed down biscuits and wine, and pressed us to smoke. After we had sat some little time, thinking how civil and disinterestedly attentive the people were, some signs passed between husband and wife on our rising to go, and suddenly, from a door behind, a sickly child and elderly woman appeared.

"That gentleman is a doctor?" said the sexton to me, pointing to one of our party, who was a medical man.

"Yes," I answered.

"And we have no surgeon here," he added, taking hold of the child by the shoulders, and showing its chest, which was unnaturally large.

All in the room then came round to listen to the questions of the physician. The pallid child was prescribed for,—the old woman came in for her share,—the lugubrious sexton himself begged a prescription, and the quiet wife, who had sat so unmoved in the window, came forward, when all

was done, to describe some symptom of her own. We left in great good humour, much amused at their clever finesse.

The women, the cattle, poultry, and children, shunned us in our ride round Fayal, as if strangers were seldom seen there; but the cottages of the poor had less the appearance of poverty about them than in the villages of St. Michael's, where the people are less shy.

The red pottery used for water-carrying in St. Michael's is wanting here, and in its place conical buckets of a clumsy construction are made use of. I shall not soon forget the pleasure experienced in seeing the first water-pitcher when we landed on that island. It was on the head of a woman, thinly clad in loose linen; her petticoat and shawl clung to her figure, and fell over it in folds, like the drapery on a statue. She passed lightly across the top of a street, and was out of sight in an instant. One bright spot upon the wet pitcher twinkled in the sun,— her hand was just raised to steady her burden, and nothing but her single arm and naked feet was to be seen. She walked erect and fearlessly along, with unconscious grace, until, stooping with her pitcher, she turned into her small cottage. In place of

these vessels, which are as classical in shape as an antique urn, the people here use a wooden bucket with a broad bottom and narrow mouth, made on a plan of the vulgarest utility.

The breed of cattle in Fayal, though small, is particularly good. We noticed between Cedros and Horta some cows, which, in beauty of shape and sleekness of skin, it would be difficult to match even in England.

Passing through several plantations of Fayas, as we approached the city, we met some few persons coming out for an evening ride. One of these was a type of a class of small proprietors in the islands, who rank a little lower than the "morgados," and probably answer to that class who are called with us "gentlemen farmers." He was finely dressed in shabby clothes, with a military cap, long mustachios; and wore one lanky silver spur strapped to his right boot. His semi-theatrical half-military manner, and showy long-tailed piebald, reminded us of one of Astley's men, airing a saddled circus horse; the pannel commonly used here, being somewhat similar to the padded saddle, on which the genus Ducrow perform their feats of horsemanship. He bowed well, and clattering and slipping over the stony

road, as the horse ambled down the hill, was speedily gone.

The next people we met were a man and his wife, jogging out on an airing. The man was mounted on a high bay horse, like a faded mourning-coach horse, turned rusty by age and long exposure to the sun; the wife under a wide umbrella, spread to keep her from occasional slight showers, sat sideways on a quiet black ass, which kept a-head, bustling and jerking along when it expected to be outstripped. The man and his wife having passed, and bows having been properly exchanged, there followed a few men and women, with wood and baskets balanced on their heads; and presently we were among the houses and cottages on the outskirts of the city; and, descending a short hill, we came once more into the forlorn streets of Horta, which the heavy rain, that still remained in large puddles in the streets, had swept of all living objects save an occasional cur. The night was coming on apace, and we were not sorry to halt once more at our inn door. We found our fiddle-faddle landlord with his cheerful face, in a state of the greatest possible excitement and flurry about a festival in which he was to act a prominent part;

and he told us that our bed-room, which happened to be the largest room in the house, was in the course of things to be turned into a chapel of the Holy Ghost. The morrow being Whit-Sunday, this change was to be made, and in the room below, an entertainment was to be given to his friends, at which he was to preside.

And so ended our trip round Fayal. There is a good deal of sameness in the scenery, which is pretty and pastoral, not bold or grand in the least degree. Perhaps the best scenery in the whole island is between this and Cedros. There is a succession of pleasant valleys, some of them tolerably wooded, and all bearing the marks of good cultivation.

CHAPTER III.

They dance and sing and laugh away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

DRYDEN.

Whit-Sunday at Horta.—Public feast to the poor.—Crowd in the streets.—The "Cloth Animal" in Horta.—Priest blessing bread.—Distribution of food.

MAY 19, Whit-Sunday.—A day of great festivity in Horta. We were told that the islanders made a vow "long time ago," that if an earthquake which had done great damage, did not recur, they would distribute annually to the poor, for a certain number of years, so much bread, meat, and wine. The earthquake ceased; and the vow has not only been punctually performed by the makers and their descendants; but, when the term expired, it was renewed, and the public distribution of food still continues.

The city from an early hour, was filled with country people and townsfolk, either partakers or spectators of the public feast. In the principal street of the town, a small chapel was set up,—a tabernacle of canvass, very much after the fashion of a small theatre in a country fair,—a Richardson's show for instance, with its flaming red and yellow. The chapel was hung with crimson stuff bound with yellow lace, and was lighted by four tapers, standing on a tinsel altar in front of a small silver crucifix; and here a benediction was pronounced on the food. From each corner of the chapel, which filled the body of the street, two rows of tables stretched down each side of the foot-pavement, a distance of five hundred yards. The tables were planks of deal, resting on empty tubs at equal distances asunder. In each tub branches of the common yellow broom were stuck; and the planks, as well as the altar, were afterwards covered with white linen cloths.

The table-cloths having been spread, the ceremony of laying the dinner began. The allowance to each person consisted of five loaves, two pounds of raw beef and a pint of wine, in a bottle of red pottery corked with a bunch of flowers. At the

end of the long line of planks, the loaves, meat, and wine were handed out in basketfuls to about thirty basket-bearers. Each basket had two handles with a man at each handle, who, with large napkins tied round the left arm, marched up the lane between the tables. The bearers were preceded by two musicians, dressed in coarse flowing gowns of whity-brown serge, with belcher handkerchiefs of glazed cotton tied tightly over their heads and hanging down their backs. They much resembled the grotesque calico-dressed men, who are occasionally to be seen carrying broad advertisements through the streets of London. One of these banged a crazy drum, and the other shook the empty hoop of a tambourine. In front of the merry-andrew musicians, or huddled with the procession; a languid, knock-kneed youth, dressed like the two musicians, lounged along with a faded crimson banner, on which a dove was embroidered, to represent the "Holy Spirit." The three chanted as they walked, in strong nasal tones, approaching almost to a yell;—

"Ass intoned to ass
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from bellowing lungs the enthusiast blows;
High sounds, attempered to the vocal nose."

When the basket-bearers were ready, "the band" struck up, and the procession proceeded at a leisurely pace to walk up the lane in a column. This was repeated until the whole tables were spread.

In the midst of this scene, it was highly entertaining to see our acting landlord, triton among the minnows. On this occasion, besides a napkin on his arm neatly fringed with lace, he bore a wand of office, in the shape of three feet of sugar-cane, with which he worried all little boys who came within his reach. Did an urchin impertinently peep into the bread-basket, Thomas was ready with his cane, — did a child creep under the tables into holy ground; into the lane set apart for the carriers; Thomas's eyes immediately spied him. He was evidently the great authority on all the little points of Whit-Sunday management. He was at the head of the procession, bustling along with mincing steps, turning back to see that the people followed, perspiring, hallooing to some offender in front, patronizing some inoffensive being in the crowd, or petrifying turbulent boys. When it returned, he was first among the dealers-out of meat, and the distributers of wine;

stopping now and then to jabber with an innovator on established rules, and turning round to the obsequious by-standers for approval, as if to say with Sancho, (whom he much resembled,) "What do ye think of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brain to no purpose?"

We were placed in an excellent position for seeing the whole affair, in the balcony of the British Consul.* On each side of the street, crowds of poor women sat in their blue cloaks, gossiping and quietly waiting for their dole. There were decrepit men, in silent repose, by the side of their grey-headed wives; noisy children ran in and out and underneath the tables, full of shrill enjoyment; young girls in short blue cloaks, muslin handkerchiefs, and high straw hats, sat or stood about, chattering and acting with endless energy; young men in gay clean dresses, stood by them, or walked backwards and forwards in the crowd; some lounged against a corner, puffing paper cigars, which, after a whiff or two, they would hand to their neighbours; others stood still, half-amazed

* The present British Consul for this island is Mr. Minchin, whose politeness and *bonhomie* it is extremely pleasant to remember.

at the bustle and hum of the undulating row of heads, which extended on both sides of the vacant line between the tables, as far as the eye could reach. Above, the balconies were filled with men and women, full of good-humoured vivacity, who bowed and joked with their passing acquaintance as opportunity offered. Dandies, too, there were, the charm of their own eyes, as precise and particular in the decoration of their persons as any young men in the world, whether taken from the pavement of St. James's Street, or the back woods of America, where red Indian dandyism consists in the lavish use of oil and blue paint. And Azorean fops were no more or less absurd than "the cloth animal" in England; "the man that lives, and moves, and has his being in cloth." It would have been malicious to have said to either of them what Martinus Scriblerus said to the gentleman at court, "Take off your artificial charms, sir, and you will find yourself a forked straddling animal, with a dun hide and a pot belly."

Soon after the dinner had been spread, a priest appeared at the end of the tables. He was robed as usual, in a scanty black gown, reaching to the ancles, a short smock of loose muslin falling from

the shoulders to the waist; and he wore on his head, the common tufted angular cap of black silk. After waiting a moment or two for his musicians, the band appeared, and repeating their drumming, clinking, and nasal chant, led the way to the altar. The priest followed with measured steps, and with as much dignity and grace as were compatible, either with scanty petticoats, strained tight at every stride, or with an assumed carelessness of manner, which too plainly indicated his want of cordial sympathy in the ceremonies of the day; just as I have seen in the streets of a country town in England a shame-faced freemason, who has never before appeared in the glitter of gilded pasteboard, brazen out his folly by swaggering attempts at indifference, or by affecting earnest conversation with his neighbour. How much sincerity of manner, probably, would one more eruption of lava from the caldeira above our heads, have put into that priest's (and all our) actions!

When he and the musicians reached the altar, prayers having been repeated in the chapel, (which we were not near enough to hear,) they returned in the same order as they went. On the left, an attendant bore a silver vase of holy

water, which he held up to the priest, who from time to time dipped into it a brush, from which, as he walked rapidly between the tables, he sprinkled the food. The water was thrown wide of the mark, and some of the poor earnestly stretched out their heads and hands to receive the spare drops. We were told that the food which has been so blessed, is highly prized by the poor, and on this account, quite as much as for the sake of the meat itself, they show much eagerness to obtain it.

Next came the distribution, which was managed by tickets, previously given, by the subscribers to the feast, to deserving poor people. It was done in perfectly good order, without hustling or scrambling; each person carrying off his share to be eaten at home.

CHAPTER IV.

" Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
With looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes."

IL PENSEROSO.

Convent of Nuns.—Visit.—The real Nun, and the ideal Nun. — Loss to the poor of the monastic establishments. — Private charity.— Climate for invalids.

MAY 26, FAYAL.—This afternoon we paid a visit to the Convent of Nuns. The outside appearance of the building differed but little from that of other tall barrack-like houses near. It held seven Nuns, with their servants; and the rules confined them strictly within the walls. The entrance was a paved chamber, open to the street, where persons wishing to sell or to buy, come to a revolving drum in the wall, and talk

with the Nuns by putting their heads into it, and speaking through a board, while their donkeys stand and nod in the chamber. Children run in and out of it at pleasure, pursuing their games; dogs wander in without fear of molestation; and weary people, on a hot day, occasionally sit down to rest on the stone bench. A narrow, steep, and awkward flight of stairs leads from the covered court to corresponding rooms above it, which communicate with each floor of the convent by means of similar wooden drums.

Into the uppermost of these rooms we went with our party. A message had been previously sent to the chief Nun, by the lady whom we accompanied, to say, that if it was convenient we wished to pay her a visit; and a polite assent having been returned, the room was prepared for our reception. An Indian mat was spread; and round it were half a dozen chairs for the party. The Nun sat behind a double grating, like an empty lion's cage. We had already passed two of these cages in the room beneath; reminding one more of a visit to a wild beast's show than of a complimentary call on tender recluses.

Somehow or other, every one has such a high

idea of a Nun,—as of some young being breathing the spotless ether of a maiden life, until she has reached a state of purity, too high for this working-day world,—as so pensive and devout,—so demurely sober and steadfast, and as holding such unceasing commerce with the skies,—that venturing into her presence seems like walking on ground whereon none, under the degree of a saint, should venture to tread. Peeping on her in her seclusion is curiosity scarcely less unpardonable than that of the man who "peeped and botanized upon his mother's grave." Years, we think, make no impression on her,—she never fades like a leaf, or is thought of as three score years and ten;—when she enters the convent gates the wheels of time stand still; and when she quits them (not by scaling-ladders, but by legitimate means, as by the confiscation of her convent and its revenues to assist a needy reformed government,) we pity her as

> "Unveiling timidly her cheek,
> Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
> While through the convent gates to open view
> Softly she glides, another home to seek.
> Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
> An apparition more divinely bright!

Not more attractive to the dazzled sight,
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!"

With such preconceptions, is it surprising that an actual acquaintance should beget disappointment? and, accordingly, when there appeared, on the other side of the cage, a fat, sallow, good-humoured, jolly, double-chinned lady, with no more poetry about her than could have been found in Winifred Jenkins; although there was nothing less than might have been expected from our knowledge of the sisterhood at St. Michael's; all those expectations which were grounded on the ideal only, at once vanished. She was very talkative, abundantly complimentary, — full of curiosity, easy, graceful, and self-possessed.

After the usual ceremonious preliminaries, the party sat round in a circle, and she speedily began her part in the conversation.

Amongst other things, she inquired after a frail sister, who had escaped with a captain in the navy, — the son of a former member for Dorsetshire, — who, she understood, was now a

very rich lady;—a phrase which she repeated in a tone of voice which seemed to say, that she herself would not have felt any disinclination at being a very rich lady too. She inquired after some of the sisterhood in St. Michael's, gossiped about other Nuns, laughed, flattered, and handed through the drum a dish of comfits for the party. She was afterwards joined by another sister, who took part in the small-talk. In answer to a doubting question, they very eagerly assured us that they had a great deal to do in the convent, and that their time was fully employed. This was made more plausible by the account they gave of the remaining five,—who, from the unflattering description given behind their backs, appeared to be superannuated Nuns past service,—whatever that service may be. The burden of their duties, therefore, fell on the two cheerful ladies who sat before us.

The singular head-dress of these women, which was the only peculiarity about them, was a white muslin cap, which, although fantastic enough, was not altogether unbecoming their elderly handsome faces. Their lower garments consisted of a white robe, thrown over an ordinary snuff-

coloured stuff gown, and the head-dress was a tight cap of clear muslin, fitting as close to the skull as a helmet, and reaching nearly to the point of the chin, so as to shut out all hair (whether black or grey); and having on its sides two flappers or wings of stiff muslin, about the size of a woman's hand, which sloped downwards from the crown of the head by way of roof, and gave to their heads an appearance something between that of a formal Quakeress and a Norman peasant. In addition to the white robes, and falling over their necks and shoulders to the knees, they wore the somewhat conspicuous decoration of a broad blue ribbon of stiff silk, attached to which was a shining silver plate,—like the badge on a charity-boy,—whereon the image of their patron saint, with its stiff metallic rays of glory, had been prominently embossed.

On parting with the Nuns, the whole party amused themselves by shaking hands through the bars. This was a difficult process, the cage being purposely proportioned so as to prevent any kind of undue familiarity between visitors and the sisterhood; but, by straining and stretching, flat-

tening the sides of their faces, and reddening their ears against the grate, many of the party were just able to touch the tips of the Nun's fat fingers, and to laugh out a good-b'ye.

Satan, perhaps, never devised a more successful temptation, than when he prompted the use of iron-gratings in Nunneries. Every one has observed that faces, which, seen through windows or cottage casements, are "beautiful exceedingly," often look much less charming on a more uninterrupted survey; and even an indifferent-faced Nun looks handsome through the cross-bars of these cages. It is difficult to say why. There is something in that universal beautifier—distance;—there is something also in the bars hiding defects of symmetry. If the shape of the face is irregular, it cannot be detected, as a complete view of its outline is impracticable; and, if one feature departs in any degree from the beautiful, by not corresponding with the rest, the incongruity, for the same reason, cannot be perceived. The difficulty of approach,—apparent sinfulness of purpose,—and pity for the immured beauty, are obvious temptations; all of which result from allowing those who, for pious pur-

poses, are supposed to devote themselves to another world, to be exposed to the unhallowed gaze of this.

I believe this is the only convent now remaining in Fayal, and it is only kept up because the remaining Nuns voluntarily chose to keep their vow; the others left.

We were told that the charities distributed by the monastic establishments here were very considerable, and that since their destruction by Don Pedro the poor have heavily felt the loss. It is more than probable that this is the case, as no national provision is made for the maintenance of paupers, who are thus thrown on the private charities of individuals; and as it has been said, I know not with how much truth, that the wealthy Azoreans are sparing in their almsgiving, the infirm and helpless, who depended on the convents and monasteries for support, look for it in vain among their countrymen. The want of a national provision, however, is in a great measure lessened in this island by the generous gifts of an American gentleman, who has earned for himself the well-merited name of "the father of the poor."

There seems to be little doubt, that in many of the monasteries and convents of Portugal immoralities were committed which called for interference, and that of the two evils their loss, perhaps, has been the least. But it is equally clear that no other motive than that of money-getting actuated Don Pedro in throwing them down, and robbing them of their revenues; and that the merit of any advantages that may have resulted from their abolition is not due to him, while the evils which have ensued rest on his shoulders. It cannot but be regretted that, as it was found expedient to sweep them away, their property had not been turned into some profitable channel,—either for the health, or the education, or the support of the poor,—by making hospitals, or colleges, or poor-houses of them; a question of expediency, by the way, quite distinct from the morality of thrusting defenceless men and women out of their *own* houses, and putting *their* money into the nation's pocket. What a power, it has been well said, was there not in the monastic institutions, "for the mechanism of political benevolence!"—institutions, which, while they were the products of enthu-

siasm, might have been made the instruments of wisdom.

* * * * *

A vessel has just arrived with a cargo of coals from Liverpool, to be deposited here for the use of the transatlantic steam-vessels, in case they are driven out of their course or are delayed by stress of weather. The Liverpool steam-ship in her first voyage to New York was obliged to return to Cork for coals, after having proceeded one thousand miles on her voyage. Could she have obtained them here, it would have saved much time. As it is, the great steamers to America occasionally pass near these islands; a few weeks since the Great Western passed the Island of Terceira. When the steam navigation of the Atlantic is carried fully out, so that besides the traffic between England and the United States, the West Indian mails are carried out every fortnight by steam-boats; and a regular communication (as is contemplated) takes place between France and North and South America by the same means, this port of Horta will probably be put in requisition very

frequently. The Azores are half-way houses in the journey between the old and new world; and when that journey is performed by means of coal, they will be found most convenient places of occasional call.*

* * * * *

Owing to the intercourse between this island and the United States, it is occasionally resorted to by invalids from thence. Several who have spent the winter here for pulmonary complaints, have (I understand) complained of the feeling of dampness in the houses; an inconvenience which could have been remedied had they brought a stove with them. I have no data to compare the climate of this island with that of St. Michael's; but some difference might be expected, owing to the proximity of the lofty mountain of Pico. During the winter which is just over, the days on which rain has fallen have been much more numerous than at Villa Franca in St. Michael's, as I find on comparing notes with an American

* Since this date the steam-ship Liverpool has put into Horta for some of these coals, on her way from New York to England. She was driven to the southward by gales of wind.

gentleman who has been spending the winter here, who, from being a constant pedestrian, has been inconvenienced by the wet. M. Adanson, who visited Fayal in October 1753, says in his Journal that it is more rainy than the rest of the group. The oranges, however, become fit for exportation to England some weeks earlier than at St. Michael's.

FLORES, CORVO,

AND

ST. GEORGE'S.

CHAPTER V.

Your isle which stands
Like Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters.

CYMBELINE.

Voyage to Flores.—The "Flower of Fayal."—A mad Captain.—Two simple-hearted Corvoites.—Appearance of Flores from the Roadstead.

APRIL 22, MONDAY.—We had been only two days in Horta, when our landlord, coming in from his morning gossip, told us there was a schooner in the bay about to sail for Flores and Corvo.

We immediately made arrangements for starting, and before three hours had elapsed weighed anchor and were standing out from the harbour. Our vessel, which is probably the dullest sailer afloat on the Atlantic, is called by one of those solecisms in language so often met with on shore,

where the dirtiest row and noisiest court are "Paradise" and "Nightingale,"—"The Flower of Fayal." This, however, is only the harmless fancy of the owner, appearing in white letters on her stern; for the islanders, who are not ignorant how faded a flower she is, and who, like the Azoreans in general, are happy in nicknames, know her only by the no less figurative phrase of "the skull of a jackass." Her bottom is as green as an old buoy, and well-coated with barnacles and other shell-fish; she has no top-masts, (they having been carried away in a recent gale,) and her upper works are altogether as decayed and broken down in their appearance as her shaggy green-mossed hull. It was owing to the series of disasters to which she owed her present battered condition, that we were fortunate enough to obtain a passage to Flores in this empty skull. She has, it seems, a half-mad captain,—matching well Voltaire's short description of his own countrymen, "half tiger, half monkey,"—to whose head the *sobriquet* of his vessel might have been quite as justly applied, who has got himself and his vessel into all kinds of scrapes. He had, first of all, insured her for a voyage from Fayal to the Cape de Verde Islands; and had then engaged a clever

seaman, in the shape of the American mate who now commands the vessel, on the pretext of going to those islands for *salt.* Next he had fallen desperately in love, with a very pretty girl in the remote island of Corvo, and with two or three thousand dollars on board, he set sail from Horta; but instead of going straight to the Càpe de Verdes and saving his insurance, put the helm up, bore down for Corvo to see his lady-love, and forfeited it. Having proceeded thus far, he communicated to his mate that instead of going for salt, his freight was to be "black-birds,"—a slang phrase among American sailors for slaves,* —and that having taken in this cargo he should

* On expressing surprise that this miserable craft should be employed in a traffic in which there is so much risk of being captured by English cruisers that the fastest vessels are usually engaged in it, I was told that the wretched appearance of the vessel was all in her favour: the British officers would be less likely to suspect her to be a slaver, and would therefore let her pass unexamined. The slave-dealers evade us in another way. The profit on slaves is so great that it will amply pay the expenses of a small vessel to carry fifteen or twenty Negroes across the Atlantic, and it is not unusual for the captain of small slave-ships to procure passports for a few Negroes from the authorities at the Cape de Verde Islands, and to carry them as passengers to Brazil where he sells them for slaves.

sail for the Brazils; but before he did this, he must and would, he said, see his pretty Corvoite. They soon made Corvo, and having come within pistol-shot of a piece of shingle beach, where the captain said he would land, they launched the boat, and pulled for the shore. A very heavy surf was rolling up this beach, through which no man in his senses would have thought of landing. The boat went crack upon the shore, carried away keel and cutwater, became leaky, and was nearly swamped. All that the captain did was to take violently to his heels. Two Corvo men helped to launch the boat, and pulled off in her to the vessel, which was lying-to in the offing. Suddenly, a storm of wind came on, and these men had to choose between rowing on shore, with the absolute certainty of being swamped in the surf, or coming on board and running out to sea. They chose the safer plan, as it seemed to them, and went on board. The wind increased until it blew a complete gale,—the schooner's foremast went over the side,—the vessel was in the most imminent danger of running on shore at St. George's; but the exertions of the American mate, and of the two Corvoites,—for the rest ran below to their prayers,—succeeded in putting

her in to Terceira, until the storm abated, and finally they came to Fayal to refit. Here a new foremast had been put in; and she is now returning to Corvo for her hair-brained captain, who, after he has revisited Fayal, is going to start once more for the Cape de Verdes.

Our mate, whose chief fault seems to have been too extensive and tender a regard for the softer sex, but who is a first-rate seaman, has left the dollars behind at Horta, in order to insure the captain's return, having made up his mind, he says, to leave the "Flower of Fayal" altogether, and have nothing more to do with her or the frenzied-lover.

Our fellow-passengers, who take up their quarters in the hold, are a phlegmatic shoemaker and his wife, with their two children; a single woman; with a prisoner banished to the penal settlement of Flores; and the consumptive soldier from St. Michael's, who creeps up from the cabin and crouches about in the sunshine. The prisoner, instead of "marching wide betwixt the legs, as if he had gyves on," behaves himself like an honest man, walks about when it pleases him and where it pleases him, — lies below in the rough weather, and suns himself on deck

when it is calm, and speaks and acts with the authority of innocence. What his crimes have been we do not hear,—water-drinking is certainly not among them.

April 23, Tuesday morning.—The two Corvoites are simple-hearted creatures,—full of good-nature and high spirits at the thought of getting back to their wives. They are much attached to one another, eat together, talk and consult together, apart from the crew. They look up to the American mate as a superior being, and show, in every action and expression of their faces, how grateful they are for his treatment of them. While at Horta, he had procured pay for their services on board the vessel, which, as it was unexpected, though thoroughly deserved by them, was a source of great rejoicing;—and so great was their self-denial, that, although they were on shore in Fayal a considerable time, not a single farthing went in wine, but they laid out the whole in clothing for their wives and families, in fishing-hooks and lines, sieves, pitch for their boats, and household utensils. Their physiognomy and dress differ from those of the other islanders. They are clothed in coarse cloth, manufactured in Corvo, a brown frock-coat, single-breasted, not

split behind, and with large horn buttons, (very much such a garment as is called a "Taglioni" in England,) full blue-cloth trowsers, no shoes or stockings, a brown cloth cap, closely fitting the head, with two triangular flaps, turned up with blue, and fixed to the circular cap-belt. The faces of both are more regular than those of the St. Michael's peasants: there is less mouth, the jaw-bones do not project, and the cheek-bones, though rather prominent, are not large, and the face altogether is of smaller proportions. When Corvo came in sight, they cried with joy; — never did two men show such unaffected happiness. They seemed to be actually "*stung*" with the thoughts of home.

The accommodations on board the "Flower of Fayal" are excellent; the cabin is ample and convenient, the cook, (an Italian) though somewhat mundungus, makes soup, and fries steaks, and roasts fowls; the weather has been pleasant all the way, with light breezes and occasional calms, (which, as the mate assures us neither of our masts could stand if it came on to blow, has made the voyage doubly agreeable,) and we have anchored off the little town of Santa Cruz, in Flores, after a voyage of sixty-six hours, on

such an exhilarating April morning as would make old hearts fresh again.

Flores, seen from the sea, is a wild, uncultivated looking place. The coast is lofty and bold, beyond that of any of the other islands. From the roadstead we can see neither beach, nor sands, nor inlet, nor landing-place of any kind. The town of Santa Cruz (Holyrood) stands on a flat tongue of land, backed by lofty hills, and the white church and a few white houses are to be seen from the vessel. But how we are to get at them seems inconceivable. Reefs of black lava, and steep walls of the same, lofty green precipices, well clothed with shrubs, with here and there a few white houses peeping out from them on the heights, and waterfalls streaming over their edges in a bright thread, and mingling with the surf beneath,—grey rocks, banks of dark brown earth, and walls of red cinders, seem to fence the island impenetrably from the sea.

At last a boat shot out from the reefs, made towards us, and soon after our anchor was down came alongside. It proved to be the health boat, and, besides a crew of eight or ten men, contained the British consul, Dr. James Mackay,

and a Portuguese who spoke English. The weather being fine and promising, we have consulted with Dr. Mackay, who advises us to start for Corvo immediately, while, in the meantime, he has very kindly offered to make arrangements for our excursion round Flores.

CHAPTER VI.

O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is!

THE TEMPEST.

I would have you know, sir errant, that in these little places every thing is talked of, and every thing censured. And my life for yours, that priest must be over-and-above good who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him.

DON QUIXOTE, book ii. chap. 4.

Island of Corvo. — Meeting of the Corvo men with their wives. — Father Lopes. — Hospitality. — Houses of the Corvo men. — Beautiful girl. — General beauty of the women. — Visit to the Caldeira. — Crossing to Flores. — Boatmen.

APRIL 23, TUESDAY. — At an early hour we left the "Flower of Fayal" for the Island of Corvo, without landing at Santa Cruz. Our boat was a large, rough, unpainted wherry, with a single sail. Our boat's crew consisted of seven men,

besides the two Corvoites, whom we took with us, and who worked their passage over. We sailed and rowed, the boatmen occasionally resting on their oars, and employing their time in rolling up paper cigars, which they puffed and handed round from mouth to mouth. In the corner of the leg of mutton sail was "W. Hart, Maker, London,"—three plain words that spoke more plainly of the cause of the wealth of England than the best pointed period man's wit could have devised.

Five hours' pulling and sailing brought us to Corvo. It is a high mountain, about twenty miles round, rising abruptly from the ocean, with a rough inhospitable coast of dark serrated rocks, running in reefs from the coast, and rising high out of the water in one place, or blackening the surface in another, or sunk so deep that the waves only eddy and bubble over them. On the southern side a little village is built. It has a church, and this, with two white houses near it, are the only habitations to be seen from the sea, to mark the spot where the village stands. The land bordering the village was divided into fields by grey stone walls, between which plots of beans, green corn, tender flax, and streaks of

yellow cabbage-flowers, made up a lively patch-work. As we neared the shore, we could discover several groups of women, with their children, who appeared to be anxiously watching our movements from behind the walls, and, as we coasted along to the landing-place, kept pace with the boat, stopping every now and then to talk and point, and then again hurried on to meet it. These we found afterwards were the wives and families of the two lost men. Expecting an extraordinary show of feeling from people so given to act and possessing so little power of concealing what they feel, we were very anxious to see the meeting between the wives and their husbands. We threaded our way through ledges and reefs of lava, which completely concealed the landing-place, to a nook among the rocks, where there was a little sandy beach used by the fishermen to haul up their boats. Here we found the joyful party eagerly waiting for the boat.

Some of the younger ones had ventured out upon the rocks, to catch the first glimpse and give the first salutation, others ran into the water, and the two wives stood near the water's edge, looking sad and frightened, with some of the young ones taking hold of their skirts; and

two old women, the mothers or grandmothers, probably, of the men, sat silently down on the sands. But there was no noisy joy. The men jumped on shore, clasped their wives with great affection, wept, turned away their heads, and stooped down to caress their children. The women looked over their husbands' shoulders, with eyes full of tears, and turned them down on the ground. "The wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be." We felt as if intruding on a meeting too sacred for strangers' eyes to interrupt, and walked on towards the village.

This was nearly a mile from the landing-place; the path to it led through the walled enclosures, in which we passed several girls running towards the shore, followed by men and children. We had heard a good deal of the extreme poverty of Corvo,—and if poverty means the want of shoes, and mirrors, and oranges, and cane-bottomed chairs, certainly the people can boast of none of these. Their dingy clothes, too, which are principally homespun, give them rather an unwealthy appearance. But they are poor only in

the sense that the other islanders are poor,—in wanting European luxuries. "The man," says Cobbett, "who, by his own and his family's labour, can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment, and a comfortable dwelling-place, is not a poor man." They are a hard-working people, thrown very much on their own resources; rear pigs, poultry, cows, and sheep; grow maize, wheat, potatoes and flax; weave their own garments, cure their own bacon; and, as we do in England, import their wine. Grapes, in the middle of summer, and abundance of melons, are their luxuries. Shoes they wisely eschew; no shoemaker lives at Corvo, and the priest is the only human being there who submits to such trammels, and his antique buckled shoes were, of course, an importation. American whalers occasionally touch at Corvo for provisions, and, as is usual with ships from England and America, they in no way improve the morality of the people.

The Corvoites seem to be happy, contented, and industrious people, in good condition, strong, and well-looking. They are one large family of 900, with a priest for their father. They all live in one village. The cottages are built of stone,

and stand behind low stone walls;—some are roofed with coarse tiles, others are thatched; they have no glass windows, and all are chimney-less. They are built in tiers, one above another, on the side of the hill,—the lanes between them being narrow, stony, and steep.

We walked into the village through a small wicket-gate, that swung across the lane to keep the swine from trespassing into the fields; and as the American mate was with us, we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the people. Great interest had of course been taken in the fate of the vessel; — the mad-headed captain had been with them ever since,—magnifying his own importance at the expense of his veracity, by doubling the number of dollars he had left on board; and he had, moreover, been living on the charity, first of one person, and then of another, until, the vessel having been now gone for a whole month, he was becoming rather a serious tax upon them. When, therefore, it was known that the mate had landed, nearly the whole population who were not in the fields came out of their houses to see him as he passed.

Some, indeed, must have looked upon him as a monster; for the captain had hinted to the

wives of the two absent men, that it was more than probable he had steered off with the dollars to America, had there run the vessel on shore, knocked them on the head to secure their secrecy, and had himself gone off, where he would be never heard of again. This story, kindly communicated to the wives, had, of course, doubled their sufferings, and, at the same time, increased the interest which the villagers took in the person who had been suspected of so much villany. We looked through the streets for some time, and passed many groups of women who sat out of doors with their children, spinning and winding yarn, talking to one another the while, and gossiping with others who were returning from the fountains with buckets on their heads.

We passed on to the house of the chief person in the island,—the priest of Corvo,—the Reverendissimo Senhor João Ignacio Lopes, Meritissimo Vigario na Ilha do Corvo, &c. (as a friend had written in one of his books,)—a man whose plain, honest, Wedgewood clay is perhaps more happily tempered than the most elaborate specimens of porcelain. His house stands just outside the village, and we found him in the yard before it. He welcomed us as if we had been old friends, —

although we brought no letter to him, having heard that it was entirely unnecessary,—shook us heartily by the hand, and begged us to walk into his house, which he said was open to us. All this was done in right sincerity too. The very moment we entered the room, without waiting for us to unpack our own basket of provisions or to ask or say anything more than that we would be seated, he took a chair in his hand, mounted it, and from a wooden tray which swung aloft, beyond the reach of mouse or rat, he handed down first one loaf, then another of a holyday quality, then a cheese, and then another, begging us to eat:—

> "And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
> Brought from his cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
> Like one who would be merry."

There were barrels on the floor, and wine-bottles in his cupboard. Wine-glasses he had *not*, but he filled some goodly tumblers with wine, and pouring the rest into a white jug, drank it off by way of example. He was a bulky man, of about seventy, six feet in height, and somewhat bowed with years. His head was bald, having a few white locks at the sides, his eyes were

moist and dim, his features massive, and expressive of quiet contentment; and every one we met with spoke well of the good old man. The boatmen called him "the father of the island," and looked up to him with respect when he spoke to them. The villagers who came into his room, seemed to regard him as the patriarch of the place; they bowed low, and kissed his hand, which he held out for the purpose.

The room in which we sat was lighted by one small window, with two stone seats in its recess. Above was the rough boarding under the tiles; three beds stood in three corners of the room, and, scattered on the floor, were stone jars, heavy chests, barrels, stools, and crockery; while a range of book-shelves, filled with volumes of Portuguese divinity, empty bottles, glasses, white jugs, and cups; and a cupboard well furnished with wine-bottles, glasses, and aged corks, clothed the walls. A twisted glass cup for holy water, and a dusty saint sitting amidst artificial flowers in a large glass lantern, indicated his religion; and his table-drawers stored with certain rare curiosities,—such as lucifer matches, the names of his few visitors, and the one Corvo watch, carefully enclosed, first in its own outer case, and

afterwards in sundry linen bags, pointed out his riches.

After we had accepted the hospitality of Padre Lopes, and had arranged to sleep at his house, we walked through the village. First we came to the cottage of Maurice, the elder of the two lost men, who, having met us in the way, begged we would come and see his house. It was of one story, with a flight of stone steps outside, leading to the upper room; was well-floored and dry, and was divided from the bed-room by a wooden partition, fitted with shelves and drawers, which is in common use in the cottages of Flores and Corvo. At each end of the partition there is an opening, usually covered with a curtain, which leads to the beds behind. There were porter bottles and a few pieces of white and coloured crockery-ware on the shelves, and a clothes-chest and a new chair in the room. The place below was a sort of kitchen or outhouse, where the pig came in to feed, and the fowls roosted. In it were an oven for baking bread, a hearth with smouldering wood-embers, five or six sides of well-cured bacon hanging from a beam, hides of oxen on the ground, a large hoe, a few dirty baskets, and the water-tubs. All these were shown with

great pride and simplicity by Maurice, who, as he had no family, was a richer but not a happier man than his companion Joachimo Jozè.

When we had seen Maurice's treasures, Joachimo came up with a smiling face, to express his hope that we would walk as far as his door, to see his wife and bairns. These were scattered over the floor of his cottage in great profusion; some squatting, some crawling, crowing, laughing, and shouting at the return of their father, while their mother was quietly enjoying it all, on her knees, with bright glistening eyes. Poor Joachimo had, it seemed, little else than health and children; but these prattling wee things made the house more cheerful than the dead sides of salted hogs that hung silently in Maurice's kitchen, proclaiming him the wealthier man. And Joachimo would have said so too, if he had been asked. He was walking up and down with the youngest in his arms,—a happy creature of two years old, fat, comely, and brown, with bright eyes and long lashes, who, as Joachimo talked to him, looked his father gravely in his face and at length laid hold of that pleasing toy in the hands of a young child,—his father's nose. Joachimo then turned to his wife and whispered

with her; and presently the eldest girl was sent out with an empty bottle.

She soon returned with wine and one glass, out of which we all drank each other's health, down to some young girls, who were too shy to drink wine before strangers. One of these, whose shyness was at length overcome, was a charming specimen of womankind. She was just beyond girlhood, with a faultless figure, a clear brown complexion, and shining brown hair, simply braided over her forehead, a short curling upper lip, soft full eyes, with thin lids and long lashes, and there was about her features that placid expression of languid grace which gives the charm to many of the antique Grecian statues. She was dressed in a simple blue jacket, fitting close to her bust, and a full blue petticoat, and appeared utterly unconscious of her loveliness. Neighbours came in and sat about the floor,—embraced Joachimo,—said a word to the happy wife, and then turned their attention steadily to ourselves.

In the village, the fountain was, as usual, the most lively and amusing spot. Being evening, a succession of women and children came and went with their wooden water-tubs and hollow

gourds. They were evidently not accustomed to see strangers, — were inquisitive, sociable, and merry. One woman begged so earnestly that I would give her my pocket-handkerchief, that it was quite impossible to refuse her. The bright colour had struck her fancy, and from the concealment of my pocket it was at once elevated to become one of the most showy head-dresses in Corvo.

We sketched a few figures, to the great amusement of the women, and then returned to

CORVO GIRLS AT A FOUNTAIN.

our good friend the priest. We found him kneeling at his evening prayers. The sun was going down in amber light behind the dusky island of Flores, and shone directly upon the grave old man. He noticed us, as we came to the door, by a slight motion of the head and hand; stopped for one moment to point to a chair, and then went on with his prayers in a low tone of voice, and with much cheerfulness of manner. Before he had finished a boy passed the window, to whom he gave some order, and then continued his devotions; until at last he came to the close, shut the book, and turned round to welcome us. He could speak a few words of English, and sent out for two decent men who could speak more, that we might make arrangements with them for going up the mountain in the morning. In the midst of these arrangements our boatmen came in, and rather clamorously insisted that it was necessary to return to Flores at once, as there would shortly be a change in the weather. However, the sky was as calm and settled as we could have wished; and the old priest, who had had seventy years' experience in Azorean skies, agreed with us in thinking there was no fear of a storm. We

therefore found a very simple way of getting rid of our men, with which they seemed well contented, and Padre Lopes turned round to us as they marched off, with the assurance that we could not believe one word such persons said, though it was different, he said, "with the priests and that sort of people."

We were struck in our walk with the large number of handsome women and children, whose style of beauty was entirely different from that of the women of St. Michael's. Their features were very regular; their noses thin, prominent, and sometimes finely cut; their upper lips short and slightly turned outwards, the under lip exactly matching it, and the whole mouth of good size and perfectly regular; the line of the junction of the lips slightly curled upwards, the cheek-bones rather prominent, and the face long, and somewhat triangular. The eyes of many were grey, and light hazel. In St. Michael's the women's eyes are large and very black, and deeply set; neither the mouth nor nose is regular, the mouth being very large, with full lips; the face short, with projecting cheek-bones; and the complexions more sallow. The Corvoites are browner. Their dress gave them the appearance of very poor

people, but my eye speedily became accustomed to it; and, as it is entirely of their own manufacture and of their own taste, I soon preferred it to that part of the costume of the St. Michael's peasants, which they copy from the English. The women cover their heads with white or variously coloured handkerchiefs. They wear a closely fitting short jacket, generally of coarse black cloth, (made like the upper part of a riding-habit,) a coloured handkerchief beneath it, and a very full blue petticoat, like coarse camlet, with an ornamental border, four inches deep, of alternate narrow stripes of white, blue, red, and yellow. Some, instead of the jacket, wore a short great coat of a coarse, rough, greyish-brown cloth, reaching to the knees, and this was the common upper garment for the little girls. The beauty belonged chiefly to the younger women, as is the case among the poor all over the world. Hard-work, poverty, exposure, cares, children, and time, make sad havoc with a handsome woman's face. Among the more wealthy, dress may partially conceal the ravages that are inevitable, and attention and the comforts of life may delay them, or the constant exercise and interchange of kind feelings and sober thoughts may make, as some

poet has said, an autumnal face more pleasing than a spring or summer one; but where there are neither turbans, caps, curls, rouge, nor wax-lights; none of the ordinary comforts of life, and all its hardships; where marriages are very early, and children very abundant; it is not surprising that the varnish is soon rubbed off, and the lacker tarnished.

April 24, Wednesday. — As early as half-past four this morning the Padre Lopes was stirring; and shortly afterwards walked out to the early mass. After this was over he returned to breakfast, and arranged our beasts for the mountain. We were variously accommodated with these. The horses — as they were liberally called — were three sorrel ponies, of the height and size of rough heifers, standing to one another in the relation of grandfather, father, and son, and which, from poor living and weak constitutions, had each dwindled down to the condition of Lismahago's horse, — a resurrection of dry bones. One belonged to the priest, and was caparisoned with such a saddle and bridle as are seen on rocking-horses and pictures of Rosinante; another was accommodated with a canvass cloth, tied tightly over his back; and the third was furnished with

a straw-stuffed pannel. With these we managed to struggle up the hill, at three miles an hour, a pace which was occasionally enlivened by a jerking gallop. The American mate, whom we brought with us, clung to the back of his pony, with uplifted knees and bent back, as if he had been striding the boltsprit of his schooner, and, eventually, gave up riding, with many oaths, and walked.

The first part of the ride was through steep and narrow lanes, pitched and walled in with stones, where we overtook as many as fifty of the villagers, (mostly girls and women,) who, having attended morning mass, were going up the mountain to their work in the fields. Some of the men wore knee-breeches, with the ends of loose white linen drawers protruding from beneath them; the garments of the whole group were of a dismal cinder-colour, and the texture of them coarse; but there was no appearance of poverty in the faces of the people. We had been told that they were more industrious than the other islanders, and this seemed to prove it. Over the walls of the lanes we could sometimes see the country right and left, which was divided into small compartments by similar stone

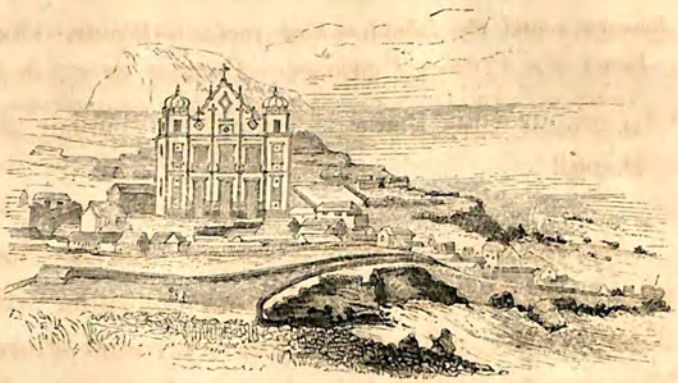
walls, and appeared to be well cultivated, the small fields forming narrow ledges, one above another, which, from the sea, looked like steps cut in the hills. An hour's ride brought us to open mountain, covered with turf and heath, with flocks of sheep and hogs; and an hour and a half more to the crater on the summit. This, which had once been a turbulent pit of boiling stone, was now a quiet green valley, inlaid with a dark still pond, and partook of that appearance of sad serenity which belongs to these volcanic valleys. The pond or lake was broken by small green hillocks and islands into many irregularities, and the round crater was clothed with heath and turf. There was nothing remarkable in the crater; and a gull or two, a white sheep, and a peasant cutting heath, were the few moving beings to enliven its gloomy lonesomeness. The air at this height was damp and keen, and we were not sorry to return. On the road were two wooden crucifixes in small stone-cells in the walls, in passing which our men religiously raised their hats. We left Corvo with something like regret, so welcome had the good, cheerful-hearted Padre Lopes made us. According to the

common practice among the islanders, he embraced us at leaving, and would have walked to the shore had we permitted it. How full of good feeling was this excellent priest!

We were soon threading our way among the rocks,—recrossed a segment of the Atlantic in our open boat,—saw a shoal of small fish describing arcs in the air,—were caught in a squall of wind and rain, and shut out of sight of land,—became discontented at the misrule of the boatmen, who, when implicit obedience was most necessary, argued and quarrelled with their steersman,—saw land again,—landed at Flores, and took up our abode with the hospitable consul, Dr. Mackay. We then found out the approach to Santa Cruz, which from our moorings had appeared so unapproachable. At the bottom of the principal street of the town there are a small cove and beach, where the fishermen's boats are hauled up. In front of the cove is a bar of lava, connected with the jagged rocks on each side. A small passage, capable of admitting a moderately sized schooner, leads over the bar, which is hemmed in and screened from the winds and waves, with high walls of brown tuff.

The boatmen are cautious, almost to timidity; but they have some reason for it, as the weather here is uncertain. They start with a fair wind on a fine day, the weather suddenly becomes tempestuous, they lose sight of the islands, and, being without a compass, are either blown out to sea and perish, or the boat is dashed to pieces on the rocks. In this way two boats and their crews were lost a few months since in only passing from one village to another, along the coast of Flores. Our morning row, though not more than thirty miles, was on the Atlantic Ocean, and in only a large wherry. In calm and fine weather, the sea, with the exception of the long ocean swell, is as smooth and quiet as the British Channel; but if it comes on to blow, in a very few minutes we are made aware of the vast difference. It is no uncommon thing to cross to Corvo from Flores, when the weather is fine and promising, and to be detained there for two or three weeks; and, in winter, Corvo is often cut off, for three or four months, from the other islands. Generally speaking, however, no one need feel the slightest hesitation in going where any of these Azorean boatmen would venture;

they have a scrupulous regard and due value for their own lives, which they are never likely to hazard by any slap-dash temerity. They are also skilful boatmen; but, when there is actual danger, the clamour they make is enough to banish all your confidence in them.



SANTA CRUZ AND THE DISTANT ISLAND OF CORVO.

CHAPTER VII.

Τῇ περ ῥηΐστη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν,
*Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὔτ' ἄρ' χειμὼν πολὺς, * *
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους·

ODYSSEY, Book iv.

In tranquil ease here life's calm current flows,
No rattling hail they fear nor drifting snows;
But ocean sends, throughout the livelong day,
The sportive zephyr o'er the fields to play;
Man woos the coming of the whistling gales,
And, in his inmost heart, their gladdening presence hails.

CAYLEY SHADWELL MS. Transl.

THE ISLAND OF FLORES.

Journey round the Island.— Vast ravine.— Wrecks.— Anathema of a Priest.— Population.— Grandest scenery in the Azores.— Fajem Grande.—Shoes and their concomitants.— More wrecks.—Ponta Delgada and Santa Cruz.—Foundling Hospital.

SANTA CRUZ, FLORES, April 28. — Soon after six o'clock on Thursday morning (the 25th) we set off on our journey round Flores. This was to occupy two days, and on Saturday we were to have started for Fayal. To accomplish the journey in this time, we had to be carried in hammocks or palanquins. These were nothing more than pieces of sail-cloth four or five feet broad, and seven feet long, gathered together at the ends, and tied to a long pole. Between the cloth and the pole you had to jam yourself, until by your weight the sail bulged into a seat. Two men then lifted you on their shoulders and set off at a trot, followed by a relay, to relieve them when tired: your feet dangle down on one side, in much discomfort, while you cling round the pole, and lean backwards in the cloth. Some lie their length along the cloth on their back, and say that it is not

unpleasant; but as our object was not merely to see the sky, we did not put this plan in practice.

After jogging up an ascent of a mile and a half, during which our hammock poles were little below an angle of forty-five, we came to the edge of a precipice, overlooking the valley of the river Cruz. This is a vast flat-bottomed horse-shoe ravine, opening to the sea. The sides are precipitous, and in parts perpendicular. Steps of grey lava are seen towards the top of the ravine, rising one above another to the number of twelve and fifteen, separated merely by small lines and belts of green heath and brushwood. Over several of these steps or ledges of lava, the little stream of the river Cruz fell and flowed, turning the grey stone to a deep black, till it came to the edge of each step, when it changed to silver and dispersed in spray, was caught by the step below, hurried over the dark pavement once more, again fell in a pure white thread, and was at last lost sight of among heath and laurels, until it once more appeared near the mouth of the ravine, inlaying the fields with a shallow stream, which wound its way to the sea. The fields bordering the stream were so distant

that we could not see what they contained. Above, where the ground was steeper, notches had been cut in the soil and were cultivated; and higher up, and thence to the edges of the ravine round which we were walking, bay trees, heaths, Faya, and other evergreens, grew in full luxuriance. Between these shrubs was one small waterfall, lacing the green with silver, which ultimately joined the larger stream and made up the brook called Ribeira Cruz.

This valley exhibits more clearly than any we have yet seen in these islands, the reason for the use of the word "trap," which geologists have applied to certain volcanic rocks. "Trappa" is the Swedish word for a flight of steps, and has been adopted very generally, (since it was first used by Bergmann,) owing to many rocks of this class forming a succession of terraces or steps on the sides of the mountains or hills. Hot streams of lava have been observed to cool and stop in this abrupt way; so that by a succession of eruptions, a succession of steps is formed, one above the other, the space between each consisting of ejected cinders, ashes, mud, or pumice. On the sides of this valley each step was thirty or forty feet thick, and there were from ten to

fifteen, each distinctly marked, and divided from the other by thin belts of heath, moss, and fern.

The path between this spot and Largens, where we made our first halt, led through heathy tracts of uncultivated ground, which rose and fell in gentle curves, and swept up into smooth round hills, resembling in shape our Wiltshire Downs. Here are one or two dull, "sullen" lakes. After several miles of such scenery, we began gradually to descend to the south coast, on which Largens is situated, and in so doing passed several plantations of small stunted cedars, which are so common in Flores that the wood is used for heating ovens, and is sent to the other islands to make knee-timber and such other parts of boats as require crooked wood. As we approached the town, we came again among fields, divided by stone walls, and cultivated in the same way as in the other islands.

Here, too, were many proofs, if such had been needed, of the rough, inhospitable coast of Flores. The remains of wrecks were frequently to be seen. The smart green panels and black arched roof of the companion of one vessel had been joined on, by way of anteroom, to the black walls and dingy thatch of a cottage in the fields;

and boards, on which some letters of the vessel's name still remained, had been turned into a cottage door; spars had been collected by the roadside; planks, with tree-nail holes, had been turned into window shutters; and, in Largens, a heap of beams and bulwarks standing before the house where we rested, with "THE PLYMOUTH BALTIMORE," in large white letters on them, told a melancholy tale of the horrors of being cast away on this reefy coast. In thick weather, or at night, no warning is given until the vessel is actually on the rocks,—for they rise from the ocean bed without shoal or shallow.

We were told of an incident connected with one of these wrecks, which will well illustrate the power,—and, in this case, the well-directed power,—then possessed by the priesthood of this island over the minds of the poor. An anchor, belonging to a wrecked vessel, had been missing. No one, of course, knew anything about it; and, after every search had in vain been made for it, application was made to the priest. On the following Sunday, after mass had been said, he bade his congregation stop, as he had something serious to say to them; and, turning round from the altar to the people, he concluded some such

words as these, with the following strong metaphor: "I have heard," said he, "with much sorrow, that an anchor, from the vessel that was wrecked upon our coast, has been stolen from the shore, by some of my parishioners. I am informed, that search has everywhere been made for that anchor, and that hitherto it has not been found. There are among the people who now hear me, those who well know both the persons who have stolen it and the place where this anchor is concealed. I do not wish them to come forward now and openly confess their guilt, for that there is no necessity; but I charge them, by the holy office which I hold, to return that anchor to the place from which it has been taken before seven days have gone by; and I here announce to those deluded men who shall persevere in obstinate disobedience to my commands, that, in the last great day, *that anchor shall drag down their souls deeper and still deeper into hell.*" The next morning it was returned.

It is said, that before the authority of the clergy was lessened by the government, which confiscated their revenues, it was not unusual, about the time of confession, for domestic servants in this island, either to return the things which

they had stolen, or to ask their masters' forgiveness; the priest insisting upon something more than the mere acknowledgment of their sins. But since the greater *civilisation* of the people, this has been less frequent.

At Largens we were entertained by the governor of that division of the island, a handsome, fresh-coloured man, who gave us a luncheon, and explained the statistics of his government, and politely drew for us, on the spot, a plan of Flores, for our guidance in going round it.* His house

* The statistical returns of the population in this gentleman's district (which included about half the island) were kept very methodically. The following was the table of the population, births, marriages, and deaths, for 1837:—

Houses.	Males.	Females.	Births. Males.	Births. Females.	Deaths. Males.	Deaths. Females.	Marriages.
1057	2396	2615	72	77	88	100	38

This is worth attending to, as it relates to a people in an extremely inartificial condition,—residing in a temperate and equable climate, where extremes, either of heat or cold, are unknown; who live on the simplest food (chiefly vegetable, with fresh fish), who are temperate, and only drink unadulterated and wholesome wines, and whose diseases are very little interfered with by medical art. The annual mortality is rather more than 1 in 26 persons, whereas in Great Britain it is 1 in 47½, and in the healthiest counties of England, only 1 in 67. Even in London it is 1 in 44; in Geneva, 1 in 43; in Paris,

was empty and new, with a few chairs and a few loose French lithographs. A meeting of the inhabitants of Flores, we were told, had been called, some time before, by a paper addressed "to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy of the Island of Flores;" and our entertainer, I presume, would have been ranked among the first of these classes of society. He inquired, rather anxiously, whether it was true that England was going to war with Russia; and, on hearing that it was only a newspaper rumour, he turned to his son, who sat by him, and uttered a common exclamation among the Azoreans, very clearly, but rather coarsely expressive of disappointment. A war with England would have brought vessels to Flores for provisions.

From Largens we pushed on to Fajem Grande, passing on our road the small village of Lajedo.

1 in 36; in Madrid, 1 in 35. Among the causes of this mortality may be the total absence of efficient medical relief; for the only educated medical man residing on the island is an Englishman, who does not live in this district, and is rarely consulted by those at a distance until all domestic remedies have been exhausted, and the disease is become incurable. Besides this, the population consists almost wholly of poor, amongst which class the rate of mortality is highest, and there is no legal relief for the destitute.

In the valley where this village stands was a huge, isolated, mass of lava, several hundred feet in height. There was no more accounting for how it came there than for the flies in amber. It seemed impossible that any force could blow such a block into the air, and plant it in the earth entire; yet such may possibly have been the case. It is too large to have been carried down by a flood. Some volcano may have shot it out from the bowels of the earth like a rocket, and down it may have come in the valley with force enough to root it there for ever. The sides of this valley were covered with evergreens, and lower down it was divided into fields. After riding through some well cultivated land, beyond which were heathy mountains and precipices, in some parts of which were masses of rock whose surfaces were distinctly columnar, we passed a small farm, and came to the village of Fajemsinho.

The village is only so far worthy of notice, as being connected with the grandest scenery, perhaps, to be found among the Azores. It stands on the level floor of a magnificent semi-amphitheatre of cliffs, facing the open sea. It is surrounded by green fields and fresh vineyards, well-watered by the numerous streams that flow

through it from the hills; and, as we descended the steep zigzag path cut in the southern cliffs, its limits were faintly marked out by the blue curtain of wood-smoke which hung over the cottages. The fires had just been lighted for the evening meal. The setting sun shone up the mouth of the hollow with a soft yellow light, illuminating one side and throwing the other into tender shadow. In one place the sunshine glittered on a thin silvery waterfall, which slowly turned over the edge of the distant precipice; — in another it sparkled through a shower of spray, into which a snowy thread was broken in its long fall from the heights; and, as the soft clouds of vapour, into which other waterfalls dispersed, were wafted to and fro in the light evening breeze, like the cloud of incense from a censer, — it slightly tinged them with gold. Above our heads the hazy cliffs towered in their bold semicircle, diversified in colour by various shades of green, brown, and grey; and, where the ledges of lava which projected through the soil had been wetted by streams and waterfalls, or by oozings from above, by streaks and bands of shining black. The sea in front of this vast theatre was brightly lighted by the sun, which, however, went

down soon afterwards behind a bank of heavy clouds, and left the valley and the village, with the cliffs behind, cold and lustreless.

Leaving this deep-seated valley, we passed through narrow lanes of stone walls to the dull and miserable village of Fajem Grande, where we were to sleep for the night. It was so late, that the villagers had returned from the fields; and, as strangers are not often to be seen there, a good deal of curiosity was excited by the arrival of a couple of palanquins, and the bustle of the bearers. We were set down before a low house in the middle of the village, having one dusty window and a loose chinky door, at which our men rapped for some time without effect, until first a dog heard them and answered, and then a gaping girl reconnoitred us round the corner of the house, and suddenly retreated; and, at last, after repeated knocking, the master of the house appeared, and asked us to walk in. In his dress and general appearance, he was a fair type of a large class of young men to be seen in the island.

The men of Flores may, with few exceptions, be properly divided into two classes;—those who wear boots, and those who do not. The bare-

footed men are the peasants of the place, clad in dark woollen jackets, and white linen or chocolate-coloured linsey-woolsey trowsers, parti-coloured conical caps of knitted cotton or worsted, or carapuças of the same colour as their jackets, and with small turn-up triangular snouts. The materials of their dress are commonly made in the island; and, as there is no pretension about them, but, as with the costume of most of the peasantry in the Azores, the choice of dyes is good, no glaring colours offend the eye. Not so, however, with the class who wear boots. They are a little higher than the peasantry; and, instead of encouraging home manufactures, procure their dress from England; and, having a dangerous taste for gaudy finery, buy and wear the brightest cotton prints that Manchester can produce, which, with frequent washing and hot suns, soon lose their brilliancy, and hang about the shoulders flimsy and faded.

In such a suit of faded prints was the person dressed who opened the door. The smart cotton jacket from Manchester was wrinkled and soiled, the trowsers were dirty, and the American hat of crumpled straw had lost much of its transatlantic

bloom. The room in which we sat — so melancholy and dark as to look like a place of interment — was a store and granary, as well as a sitting-room. It had upon the black earthen floor sacks of wheat, beans, and flour, field-tools and potatoes, as well as massive wooden chairs, with dropsical legs, ungainly benches and chests, as capacious and immoveable as the muniment chests in a parish vestry. From the rafters under the roof were suspended hundreds of the yellow bunches of Indian corn, with long canes, ox goads, and poles; and on the table where we dined, there were all the contents of Swift's kitchen-drawer, and "something more;" — nails, tin-canisters, candlesticks, broken lanterns, shattered looking-glasses, rusty razors, cups full of aged corks, cracked tea-pots, china dishes, loose candles, rusty keys, empty wine-bottles, wooden stools, — all more or less harmonised (like ruins in a fog) with thick films of grey dust.

After offering us seats, our entertainer went into the next room for a moment or two, and reappearing with a short clay pipe, well saturated with tobacco-juice, pressed us to smoke, sat down on his chest, lighted his pipe, and after a silence

of some minutes repeated the same question about the rumoured war between England and Russia, which had been propounded at Largens; and, although he did not express his disappointment in quite so broad a way as the governor, looked equally blank at our answer. There was, however, a topic of livelier interest, after a long day's journey, than Russian wars or tobacco-pipes; and having fully discussed that topic, we went out to look at the village before it was quite dark.

Loose stone walls of dark lava, three or four feet high, with thatched and tiled cottages behind them, of the same gloomy colour; here and there a larger and more decent house staringly white-washed, or of sombre weather-stained white, standing close to the street, without yard or wall in front;—stony lanes between the houses and walls, abounding in grunting hogs, chubby children, poultry, and peasants, were all that we saw in the streets of Fajem Grande. A group of the villagers stood where three roads met, and brightened up the street with their various-coloured costumes, and a few late labourers were coming home with their weary oxen, who dragged between them the wooden plough, used in the

islands, precisely as the oxen did in Horace's days: —

——— "Fessos vomerem *inversum* boves,
Collo trahentes languido."

On returning to our cottage, we found the father of our entertainer, — a grey-headed, cheerful, old man, who seemed right glad to see us, and was natural and unaffected, — sitting on the row of high-backed wooden chairs, with three neighbours, two of them elderly like himself, and a third an awkward linen-jacketed young man, who tinkled a large guitar. They bowed with great sweeps, and then sat down by the light of a lanky candle that leant out of a roomy tin candlestick.

I shall not soon forget the astonishment of these old men when they heard the size of our navy and the complement of men. They handed forward the Portuguese dictionary, to make sure that we were not misusing the words; and I am not certain that, after all, they did not think we were rhodomontading. They were all very inquisitive, asking such personal details as it was difficult to imagine could have been of any interest to them, such as the number of our family, their ages, and all small particulars of the like

kind. The room where we slept was like a lock-up cart-house in England; but the bed was comfortable, and the floor was boarded. Moreover, we were in good cue for sleeping,—had it been in the hopper of a mill; and the light had shone through the tiles some time before we started off for the remainder of our journey, which it was necessary to begin on foot,—the path being too steep for hammocks.

Fajem Grande is built near the sea, with a high wall of cliffs behind it,—the continuation of those noble piles that beetle over the quiet hamlet and valley of Fajemsinho. Where the cliffs are not too steep, small ledges are cut, and planted with corn, potatoes, flax, cabbages, and other vegetables; and these rise in steps one above the other, to nearly the edge of the cliffs, until they appear nothing more than green lines dividing the layers of lava which show their edges through the soil. The lava is generally bare, except where the grey lichens have given it a sober colouring, or patches of grass, cushions of soft moss, tufts of heath and fresh ferns sprout up and tinge it green. The path from this village to that of Ponta Delgada, leads up this precipice. It is fitter for goats than for man, so

steep, stony, and impracticable is it. It more resembles the ruined stair-case of an abbey — such as that in Netley Abbey, for instance — than a pathway for the inhabitants of a large village, daily to go and return from their field labours. Yet the peasants come tripping down it, from stone to stone, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, as lightly and surely as none could do but those who have been used to pass over them bare-footed from childhood. Yesterday morning, when we were labouring up this stony way in iron-shod walking shoes, sometimes grasping the heath on the inner side for greater safety, always keeping tightly hold of the Flores "alpenstock," and ramming it hard between the stones, to prevent a sudden slip, which would have sent us bounding into the sea, where the surf might be seen, but scarcely heard, one of the village girls passed us, with a heavy burden of wood upon her head. Her step was as fearless and graceful under her burden as ours was the reverse; and so quiet, that, until she was close to us, I did not know she was near. She just balanced herself one moment upon a single stone in the path to allow us to pass, acknowledged our morning salutation with a slight blush and grave

politeness, exchanged something more jocose with the hammock-men behind; and then, gathering up her white petticoat with one hand, and steadying her load with the other, wound her way down the mountain. Nothing could be more graceful and easy than all her movements, and a moment's glance at her feet, which actually grasped the stone she stood on, soon explained the reason. We laugh at Chinese shoes with the same sort of self-complacency that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire regard us barbarians. But only look at the foot of a statue, or the feet of this mountain-girl, or of a young child, or the impression in the hard wet sand of a man's foot that never wore a shoe,—that, for instance, of an Azorean or Neapolitan boatman; and compare it with the sharp angular mark of a boot or a shoe; and remember that the foot inside, whether it be whole bound in calf, sheep's skin, buck-skin, or morocco; or half-bound in silk, satin, or prunello, is, in nine cases out of ten, a misshapen deformity, with one toe kneaded into another toe, and nails at sixes and sevens; hardened where it should be soft, squeezed to a point where it should be spread abroad, pinched, ill-treated, and marred, by common consent, almost

from the hour of its birth; and then let us say how much superior is our own shoe-making to that of the Asiatic tea-dealers.*

After climbing this steep zigzag path for an hour and a half, we at length came to the top, where, before getting into the palanquins, our party rested to breathe. We could see the reefy shore, stretching away for many a mile to the south, and, in one spot near the village, a high pile of timbers had been collected from another wreck.

It was a fresh smiling morning; the early birds, — blackbirds, canaries, and chaffinches, — were all singing blithely below our feet; the sea was bright and brisk; and the shore all alive with the surf; but in the midst of this life the melancholy pile from the wreck stood alone on the shore, like a figure of death, reminding one of that beautiful idea of Etty's, in his picture of the Syrens, where tender flowers and fresh grass

* Barry, the painter, in one of his letters from Italy, when alluding to the sandals of some peasants, which were made of a piece of hide, cut to the shape of the foot, says, in his strong way, but not too strongly for the occasion, "I bought a pair of these, which I will put on to show you the villany of our cursed Gothic shoes."

grow up between the bare white bones of their victims.

The path to Ponta Delgada had little interest compared with the bold coast scenery we had left behind. It led through undulating hills of unvaried green, clad with turf, heath, and a small shrub not unlike the box; their summits being rounded and tame like the dull hills we had passed the day before between Santa Cruz and Largens. They were moistened by flying mists and light clouds, that trailed their flimsy edges in the short evergreens, and settled down to rest in small ravines. One of these opened into the dry bed of a mountain stream, called the River of Millstones. We crossed this bed above a ruined mill, and another equally useless though in good repair, where the idle miller waited at his door for a stream of water, while his wheels stood as dry and motionless as the sails of a windmill on a calm summer day. At length Corvo came in sight, dusky and cloud-capped in the distance,—and then Ponta Delgada lying to the south of a flat tongue of rich brown land, sharply pointed by a reef of grey rocks, against which long foaming ocean waves, "swinging slow with sullen roar,"

burst themselves to pieces. The village stands among fields, and besides its grey cottages roofed with red tiles and straw thatch, has a turreted church and a few white houses, all of which rise one above another from the shore, and straggle up a steep road leading through the mountains to Santa Cruz.

We halted for a short time at the house of a nephew of the governor of Largens, who possessed a small library of books, among which were an odd volume of the Lady's Magazine, Telemachus, and eight volumes of Clarissa Harlowe, done into Portuguese, — and then went through the village on our road to Santa Cruz. As we passed a fat *Florian* standing at his door in shirt sleeves, we were rather surprised at his speaking to us in good English. He good-humouredly pointed out the road, and wished us a prosperous voyage. The path led to a fine shrubby ravine, down which there rushed through heaths and ferns and dark rocks, a clear mountain stream, which, after dashing under a narrow bridge, wound between two precipitous hills to the sea. In one of these hills on the opposite side of the ravine, there was another of those

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huge isolated lumps of lava like the one between Largens and Lajedo. Further up the ravine, pieces of lava of a distinctly columnal form appeared like ribs through the soil. We waited here, and sketched the two kinds of lava, much to the astonishment of our men, who looked on with intense pleasure. They were better pleased however, with figures, and were very quick in detecting likenesses. Our party sitting in the road at length amounted to fifteen or twenty, none of whom perhaps had ever seen anything like sketching before; and the eagerness with which they watched, while I made a sketch of a woman who sat in the path, was amusing enough. She was rather pretty and very pert, and kept up a sharp fire of quick repartee with our men, who sat by laughing at her, and who somewhat suspected that their turn might come next.

The road to Santa Cruz was uneven and precipitous, and very trying to the men. It is said that the Spaniards have a certain saint, — S. Domingo de la Calzada,—who was canonized for putting up bridges, and repairing a road which led to the town of Santiago; and the man who could, and who would, fill up the valleys, and

lower the hills, and level the paths, between Ponta Delgada and Santa Cruz, would richly merit an equally high place with Calzada in the calendar of Portuguese saints. The scenery, however, is all the more diversified from the irregularity of the road, which for a considerable distance carried us along the side of the high green cliffs that first attracted our notice on anchoring in the roadstead. They appeared at that distance to have been well-clothed with trees; but such is not the case. There is the same absence of *timber* trees here, as in the other islands. Brushwood had been mistaken in the distance for larger trees. A few funereal cedars grew on the mountain's side, and the quivering bright green poplars, mingled with stiff Fayas, made an imperfect screen through which the deep blue sea gleamed and twinkled with incessant ripples. Leaving the coast, we hurried over more wild moor ground, until we made a cut through wide pastures, with red oxen and distant sheep, to a village near Santa Cruz.

Here mills and millers were actively employed, and a tall plant of the aloe kind, that had grown into a high tree, and had sent out spikes of sharp leaves, overhung the road. It was more

like the wooden toy-trees made for children, than one of nature's works. A clever joiner might have manufactured a fac-simile from thin strips of beech-wood and mahogany, that would have looked at a little distance quite as natural as the real tree. The branches grew up with the inflexible stiffness of the pegs on a pewter-pot stand.

There was a pleasant smell of cedar smoke from the cottage fires, as we came to the outskirts of Santa Cruz; but no vessel appeared in the roadstead, and we learned, on reaching the house of our friend Dr. Mackay, that the "Flower of Fayal" had been blown out to sea. When she will be blown back again, I neither know nor care. We are not yet tired of Flores, and there is much in the people we like,

> —— Meliusne fluctus
> Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
> Carpere *Flores* ?

April 28.—Called on the governor of this district of the island. His expression was that of an educated and thinking man; he spoke French, and had a small collection of natural curiosities, among which were geological specimens of some

of his own rocks. His taste for geology (not a very common Azorean one) might have been owing to a Danish count, who had recently visited this island on a geological excursion through the Azores; a man who must have felt great ardour in his favourite science, for, although seventy years old, he voyaged alone, with the exception of his servant, and performed all his land journeys on foot.

May 1.—The town of Santa Cruz covers a considerable space of ground, the streets are long and straggling, and fields intervene between the houses. There are no large private dwellings, the great majority being cottages of the poor. Above them all rises the church, which is one of the largest in the Azores. The front is ornamented in the Moorish fashion, and is somewhat fantastical; but the interior is plain, simple, and massive. It is built entirely of grey stone; two rows of lofty square pillars and arches support the roof, and run the whole length of the building; and there is none of that gaudy gilding, so common in the churches of these islands. The Franciscan monastery, an extensive building, has been sold, and is shut up. A few years ago, strangers visiting these islands were accommo-

dated, as a matter of course, in the convents, where rooms were set apart for their reception, and, as long as they remained, they were treated as the guests of the friars. This ceased with the recent destruction of monasteries, and there is at present no substitute for them in the shape of inns and boarding-houses, except in the chief towns of St. Michael's and of Fayal. We are indebted for our present comfortable quarters to the private hospitality of the British consul, Dr. James Mackay, whose kind attentions, as well as those of Mrs. Mackay, we shall not readily forget.

The spot chosen for this, the principal town of the island, seems as if made on purpose; for the eastern side of the island, on which it stands, is generally inaccessible, the mountains rising precipitously out of the ocean. Here, however, a sheet of lava has flowed out into the sea, forming a level platform, about two miles in length, and one mile in breadth, upon which the town is built. Three of the sides of this level parallelogram are exposed to the sea; the fourth is flanked by high mountains. The lava having, by subsequent eruptions, been covered with tuff, cinders, and other loose volcanic matters, a rich

and fruitful soil has been formed, and the town is surrounded by fields, covered with good crops of maize, wheat, beans, flax, and potatoes, and by gardens, now green with cabbages and onions. The sides towards the sea bear, in the strongest characters, the marks of their igneous origin: in some places these cliffs are several hundred feet high, in others much lower. The lowest visible layer is composed of black lava, which, as it ran into the sea in a melted state, was stopped, and cooled, and shaped into every conceivable variety of jagged, rough, and irregular rock, among which the sea rolls with unceasing violence, dashing its clouds of spray over the sharp projections that interfere with its progress, or breaking among the huge detached masses with which the coast is strewed. Above the lava are other volcanic products, such as deep, loose beds of scoriæ, baked as red almost as bricks, and a firm, brown, gingerbread tuff, and, above all, is the decomposed vegetable soil often covered with the greenest herbage. The colouring is, therefore, very varied. The white foam drifts incessantly against the black rocks on the shore,—above, deep chocolate, bright red, and all shades of brown, melt into each other,

and the green grass and exhilarating blue sky are perpetually in contrast to the rich and gloomy colours beneath.

The lava or trap rock in this island is of a softer kind than at St. Michael's: it has more of a slaty texture, and is so easily broken down, that when the road crosses a sheet of it, it becomes smooth and slippery.

May 2.—The people of this island are well-looking, and often handsome. In their black eyes, hair, and general shape of face, they resemble the peasantry of St. Michael's more than those of Corvo, Fayal, or Pico; but their complexions are lighter, and their faces more ruddy. The hair of the children is frequently flaxen, or dark brown. The climate is colder than in the other islands: orange trees are not cultivated; there are a few in private gardens near the town, but they are less luxuriant than those in St. Michael's or Fayal; vines are not grown to the same extent, and the greater part of the wine which is consumed, is imported from Fayal. The dress of the peasantry also is warmer. These circumstances, as well as the situation of the island, which is considerably more to the north than St. Michael's, indicate a difference in the climate.

Potatoes here are very good, mealy, and dry, while in St. Michael's they are soft and watery. Yams are much eaten, so that they form the chief food of the poor. Cattle are abundant, and their flesh must be cheap, as it is exported. The vessel in which we are to return to Fayal is to be loaded with salt beef and hams for exportation to Madeira. Homeward-bound vessels occasionally touch here for provisions: the Asia, a transport from India, called off the back of the island since our arrival, for a supply of bullocks and sheep. There is also much intercourse with American whale ships, which call here whilst fishing in these seas, and purchase eggs and fresh vegetables. Several of the young men in this town can talk English well, and a few English words or sentences we sometimes hear in passing from the poor people, which they have learned from British and American sailors.

The ox-waggons are of the same construction as those in the other islands and in Portugal; but they are more neatly made. They consist of an oblong slab of wood, which ends in a pole, and is supported by two solid wheels, revolving with the axle in a wooden socket, like a child's toy. In dry weather, and with a heavy load, the

screaming of these wheels is unbearable. They are, however, better suited to the rough roads of the Azores than lighter vehicles would be. Their form can have undergone little or no change since their first invention; and probably none whatever since the days of Cervantes, who likens some "terrible noise" which he is describing, to that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, "from whose harsh and continued creaking," he says, "even wolves and bears fly away."

In the outskirts of the town, standing alone by the roadside, is a small cottage, which is the Foundling Hospital of the district of Santa Cruz. It is furnished with a drum turning in a hole in the wall, into which a baby may be put, and secretly deposited in the inner room. A person sleeps in the cottage at night, to receive infants that may be so deposited, and to see that they are put out to nurse. This is done at the expense of the "Chamber," that is, of the municipal body; and the number of illegitimate children thus provided for, is said to be very considerable. The result of this national provision for children of this description is, that infanticide is so rare as to be almost unknown.

In other islands a different mode is occasionally adopted, for throwing on the Chamber the burden of supporting superfluous infants, which is as novel and original a plan as Swift's "modest proposal" for bettering the condition of Ireland. The mother puts the baby in a basket, and at night, when all are in bed, deposits the burden outside a neighbour's door. If the child cries, (which is very likely, under such circumstances,) the neighbour wakes, suspects what is going on, gets out of bed, opens the door, and quietly carries the basket to the next door, where, perhaps, the same things happen, and the burden is again removed one house farther on. In this way, if the child is noisy, it may be transferred from house to house through an entire village; for the custom is, that the person at whose door it is found after day-break must take charge of it. A certain weekly payment can then be demanded of the authorities, but the child must be reared by the last discoverer. This plan of mutual accommodation may have been devised from the difficulty of persuading women to take charge of these infants at the remunerating price the state could afford, and it does not lack ingenuity. Few subjects, indeed, seem to have puzzled legislative wisdom

more than the disposal of these children. The large foundling hospitals on the continent of Europe are huge catacombs for infants; the mortality there is prodigious; and in England the other extreme is now being tried, to the great increase of coroners' inquests and trials for child-murder.

The laws of Portugal are very ample on the subject of illegitimate children; and the result of them seems to be that the mother is not found in any case to declare the father of her child, against her will; but provided she chooses to nurse it herself, she must then support it altogether. If, however, the sense of shame overcomes her maternal feelings and she takes it to the foundling hospital, where the wheel is provided for the reception of the infant, it is immediately taken care of and put out to nurse at the expense of the municipality; and it is said that at the Island of St. Michael's the practice is, in nine cases out of ten, to carry the child to the wheel. If the infant is a boy, he is apprenticed at the age of seven years to some tradesman, handicraft, or farmer; and if a girl she is sent into domestic service in some family; but until they are of an age sufficient to earn wages, they

are fed and clothed at the charge of the municipality; and should the funds of the municipality be insufficient, the state makes up the deficiency.

The proportion of annual marriages to the whole population of the Azores is said to be one to every forty-two persons, and the proportion of annual births to be one to every nineteen persons; and that there are one hundred legitimate children to every fifteen illegitimate. The average age at which men marry who live in the country is estimated at twenty, and women at seventeen; and the average in towns, men twenty-eight, women twenty-four.*

* Read's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners, 1834. Vol. xxxix, Appendix (F) p. 643.

CHAPTER VIII.

The varied earth, the moving heaven,
The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountain-pregnant mountains riven
To shapes of wildest anarchy,
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
Of living things * * *
* * * are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

A. TENNYSON.

The Island of St. George's.— Ursulina.—Recent volcanic eruption.— Vellas.— Fish-market.— Coast of Pico.— Return to Horta.

PICO, MAY 23.—Crossed to Fayal from Pico with a pleasant breeze, and arranged to go to the Island of St. George's to-morrow morning. Fayal was more than usually brilliant in the

sunset. On the top of the caldeira was a canopy of soft clouds of a heavy leaden colour, brightly gilded at the edges. It hung over the island, and reflected the rays in long streaks on the mist. The evening sky was green, melting into weak blue, with the shining evening star in its "forehead," lustrous as a gem. Pico was bronzed by the yellow light, its peak well-clothed in amber clouds. Below these was every variety of light and shade, — the small craters on its sides, standing out prominently as the slanting beams lighted up their western parts, and threw the opposite ones into deep but delicate shadow. A few white-sailed boats were skimming home before us to the little town of Madelena, which was just dotted out with white on the shore of Pico. We followed slowly, before a quiet breeze,—the surf rolled up the beach with a lazy see-saw motion,—the boat bumped the shore, recoiled, bumped again,—and as we walked up the shingles was drawn high and dry beyond the reach of the waves. The men untucked their linen trowsers, collected their oars, and straggled home; the sun went down, and the cone of Pico throwing off its armour of light, was changed to a flat wall of gloomy shadow.

May 24.—At a very early hour this morning, our men had launched their boat, and were impatient to start with the flood-tide. The morning was pleasant, and so still, that the long swelling waves of the Atlantic were without a ripple. Looking along them they were as white as glass, and looking into them they were bright cobalt, and so transparent, that every stone at the bottom of six or seven fathom water might be seen as clearly as the pebbles in a brook. We coasted along the shore as far as a point, beyond the little town of Madelena, and then struck off in a direct line for the town of Ursulina in St. George's, which is distant about a dozen miles from this point of the shore of Pico.

Our object was to see the seat of the last volcanic eruption in the islands, which took place as recently as May 1808. It was a matter of considerable curiosity to see some recent lava, about the origin of which there could be no mistake, in order to compare it with older specimens collected in the other islands. Here, in St. George's, the operation of stone-making, on the grand scale, had gone on before the eyes of persons still alive; while the other formations (although plainly derived from the same vast cal-

dron of boiling stone that had fumed up and overflowed with such fearful force in by-gone times) were made when there was no one there to see them, or, at any rate, no other account remained than an obscure and unsatisfactory tradition.

It must indeed have been a right glorious sight to have witnessed the creation of these islands, when the red-hot cone of Pico first flamed up into the sky through the midst of the Atlantic like a blazing beacon, and the rocks of Fayal and St. George's lay hissing on the waves, like vast floods of molten iron. But how awful and intense must have been the solitude of this distant spot upon the globe when the frightful fires of these, now silent, volcanoes, first disturbed the calm blue ocean!

The little village of Ursulina, which was partially overwhelmed by this last eruption, lies close to the shore. A small gap in the rugged lava coast, is filled in with a beach of fine black sand, on which the fishermen from the village haul their boats. Here we landed. It was fenced from the sea by a wall, which the harmless taste of the builder had fashioned into a fortification; and a rusty iron gun or two were planted in the sands. Above the wall, in the centre of the

scattered cottages of the hamlet, the pale spire of a small chapel pointed upwards, and here and there a white house, with a square church, were to be seen among green trees and dark cottages. East and west of the village the Island of St. George's stretches in a long narrow line,—the centre being composed of a ridge of tent-like green mountains, shelving to the shore, and a few scattered villages and small white houses being sprinkled along the coast. It is said to be about thirty miles in length, with an average breadth of not more than five miles.

From about the middle of this mountainous ridge, which runs the length of the island, the volcano burst, which at the beginning of the present century overwhelmed Ursulina. The stream of lava boiled over from a crater, on one side of which two enormous mounds of small black cinders are still to be seen. It flowed down the mountain in one stream, separating at a middle point, where it left a green island, shaped like the gore of a child's ball, and then uniting, passed on to the village, where, after threatening its entire destruction, some obstacle turned the lava into the sea. Here for a while it hissed and spluttered, and was finally cooled into all kinds

of black rugged contortions on the coast. The colour of the stream, which is perhaps half a mile across at its broadest part, is a light sandy grey, or whity-brown. The ascent is steep and tiresome. The stream of lava was covered with heaps of loose slags, thickly clothed with a grey fibrous lichen, which gave to the lava its whity-brown tint. Towards the village some unsuccessful attempts had been made to turn these stones to account, by planting vines among them; and the rest of the bed, from this point to the extreme summit, having been left untouched, a vegetable soil was slowly and surely changing the face of things, by the same kind of process to which the remainder of the island owed its green appearance. In some parts, the lichens had given place to small grasses or to diminutive ferns; and here and there a fresh Faya-bush pushed its head out of a heap of dry stones, like a green misseltoe among the dry winter branches of leafless trees, or ivy on a grey ruin. Much of the path lay over dry ashes, and even among these might now and then be seen a tuft of ferns, which looked as luxuriant as if they had been hanging over a running stream. A few women and labourers were at work in the fields, and

cattle were grazing near them. Towards the top of the mountain, where there was turf, sheep and lambs,—as white as lambs in biscuit china,—were skipping about among the herbage,—a cheerful sight in the utter loneliness of the place.

In passing up the bed of lava I disturbed a wild cat watching for prey among the stones. She slunk away, with her belly on the ground, ears depressed, and shining gooseberry eye, like a stealthy panther. She was in search of rabbits, which might be seen, every now and then, turning up the whites of their tails as they jumped into their burrows. I also had a near view of one of the birds of prey, which gave the name "Azores" to these islands. I was sitting under a bush, watching the movements of the clouds over Pico, and also engaged in the more matter-of-fact business of clearing my shoes from ashes, when one of these haughty birds made a pounce close by me. Being concealed from him by the bush, the bird, attracted by some smaller one, suddenly made a stoop so close to me, that I could feel the air from his wings and see the savage flash from his clear brown eye. The instant he caught sight of me, he drew up his yellow talons and

soared down the mountain. He was larger than our common hawk, which in other respects he much resembled.

A different path, which led through some delicious vineyards, wound down the opposite edge of the lava stream. The vines were trained up tall Faya trees, which rose to a height of twenty and twenty-five feet, and almost met above the road. They were just putting forth their tender green leaves, and contrasted very pleasingly with the dark evergreen Fayas on which they grew and the silver grey of their bark,—the strength they borrowed recompensing well the grace they lent. The path was stony and steep, but better than the road up. Thirsty and tired with the wearisome walk, a little fellow who was coming up the mountain with a tub of water on his head, drew out the fresh stopper of green fern that he had put into the narrow mouth of his bucket, leaned forward, and gave me a long and grateful draught. Thankful as I was for it, my thankfulness seemed as nothing compared with the expression of innocent delight with which he kissed his hand for the trifle he received in return. The exquisite joy of his eyes, as he looked me in the face at parting, I shall not forget. Pence,

he had hitherto thought of as having existence only in other people's pockets.

Under the vines, potatoes and yams were planted; and in the few fields below, Indian corn, beans, and lupines,—the last for manure only. On coming to the end of the descent, the path opened upon the road which led through the village. Evening was coming on; the old women sat at their doors spinning; and a few groups of girls, gaily dressed in blue petticoats, with bright scarlet borders, occasionally passed. Some were entirely in scarlet, the petticoat which was over their heads being of the same showy colour. The costumes were of island manufacture, a kind of linsey-woolsey, and the dye they use was of a brighter hue than that employed in other islands. Farther on was the old priest of the village,—an aged man, feeble, and bent with years,—who had come out alone for his evening walk, "one little span of earth his only prospect." He was so still in look and so tardy in his motions, that he more resembled the painting of an old man than the reality. His rusty Hessian boots, loosely fitting his lean legs; his venerable green coat,—greasy, threadbare, and faded; his ragged three-cornered hat, (in shape

like a state-coachman's, but twice the size,) of a date probably long before the troubles that had robbed him of the wherewithal to buy a newer; told a sad story of his misfortunes,—his smooth and shining silver-headed cane being the only thing about him that had not suffered from them. As he passed the church door he lifted his hat, showed long white locks which shone in the sun, replaced it, stopped, crossed himself, and then continued his quiet walk. Although it must have been an effort to him to lift his hat, he returned my bow without raising his head, and I regretted that we could not have conversed together about the recent eruption of lava, the particulars of which were doubtless familiar to him.

The small spired chapel we had seen from the water, stands close to the edge of the lava stream, and the walls were encrusted by it. Here it was that the inhabitants of the village retreated when the eruption commenced. As the earthquake increased they hurried into the chapel to repeat their prayers, filled it to overflowing, and, as the torrent of lava rolled down the mountain and encompassed the church, were burned to death or suffocated.

This recent lava has already been quarried. The stone is a compact basalt of a light grey colour, containing small crystals of felspar. It resembled the basaltic lava which we met with in the other islands, and was doubtless forged in the same furnace.

The next morning we left at an early hour for the town of Vellas, about an hour's row to the westward of Ursulina. This is the chief town of the Island of St. George. We landed at steps below some respectable fortifications, crossed a well-paved platform, and entered the town by a gate in the walls of the fort. The town is built on the shore, with a little bay before it, and precipitous hills behind. We walked through the streets, which were clean and well-paved; and strolled into an empty convent, fast going to decay. The small square court was grass-grown, and the steps green with moss, except where the few people who went in and out had worn a narrow track. The little belfry was silent, and the chapel doors closed and chinky. In the town some religious procession was going on, the principal burthen of which seemed to be the carrying about of narrow streamers, to the tune of a crazy drum and a tambourine frame. A large bunch

of these flags was borne about by a man, followed by a flock of children; and another bundle of them, apparently for hire, protruded into the street from the window of a sallow shoe-maker, who inquired whether we wanted one.

In the middle of the town there is an open irregular square, in which the principal church is built. Several respectable houses looked into it, out of the upper windows of which some dark-haired damsels were leaning. They, with ourselves, were amused with the importunity of some of the children (and men) of the place, who came and offered us their caps for sale. The cap worn here is different from those used elsewhere. It is made of dark blue cloth, edged with a narrow scarlet border, and on the heads of the peasants is picturesque. We had desired our servant to buy one, and he had been endeavouring to do so in the town. It had come to the ears of these urchins, was soon told to others, and the consequence was that we were offered a strange collection of stale caps, scoured up by the cuffs of their owners into their best looks, and eagerly thrust into our hands for sale. One of our boatmen selected the brightest from the head of a bystander, who evidently was no more inclined

than we were to have "a trade," (as the Americans say,) and who rather indignantly resumed his cap and stood out of arm's reach. When our man returned from his search, we found that the Andrès of St. George's lived up the country, and only brought in their wares on market-days, or when they were ordered.

We next bent our steps to the fish-market, which in all the islands is, generally, an amusing scene of bustle, and more particularly so on a Friday. The fishermen had drawn their boat high and dry on the shore, by means of logs and rollers. Two of them sat in it to supply their customers, who stood round the sides in a crowd. All were eagerly looking into it, and many bargained according to their means. There was the tall priest in cocked hat, and green umbrella, pointing over the heads of the bystanders at a fish that pleased him well,—there were poor loungers, who never meant to buy, taking part in a bargain,—shopkeepers, in gaudy linen jackets, who had bought their fish and had handed it over to some urchins to carry home,—artisans, with soiled linen and dirty faces, who carried their own fish,—poor women, who could only afford a lump of conger eel,—others, still poorer,

who, in tattered petticoats, straggled round the edges of the crowd for the remnants that might be left,—little children, who had begged a fin or a fail from the boy in the boat, and amused themselves by trailing them in the sand,—pigs, grunting among the legs of the buyers, and finishing up the ends,—wet empty boats glittering with the scales of the fish, which the owners had already sold,—and groups of weary boatmen talking and sleeping on the sands.

A bargain here, although it often looks like a battle, is really a good-tempered affair: the action and words that are wasted on it, go for just what they are worth; they never end in blows, and while they increase the animation of the market-place, do not much affect the price or the tempers of the sellers. The head boatman, who has just finished a boisterous harangue over the silver-bellied eel with the old woman to the right, and has brandished his knife, in illustration of his own arguments, high above his head, turns round to the fresh customer on the left, speaks to him with an unruffled face, and the next minute perhaps hands a remnant to some old woman near him, who he knows is too poor to pay. We understood from a person who had

been many years resident in one of the islands, and whose occupations had thrown him much among the poor, that this species of generosity, which leads a man to give to those who need it, what his own pressing wants may quite as much require, is as common among the poor here as it happily is among the poor of our own country.

As visitors are not often seen in Vellas, we were quite as much a matter of curiosity to the inhabitants, as they and their town were to us. We went through the fort, followed by a troop of children,—who, looking upon all Englishmen as walking money-bags, pestered us for halfpence, like children in Wales,—returned to the streets of the town, where they were setting up a sort of Punch-stage for the ceremonies of the day; and waited for a short time on the platform, while the boatmen were buying a sheep to take to Fayal. The fort is harmless enough at present, being without available guns, or ammunition, or men. One or two dilapidated carriages and rusty cannon were collected under a shed; and a man and his wife, with their family of one, two, and three-year-olds, kept guard within the gate. Moreover, the good people of St. George's

had planted their guns' mouth downwards in the earth, where they answered the peaceful and useful end of boat-posts.

Having freed our painter from one of these, we pushed off from the shore in clear sunshine, —the sea being entirely calm, and almost free from the ocean swell. The wind increased as we rowed outside the bay, and before we had crossed to the shore of Pico, blew strong enough to induce our cautious boatmen to take in their sails and pull. We coasted close under the shore of Pico for several miles, and had an opportunity of examining its construction, — which can only be done in a boat. The boldest portion of the coast, lying to the north-west, was the most striking. It consisted of successive layers of black lava, piled up one upon another, to a height say of 100 and 200 feet, with only such an interval between them as showed they were separate slabs. In some places I counted as many as sixteen of these layers. They appeared to have been the result of as many successive eruptions of the volcano. In breaking off abruptly at the shore, they had assumed a great variety of shapes. In some places the constant action of the waves had separated the under lay-

ers, and, having once got a footing, had worn arches, and had left pillars and buttresses, upon which flat slabs still remained. These again, with those above them, had been broken into architraves and dark rough pediments, so as to call to mind representations of the ruins of Hindoo temples. Against this wild fantastic shore enormous Atlantic waves were continually breaking, and, until we had become accustomed to them, it really seemed impossible that they should not carry us with them, and dash us to pieces on the rocks. A long undulating wave would come straight towards us, for a quarter of a mile, rising higher and gaining more power as it advanced; and when it seemed that the old fellow must inevitably sweep us along with him, the boat rose, and the wave harmlessly rolled past us against the rocks, with his long snowy beard of spray, which blew backwards, and streamed in the sun's rays, "like a meteor in the troubled air."

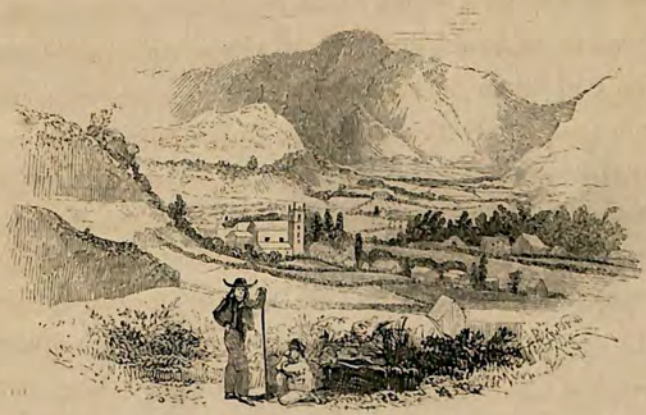
We rowed into Madelena, that our men might have a meal. It consisted of cold fried fish, — such as may be seen in London alleys and at gin-shop doors, — bread, and wine. This put them in good spirits; and we started for Horta

at a quick pace. Half a mile from Madelena there are two masses of brown rock standing high out of the sea, very similar in construction to the tuff of the island of Villa Franca, and that at Port Pim.. They are of a rich brown colour, and the resort of sea-birds, which, in the evening-hour, were sailing round in circles, settling on the rocks, and again flying off them, with the usual restlessness before going to roost. Our boatmen, who were a willing and light-hearted set of men, and very pleased with any admiration bestowed on their islands, were anxious to persuade us to make a trip round the coast of Pico; but our time was up, it was already pleasant weather for the valley of the Furnas, and we were anxious to get back to the baths. We accordingly bade adieu to Pico and St. George's, and landed late in the evening at Horta, with the intention of starting for St. Michael's on the following day.

VALLEY AND BATHS

OF

THE FURNAS.



VALLEY OF THE FURNAS.

CHAPTER IX.

"Full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this,
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy — no, for it is green,
And bright and fertile, furnished, in itself,
With the few needful things which life requires.
In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie, —
How tenderly protected."

Voyage to St. Michael's. — Ponta Delgada. — Villa Franca. — Asses. — The Valley of the Furnas.

SAILED from Fayal for St. Michael's on Monday afternoon, May 27. It was the first excur-

sion of the vessel, a fine schooner of ninety tons; and as she had been built on the island she was a source of much interest to the people of Horta. She had been launched about three weeks since, and nearly all the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were present. Long rows of women, shrouded in their blue cloaks, squatted upon the sands of the bay, waiting patiently for many hours until the tide rose to its due height. We stood out to sea with a large party, and after cruising about for some time we took leave, with much regret, of friends whose courteous and hospitable attentions had added so much to the pleasure of our visit to their island, and steered for St. Michael's. The night was calm, and the next morning Pico and Fayal, as well as St. George's and Terceira, were still within sight. The day was a delicious one for those who, like ourselves, were in no haste; a gentle favourable breeze, a smooth sea, and capital accommodations, for we were the guests of Mr. Dabney, who had fitted up his vessel with all conveniences. Few sea pleasures can exceed those we have enjoyed in our excursions between these islands during this spring and early summer weather. Voyages of two or three days at a time, with light winds

or gentle breezes, — a quiet sea — so mild a temperature as to admit of spending the whole day in the open air, — no cabin imprisonment, — bright starry or moonlight nights; — islands of great external beauty, rising abruptly out of the water to the height of several thousand feet, and clothed with green to their topmost acclivities; — what spot on the earth with such circumstances of enjoyment could be found in so large a measure, and with so few drawbacks?

The full moon rose at night like a vast red-hot globe issuing out of the ocean, but soon looked smaller, and showered down her silvery light. In this climate the moon seems actually suspended, not merely inlaid in the heavens: the eye reaches far into the infinite space beyond; and the shadows she casts are sharp and black, like silhouettes.

At daybreak we were off the south-western coast of St. Michael's, which appeared low, after the other islands, and differed from them in its long ranges of conical hills. Ponta Delgada was not seen to advantage after Horta. Horta fills up all but the horns of a semicircular bay; its churches, convents, college, villas, and houses stand with conspicuous compactness in ranges

one above another, their brilliant whiteness made more striking by the intermixture of the deep green foliage of the orange-gardens, whilst lofty cultivated hills and green mountains rise at the back of all; but Ponta Delgada, although a much larger town, looks inconsiderable, as it is built on a smaller space, comparatively, and on more level ground: the hills behind it are low, and it is lost in the extent of country seen on each side. The roadstead was almost deserted; instead of thirty or forty orange vessels, which we had left, there were now only two Portuguese schooners. Boats came off,—health boats, tobacco boats, and custom-house boats, full of sallow, tarnished officials. "Beggars," said our abrupt South of England captain, looking down upon them over the side.

Thursday, May 30, Ponta Delgada.—Visited some gardens in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, which showed that, among the more wealthy Azoreans, there is a considerable taste for horticulture. We were particularly struck with a magnificent evergreen, as large as the full-grown beech trees of the New Forest or Windsor Great Park. It looked like a species of laurel, and is here called a camphor tree.

As it was a saint's day, there was a religious procession: the troops (for this town is now the head-quarters of the Portuguese military establishment in these islands) marched in front, with their hats off, and, instead of the short-cropped head of hair which we are accustomed to, they exhibited black locks, long, ragged, and curly. The prior, who is the highest church dignitary in the island, walked beneath a canopy, and bore the Host. He was a man of a commanding exterior, certainly physically fit for his office; the only dignified ecclesiastic (except Father Lopes, of Corvo,) whom I have seen in these parts. The streets were crowded, and the principal inhabitants had suspended from their balconies embroidered silks of various brilliant colours, "pendentia vela domûs."

The next day we left for Villa Franca, on our way to the Furnas. The poplars, which are planted in most of the hedge-rows, and which hitherto had shown us nothing but their pale smooth stems, were now covered with quivering leaves; the bearded wheat was in full ear; the roads, after those in the other islands, were most respectable; our jacks were in equally good trim, as the day before was a saint's day, and one of

rest to them; — the ascents seemed less steep, and the descents less precipitous than when we were fresh from England; but the scenery had lost none of its charms, even after much finer. Many familiar faces, greeting us with smiles, looked out from the cottage windows as we came near Villa Franca; for, from our long residence there, we had become acquainted with the faces, at least, of most of these sociable people in the town and neighbourhood. Thomazia's visage was creased and crumpled into every fold expressive of satisfaction.

In the afternoon of the next day we continued our journey to the Furnas. The road passes through two long straggling villages, not far from the coast, damp unhealthy places, which, consequently, had poured forth, during our residence in Villa Franca, an abundance of sick, so that along the whole road the great carapuça was gravely lifted from the head, or the hand waved with the recognition of old acquaintanceship. Once I was compelled to stop, — a man embracing my knees as I sat sideways upon the ass's pannel, and beseeching "my mercy" to see his sick daughter. The single room of the cottage, close by the road side, was almost empty

when we entered, but there were soon twenty or thirty eager faces inquisitively looking on, whilst a trifling surgical operation which was necessary was performed. "God will repay you," was the parting acknowledgment.

Leaving these villages, we began ascending the mountains. Summer had given fresh beauty to some of the scenery. The chestnut trees, which cover the sides of one of the deepest and grandest ravines, were now in full leaf, making it a richly wooded glen. The mountain path, which winds down one side and up another, was partially shaded with the large, light-green, fan-shaped leaves of these trees, which make no deep shade, but admit patches of sunshine to fall here and there upon the white smooth trunks, or else to dapple the mossy ground beneath them. But, to make amends to the winter for this increased beauty, the fern, which then adorned the mountain sides with hangings of the richest green drapery, was now turning yellow and dingy; another kind (such as covers the New Forest) was springing up vigorously, but it is far inferior. The mist was hanging about and rising from the sides of the mountains like incense, whilst the summit was in full sunshine.

A group of peasants added much to the picture. Several women in simple white linen, with their glossy, black, well-dressed hair, uncovered, and a few men accompanying them in light-blue jackets, white trowsers, and large blue carapuças shading their dark faces, passed us, and were caught sight of now and then as they descended the winding mountain path. There were many asses also climbing up or going down; almost wholly concealed by the loads of branches and roots of trees for fire-wood, with which they were laden.

It is pleasant to be again in the country of asses;—the other islands are sadly destitute of these most worthy beasts, so picturesque, and, what is so rare an accompaniment, so useful; in such harmony with all things, with the steep mountains, with the climate, and with the leisurely people. It is more easy to understand Sancho's joy at finding Dapple: "Sancho ran to his Dapple, and embracing him, said, How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" Terms utterly inapplicable to those much abused, sad, sorry animals in our own country.

The country women in this island are clothed

more lightly than in the others: simple, unadorned, white linen is a common dress, and they seem more graceful. I cannot help thinking they have more Spanish, or rather Moorish, blood in them. Picturesqueness in dress and in figures is the more striking, as it has almost vanished from England. Even the gipsies are beginning to change. Their tattered tents, the groups of dark-eyed women and young children sitting around the fire, with its pot and tripod, the cloud of blue smoke, and ragged donkeys, are daily giving way to the trim, stiff, well-painted, utilitarian caravan, furnished with portable stove, shining brass knocker, and other house-like conveniences. The ruddle men are still left, looking like the denizens of warmer climates: men, donkeys, and burdens, all of the same warm colour, like drawings in red chalk. Some country-women, too, still adhere to the scarlet cloak,—a bit of lively colour eminently picturesque on a common, or in lanes among trees, or in contrast to the white Sunday smock-frocks of the villagers, variegating the paths to and from a country church. "As comfort gains so often what picture loses," the mere change cannot be lamented, although the wish is allow-

able, that the useful and the picturesque were not such determined opponents.

The valley of the Furnas looked, from the brow of the mountain, much the same as in the winter: the few trees now in leaf producing no alteration in the character of the scenery, but Mr. Hickling's grounds are much improved by the season. They now form a spot of rare beauty.

June 7.—The valley in which we are residing has once been the crater of a vast volcano, and it still retains the punch-bowl shape which belongs to circular volcanic valleys. It is entirely surrounded by a circle of serrated mountains, rising on every side to heights varying from two to three thousand feet from the level of the sea.

The circular area at its bottom is not the level one which it almost appears to be to the traveller at his first glance, when, having reached the margin of the mountain ridge which encircles it, he looks down at the scene beneath his feet; but ridges of pumice run from the mountains into the valley, and form hills and vales of its own, over and among which are lanes and paths, making pleasant walks. The whole is cultivated and divided by hedge-rows into fields of maize,

bearded corn, beans, and flax, and it is intersected by streams, some clear and rapid, making their noisy way over rocky beds; others of a deep orange colour, which disperse over yam-grounds, and dye them a gaudy red.

Among these streams, and rivulets, and corn-fields, the village of the Furnas straggles down the sides of a forked road or lane for the length of more than a mile. A prominent house of staring red and white strikes and offends the eye; the "Tank" is embowered with trees; the village church, with its narrow white belfry edged with black, seems the nucleus whence the scattered cottages have spread themselves out into a hamlet; rough wooden bridges and stepping-stones for walkers, and shallow fords for riders, connect and intersect the roads; the thatched cottages of dark rough lava, walled from the street, are divided by the neater and well-plastered dwellings of the Baron, the Curate, and John Quiet, as well as by a few others of two stories, for the use of visitors; a green patch of fine turf before the church-door occupies a pair of important turkeys, or a scarlet-headed Muscovy duck; the wine-shop has its green bough and knot of loiterers,—and the lawful seller of tobacco her faded sign of the

Queen's Arms; new houses and decaying cottages lie close together; and along the roads are to be seen the usual assortment of loose stones, hogs, asses, and healthy children; and the same slovenly disorder as characterises the villages and roads of an island where commissioners of turnpikes, and road trusts, and highway acts, will never see the light.

The mountains which enclose this valley can be climbed in almost every direction. Narrow paths worn by goatherds, or broader lanes leading to various villages or towns upon the coast, wind up or intersect the steep mountain sides; so that a warm admirer of nature, if he is an active pedestrian, or if he prefers the quieter and easier progression of an ass, may discover every day new walks or rides showing him fresh scenery, or old views in different lights, and with other foregrounds.

This evening, taking the road that leads to Villa Franca, we walked to the top of a hill overlooking the valley. The road, which is deeply cut in beds of grey pumice, is furrowed and seamed by the streams that after heavy rains rush down it. A few fleecy clouds which hung

on the dark sides of the mountains were rosy as they caught the last rays of the setting sun that had long ceased to shine in the valley; and as it sank lower, and its rays were intercepted by the range of mountains behind, the roseate hue was exchanged for a dead white. In one spot was the white column of vapour from the boiling springs, the safety valve, perhaps, of the great boilers beneath us; and over the cottages of the straggling village a veil of thin blue wood-smoke was spread, telling of preparations for the frugal evening meal; — not rising in slender columns as the blue smoke of English cottages, but diffused; for the smoke escapes beneath the thatch or the tiles as it can, or through a long slit-like opening of a short chimney. Weary peasants returning from a long day's toil wound their way down the mountain paths, carrying on their heads large bundles of green fire-wood, or glittering hoes over their shoulders, — their blue jackets hanging upon the handles, — and beside them scuffled ragged donkeys with tired dogs lagging behind, and sleepy, foot-sore children. The men jogged down the hill at a gentle trot, (holding their long sticks before them,) a safe

pace in descending steep mountain paths which are never free from a loose covering of scattered pumice pebbles.

As the evening grew darker, the valley pleasantly contrasted with the mountains around it; they looked gloomy and severe from their distance and deep shadows, but enough light still remained to see dimly, but with sufficient distinctness, the soft verdant valley beneath, and its fruitful fields and light green clumps of trees. The white glare of the few conspicuous houses, (by daylight so obtrusive and strikingly misplaced,) and the stiffness of the white-washed cottages, were softened down into indistinctness by the shades of evening, and now merely dotted the scenery, removing those lonely impressions which uninhabited districts produce, and suggesting the idea of lives as quiet, tranquil, and secluded as the whole visible scene.

The inmates of this solitary valley are as proud of it, and as contented with it, as the most loyal subject of a vast empire; and they are as independent and as ignorant, too, of what the rest of the world is busy about, as it is of them: passing tranquil and quiet lives in this sense alone, or only judged so when looked at not too

curiously, or through some such a visionary and indistinct veil over the mind's eye, as distance and coming darkness now hold before the bodily eye; for the same hopes and fears, loves and hates, joys and sorrows, goodness and foolishness, the same fickle pleasures, superfluous cares, and trivial ostentations, which make up that mingled yarn of good and ill which we call human nature, exist wherever there are human hearts. The poet asks of such secluded lives,

> "What is the world to them,
> Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?"

as if every knot of human beings on this ant-hill earth had not a little world of its own, with its little pomps and little pleasures, and little nonsense; every one of which is as great and important to them as the pomps and the pleasures and the nonsense to the actors on a larger stage.

Gaspar Poussin, or Glover, as they both delighted in green spring landscapes, would have thoroughly enjoyed the scenery here; but I doubt whether it would be so much prized by the generality of landscape painters, owing to the unvarying sameness of its pleasant robe of green.

Through winter, spring, and summer the difference has been barely perceptible. They seem,

"green islands of eternal youth."

Autumn I have not yet seen: some ferns will then turn brown, and the few poplars with their sere and yellow leaves will produce a trivial variety; but there can be none of that autumnal richness of colouring which makes the fall of the year perhaps the most beautiful season in our own country. In consequence of the great clearness of the atmosphere and the limited extent of these islands, as well as from their humidity and fresh green garniture, there is less of that opaline or purple haze commonly given by distance; which in our own climate adds to mountain scenery the fine aërial hues that painters delight in, and in Italy, invests the distance with "a purple bloom so inexpressibly beautiful." This scenery, however, though in these respects less picturesque, is very uniformly rich and attractive: there are no long wearisome tracts of desolate country among which, at tedious intervals, individual scenes of great attraction intervene, but a constant succession of lovely as well as of grand scenes. The skies, too, are most varied: in this

fortunate climate a monotonous cloudless expanse of blue never fatigues the eye with its sameness of splendour; but the mountains, attracting the abundant moisture of the surrounding ocean, (which would otherwise be too diffused to be so visible,) make out of this airy nothing substances on a scale of magnificence proportionate to their source, for the sun to paint of all hues and shades, from the quietest grey to the most gorgeous purple.

CHAPTER X.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

En songeant quelquefois aux élucubrations auxquelles la latitude de mon sujet m'a entraîné, j'ai eu sincèrement la crainte d'avoir pu ennuyer; car, moi aussi j'ai quelquefois bâillé sur les ouvrages d'autrui.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

Village funerals. — Sick poor. — Games. — Village Priests. — Climate.

JUNE 7. — Returning from the bath this morning, I overtook a funeral procession hurrying along to the burial-ground. As John Quiet, though the procession was out of sight, gravely removed his hat and looked sedately on the ground, I asked him whether that was the cus-

tom of his country, and finding that it was, uncovered my head also.

A couple of swallow-tailed banners on high poles,—the one white, the other black,—were borne in front by two men; behind whom was the clerk, carrying in his hand the priest's rusty hat, a broken white cup of holy water, a small brush, and a heavy wooden crucifix, with its hangings of purple silk. The priest—a dirty man of six feet, like a village shoemaker, "marvellous ill-favoured,"—followed the clerk, indecently giggling with two acquaintances who walked by his side. The corpse, which was that of an old woman, was in the common open bier, and,—with a black veil over it, and the cold dead hands, long used to labour, clasped on the breast,—was decently dressed. The banner-bearer and bier-men wore, as did the clerk, loose gowns of yellow serge over their ordinary every-day dresses of blue and grey, and were, in common with the ten or twenty peasants who followed the body, bare-headed. Having set down the bier in the middle of the graveyard, and having arranged two bands of straw under the neck and heels of the corpse, in order to lift it from the bier to the grave, the service began.

The clerk lighted and dealt round six lanky tapers to the men in gowns, held one himself, handed the greasy mass-book and the water-brush to the priest, and, putting down that functionary's hat between his legs, stood erect, crucifix in hand, prepared to say the responses. The priest muttered through the prayers within three minutes, while the taper-holders twisting round and about to save their tapers from the draughts of wind that threatened to blow them out, grinned and jested with the bystanders at the straits in which they were placed.—"Refuse not gold," says an old divine, "though it come from an earthen pot;" and, accordingly, the holy-water, in a broken and bandaged white pipkin, was handed to the priest, who ended by dipping into it his small white brush and freely sprinkling the corpse. The body was lowered,—three idle children, sitting on the heap of fresh mould, amused themselves by rolling the earth upon the body,—the people talked,—the clerk threw away the holy-water as if it were nothing worth, collected his tapers, hastily blowing them out lest the parish wax should be wasted,—the priest walked behind the grave-yard gate, pulled the surplice over his head, lowered the black gown down to

his feet, handing them to the clerk in return for his hat; and making a mean jest on the old woman, "who was much more quiet now" (muito mais quieta) "than she had been down yonder," (pointing to the village,) shook himself into his short blue jacket, and turned up the lane. The gravedigger,

> "Death's hireling, who scoops out his neighbour's grave,
> Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
> As unconcerned as when he plants a tree,"

filled and rammed the grave, — the gate was locked, and with crucifix and flags, bier, prayer-book, gowns, tufted cap, and yellow-white surplice, the bearers moved merrily down the narrow lane to put away their paraphernalia until another villager should be summoned to his last long home. The only person at all affected or serious at the burial was a middle-aged, docile-looking man, probably the son of the deceased, who shed a few unfeigned tears while the grave was filling, and stood for some time gazing on the spot, and thinking, perhaps, that he had never felt the value of a mother till she came to be laid in the grave.

June 8. — An old woman, whose son lay sick

of a fever, came to-day to beseech me, "for the love of God," to see him and give him remedies. She was a persuasive and venerable woman, full of a mother's anxiety for her son, who was stretched on a straw bed in a miserable cottage in the village, languishing under a burning fever. Through the mistaken kindness of his neighbours, the cottage was crammed with whisperers watching every movement with eager curiosity, and making the cottage unwholesomely hot. There were more than twenty lookers-on: some at the windows, others at the door, the rest round the bed. The dying man had received extreme unction, and the small room had been decorated on the occasion with the usual hangings of shawls and handkerchiefs, and the ordinary amount of green faya boughs. The pallid careworn man, with bright eyes, pale lips, and hollow cheeks, lay on his uneasy bed in the last stage of a fever. His strength was so far gone that he could with difficulty raise his eyelids, or turn in his bed, or speak. His nimble wife, a healthy mother of two little children who played about the room, squatted beside her husband on the bed, fanning off the flies; and the strong, brawny villagers, with their wives, and their fresh, cheery daugh-

ters, stood by in sorrowful mockery (if well-meant sympathy deserves so harsh a word) of the burning, restless invalid. They were extremely thankful for the little attentions paid him; and said, as they usually do, that God would repay us.

* * * * *

The games of the Azoreans are not numerous. Children play at peg-tops, and men at cards; but the favourite game in the open air is that of ring ball, which I have understood is still in vogue in some parts of the north of England. It is very accurately described by Strutt in his book on "British Sports and Pastimes;" and precisely resembles the game played universally through these islands, except that there is no iron arch in addition to the ring, and the handle of the mallett is shorter.

"The game is played," says Strutt, "in a ground or alley appropriated to the purpose, and a ball is to be driven from one end of it to another with a mallett, the handle of which is about three feet three or four inches in length; and so far it resembles pall-mall; but there is the addition of a ring which is not mentioned by Cotgrave; I have, however, been told that

it was sometimes used in the game of mall. This ring is placed at an equal distance from the sides of the alley, but much nearer to the bottom than the top of the ground, and through this ring it is necessary for the ball to be passed in its progress. The ring is made to turn with great facility upon a swivel, and the two flat sides are distinguished from each other: if the ball passes through the one it is said to be lawful, and the player goes on; but if through the other it is declared to be unlawful, and he is obliged to beat the ball back, and drive it through again, until such time as he causes it to pass on the lawful side: this done, he proceeds to the bottom of the ground, where there is an arch of iron, through which it is necessary for the ball to be passed, and then the game is completed. The contest is decided by the blows given to the ball in the performance, and he who executes his task with the smallest number is the victor." I cannot say whether the rules here mentioned are the same as those of the game in vogue at St. Michael's, but the description is singularly accurate. It is played both by men and boys.

The other game common here is played in an alley like the last; two pins, or logs of wood, or

pieces of stone, being set on end, about twelve paces asunder. The object of the players is to knock these down, and each pitches a stone at the pin, and changes from one end of the alley to the other, after each pitch, in the same way as in the game of quoits.

June 10.—A fine warm day, clear and balmy; but towards the evening a change of wind to S. W. with thick fine mountain rain, such as would be called in England a Scotch mist, and in Scotland a London fog.

June 12.—While waiting for my bath this morning, Da Costa, an old man who attends at the baths, and who, having spent upwards of eighty years of his life in this valley, is still a riser at four o'clock and green in his old age, gave me some of the gossip of the valley. I forgot to ask him whether he was a branch of the old Portuguese family of that name,—the oldest, it is said, in Portugal,—which traces in direct lineal descent from Donna *Eva* da Costa, who, according to Portuguese heralds and those who quiz them, took her name from Adam's *Costa*, or side. Da Costa's gossip,—or Pepino's, rather, for by reason of a certain prolixity of nose his neighbours have nicknamed him Pepino or Cucumber,

DA COSTA AND THE MISTURAS BATHMAN AT THE BATHS OF THE FURNAS.

and according to the national love for nicknames, he is more frequently called by that name,—was about his pastors, who seem neither "to take nor point the way to heaven," but to lead, like the rest of their fraternity in the island, immoral lives. The result of old Pepino's experience was, that generally speaking there was not so much marrying in the Furnas as when he was a boy; that as for the priests, each one was a Cœlebs

in search of a wife, and that the difficulty of finding was not great; that the Padre of the village had one wife; but that the curate, like the woman of Samaria, had had many, and she that he then had was not his wife. He spoke lightly of their habits, as if he was not conscious of any impropriety in the priest following the example of his neighbours; could duly distinguish between the man and the office; and took off his carapuça with all politeness to the brawny curate, who shortly afterwards emerged in heavy cloak and white napkins from his luxurious warm bath, and mounting his ass pricked homeward.

Marriages of convenience seem to be managed in two ways: in one, the parties themselves think it convenient, or are persuaded by their friends that it is so; in the other, those peculiarly interested are not much consulted, but the affair is arranged by their parents. The former is the mode of proceeding in England, whilst the latter, which savours strongly of the old school of implicit obedience, is adopted in countries where the spirit of feudalism (at least in the highest ranks) is not yet extinguished. It is therefore the fashion here. A boy and a girl who are heirs to conveniently adjoining estates, are for that reason,

or for some other quite as cogent, betrothed; and a gentleman who is eligible, instead of undergoing the details of courtship, intimates his wish to the parents of the young lady, and the affair is speedily settled. Whether as a consequence of this, or owing to the general laxity of morals, and natural voluptuousness, the marriage tie is constantly broken by the men in the most open way. Indeed, where the priests as a whole body set the example of breaking their vows to God, can it be wondered at that their flocks stray from the right path?

> "If they be foul on whom the people trust,
> Well may the baser brass contract a rust."

June 13.—A fine bracing day with a N. E. and N. W. wind. Walked down Ribeira Quente. Found hot springs and heard rumblings in the earth. Met with a spot which was white and clayey like the soil at the Caldeiras. The ground was hot and reeking, smelt strongly of sulphur, and sent up hot steam from holes in the surface.

Men were bottling the cold iron water at the Caldeiras for Lisbon. Among the white soil, near the beds of several of the boiling iron springs,

our servant dug up numerous small round stones varying in size, from that of large peas to that of walnuts, completely covered with a burnished metallic coating, which was probably sulphuret of iron.

June 14.—"Let the whole world stand if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress la Mancha the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." So say the Furnas peasants of their valley among the mountains; of which they are as fond and as proud as the Swiss of theirs. The contentions between the natives, as to the merits of each island, are quite as energetic as if they were attended with results. Three servants from the neighbouring Islands of Pico, Fayal, and Flores, after uniting in their disgust at the valley of the Furnas, fell to loggerheads in the most ludicrous manner when the comparative merits of the other three came to be discussed; and might possibly have come to blows if it were usual for intemperate discussions to end in blows. But their vehemence goes off in action, —they beat the air instead of belabouring one another.

A muggy relaxing day, very oppressive to the

feelings. A still evening with heavy clouds. The trees hang their leaves as if there was a stagnation of life; and even the light silver aspen with its ever-twinkling leaves is as motionless as a quickset hedge.

CHAPTER XI.

Ye sons of Indolence, do what ye will.

THOMPSON.

Watering-place insipidities.—The Tank.—Warm baths.—St. John's Day.—Ceremonies of the "Holy Ghost."—Furnas lodgings.—Patriarchs of the Valley.—Climate.—Fat Azoreans.—Indigestion and vapours.

JUNE 23.—It is the end and aim of every visitor at the Furnas, just as it is for a loiterer at any other watering-place, to spend his time in listless indolence, and in this respect the occupations of one day among the loungers and bathers at the Caldeiras, are like those of a whole season, and probably will be as those of a hundred years; unless, indeed, this quiet and healthful place should by means of transatlantic steamers and other consumptive luxuries be transformed

into a second Madeira or rather into another Baden-Baden, and blow its pleasant bubbles like those from the Brunnens of Nassau. The order of the day is uniformly this:—

As early in the morning as five o'clock the operations of bathing begin, and they continue until nine, ten, and eleven o'clock. A company of four or five persons from Ponta Delgada, who have taken lodgings or own houses in the valley, assemble at their door wrapped in cloaks and provided with umbrellas, under the ample shadow of which they saunter down to the baths followed by their bare-footed or liveried servant with his gaudy bag of towels. Another set from Villa Franca similarly dressed, or wearing strange-fashioned hats and bonnets, such as now are only to be seen in the Ladies' Magazine, (of the date of steel-buckled hats and tall crowns,) may choose to ride on asses; and these, accompanied by their noisy driver, splash through the ford and hurry and scuffle in the same direction. A pale soldier and his young wife who cannot afford to ride; obese shopkeepers from Allagoa, *abdomine tardi;* merry children piled two and three upon one ass; a helpless paralytic in his palanquin; a wasted invalid whose heavy cloak hangs about

him as if he were merely bones; an aged countryman buried in his carapuça; a sad woman and a melancholy boy, both afflicted with leprosy; the handsome, well-fed, sleek mistress of the civil Governor, with her array of gaily-dressed servants; a pot-bellied morgado; a good-tempered and well-favoured Nun from Villa Franca, and her many friends and single attendant; an amaurotic man, led by his mother and staring at the morning sun; waddling priests from the same place; meagre, yellow young men, with short linen jackets and recent English trowsers; fat lads in blouses, and weakly village girls in blue cloaks and full grey petticoats, may all be met with, on one day or another, wending their way from the village to the Caldeiras in quest of their one thing needful—health. Having arrived at the springs, they either take their bath at once, or, if the bathing-houses are occupied, sit in the small verandas in front of them, or lounge about the boilers, take snuff, smoke, and gossip according as they may feel inclined.

The choice of baths at the springs lies between sulphur, iron, and the mixture of both. There are four bathing houses: one belonging to the Baron de Laranjeiros, which is the

best; another open to the public, which is the worst; a third, the property of the American Vice-Consul Mr. Hickling; and a fourth, which contains the iron and sulphur waters mixed, or the cold iron water alone, and called the Misturas,* the property of I know not whom. In each bathing-house there is a reclining board; and the custom of many of the Azoreans is to take their baths at a high temperature, to get into a profuse perspiration, dress, wrap themselves in a huge cloth cloak, and lie their lengths on the board for a period varying from a quarter of an hour to a whole one: after this, to envelope their mouths and neck, and occasionally the entire head, in a pocket-handkerchief or napkin, that they may imbibe no breath of cold air on their way home; and sometimes on their arrival there to lie down once more and perspire again. But in neither of these habits have we followed them in our daily baths.

The most agreeable temperature for the sulphur baths is from 92° to 95° Fah.; hotter than this they are debilitating, and much cooler, chilly. The mixture of sulphur and iron as it is more

* See the Appendix under the head Misturas, for the chemical analysis of these waters by Professor Graham.

stimulating, may be made somewhat cooler; but a temperature between 90° and 95° is the most pleasant.

Never has it been my good fortune to bathe in so luxurious a bath as the unmixed sulphur-water. If anything could possibly be found to reconcile one to earthquakes, it is assuredly to be found in the baths of the Furnas. Here they are, whenever you may choose to enjoy them, by night and by day, in cold and in heat, summer and winter, always the same, welling from their source in never-failing abundance; open at all hours, free to all, and free of cost. But let it not be supposed that we are in a Bath pump-room, with its marble luxuries. Nothing can be less inviting than the appearance of these bathing-houses, which, for the most part, have a subterraneous aspect; but, except to the fastidious, they are all sufficient for the one purpose for which they have been built,—that of amply enjoying the waters. And let a rheumatic and sour-tempered Englishman, exercising his national privilege of grumbling to its fullest extent, and whose every word and work, complexion, gait, and temper, whose very clothes, hanging on the pegs of the bath-room, indicate bile, after despising

the appearance of these rooms, slowly, quietly, otter-like, subside into a sulphur-bath, tempered by old John Quiet, to the moderate warmth of 95°; and then let him confess whether he be not at once a wiser and a better man, whether his discontent has not lessened, his lust for purple and fine linen vanished, and his care for marble and pump-rooms faded away.

My bath to-day was unexceptionable. The word sulphur-bath is an unattractive word, reminding you of brimstone and matches, and offensive fumes; but the truth is, that had it not been ascertained from analysis that there is sulphur in the composition of the water, you could scarcely believe that any could be found.* It is soft and soapy to the touch, delicately smooth, and slightly oleaginous on the skin, free from smell, of an opaline look, is refreshing and detersive, and probably quite as pleasurable to the bodily feelings as were those translucent baths of milk, which, after affording ease and relaxation to the limbs and body of a late noble duke, are said to have afterwards appeared in smaller vessels on the breakfast-tables and tea-trays of the "humbler classes" of London society.

* See Professor Graham's Analysis of this water in the Appendix:—"Water of the Great Caldeira."

Having finished your bath, the next thing to be done is to drink the cold iron water—the Seltzer water of the valley.* This spring gushes from a stone spout in a bank near the Mistura baths. It colours the stone basin into which it falls, and the stones over which it flows to the stream below, a bright orange colour. It is itself as clear and colourless as the air; and out it comes from its gaudy spout, sparkling, glittering, bubbling, leaping, clear and transparent as diamonds. It is as precious to the taste as it is to the eye. It stimulates and exhilarates the mouth, satiates thirst, cheers and refreshes the drinker. The slight metallic taste and effervescence, the grateful coolness, the purity and brightness of these waters, when you slake your thirst after a wearisome mountain walk, or fasting at your early bath, and, indeed, at whatever hour you taste them, excite and invigorate the palate, without any of those unpleasant sensations of cold distension which would inevitably accompany an equal indulgence in ordinary cold water.

Many of the islanders, however, dislike and

* See the Analysis of this water by Professor Graham in the Appendix:—"Agoa Azêda."

make wry faces at them, except indeed a feeble old woman, who totters down the hill every morning, and stoops over the spring, in the hope, perhaps, of adding a few more days to her three score years and ten; and, except the experienced Furnas peasant, weary with his day's toil, who may not unfrequently be seen turning out of the path to the iron spring, where, taking off his heavy carapuça, and laying down his burden, he drinks a large draught of the refreshment which God has here provided for him.

Having drunk of the iron-water, the next subject for discussion is such a breakfast as the appetite, which it invariably gives, obliges you to eat. Of this wholesome meal, however,—the test of last night's temperance,—the Portuguese are indifferent eaters. Other occupations succeed, in which they partake more heartily. A pic-nic to the lake is occasionally suggested; and the indication of this is a long string of asses in "lagging file," with party-coloured riders and well-stored panniers on their backs, which, followed by a crowd of drivers and servants, dawdles through the village to the excitement of the irritable cottage curs. A saunter in the Tank, the favourite grounds of the American

vice-consul, is another amusement. A ride on an ass, without aim, another. A paddle in a boat on the Tank is another. Fishing, with crooked pins, for the gold fish in the lake, another. Lounging from house to house, talking an infinite deal of nothing, eating, sleeping, lounging again; eating again, gossiping, snuffing, smoking, card-playing, and sleeping once more, constitute and close the insipidities of the Furnas day.

THE TANK: THE COTTAGE AND GROUNDS OF MR. HICKLING, U. S. VICE-CONSUL FOR THE AZORES.

June 27.—To-day I bathed at the Quentúras,* as the baths of hot water highly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid are called. These baths are away from houses in a lonely field by the river side, and are at some little distance from *the* Caldeiras, properly so called, which are separated from the Quentúras by rising ground. The water supplying these baths flows from an opening in the bank of the field. The supply of water is very abundant. It comes silently but steadily from its source, without variation or ripple, and is separated into two streams, one of which falls into a pond close by to cool; and the other is directed into a stone gutter leading directly to the back of the baths. At the end of the cooling tank a small shutter regulates the escape of the water, which, by means of another stone gutter is made to join and mix with the hotter current before it reaches the bath. Having performed its duty on the skins of the bathers, both the tepid and the waste water finally fall upon yam beds; and after swamping and enriching them, and turning the earth in which they grow a gaudy red, drip down into a yellow stream

* The analysis of the water of the Quentúras by Professor Graham will be found in the Appendix.

that winds its course a little way below, which afterward joins the sulphur water at the Caldeiras, tumbles and tosses over lava rocks and down waterfalls; and at length escapes from the valley into the sea by way of Ribeira Quente.

The water of these baths is very strongly impregnated with iron, turns the tips of the nails rusty, is astringent to the skin, and almost painfully so to the eyes when you open them under water, feels rough and harsh if you rub your hands together in the bath, acts pleasantly upon the skin in making it feel clean and smooth, far beyond even soap and water; and is more invigorating and less luxurious than the unmixed sulphur baths at the Caldeiras. Owing to the abundance of the supply, and the smallness of the cooling pond, the water not unfrequently flows into the bath at so high a temperature as to require a very considerable time to grow cool;—a caution, which it may be well to bear in mind, for of all the undignified positions in which a man's body can be placed, few perhaps exceed in absurdity the exasperated plunges of an unsuspecting bather as he screams and scrambles out of a deep scalding warm bath.

June 28.—This morning I have bathed in the

*Mistúras** bath—the mixture, that is, of sulphur and iron. The iron-water is in a tank or reservoir behind the building, and the sulphur boiler—the water of which from its supposed excellence is called holy water by the natives,—flows from a spot at some little distance. It is conducted by gutters cut in the ground to stone troughs at the back of the baths. The stream is turned into the bath by means of wooden shutters, in connexion with which a plug is loosened in the tank, and the two streams of iron and sulphur water—the first icy cold and the other scalding hot—gush into an oblong box of stone in the bathing-house, and empty themselves into the bath, where at length they are thoroughly mingled. But it is not until they arrive here that the streams are properly mixed; for as they fall from the box one half of the stream chills you and the other scalds, and one side of the box is dyed red by the iron oxide, while the other is dull yellow.

These waters are not so pleasurable as the smooth and milky sulphur, but are astringent. They make the eyes smart when opened in the

* The chemical properties of the Mistúras will be found in the Appendix, where Professor Graham's analysis is given.

water like an astringent wash, feel more medicated than the sulphur waters, and in taste precisely resemble smoky warm water smacking somewhat of a rusty iron pot. Their effects on me were more exhilarating than those of the sulphurous wells. I came out braced, although I had soaked a full hour; felt neither languor nor lassitude; grew warm, and tingled; and experienced the full conviction of complete cleanliness.

June 29.—On St. John's day, the 24th of June, the bathing season commences, and the day is kept as a festival in the valley. The day before, the village began to fill with country people from the surrounding towns, and after mass they came numerously to Mr. Hickling's garden and shrubberies. Such is the easy freedom of the peasantry and the liberality of the owner of "the Tank," that all who choose stroll about in his grounds as if they were public gardens. A group of little girls, dancing to the tune they sang, figured away round a tree which stands in the centre of a shaded green plot; while on the small island, in the pond, a party of young men and maidens, full of life and fun and gaiety, danced with more activity, perhaps, than grace, to the notes of a jingling guitar, in a circle

made by the lookers on. Women with bright shawls on their heads and shoulders, and men in large dark blue carapuças sauntered among the trees, looking each and all as blithe and light-hearted as children. While Mr. Hickling was showing to one of his acquaintance a portfolio of sketches, which lay on the table of a room opening into the garden, the drawings caught the eyes of several villagers who were passing through the grounds, and no sooner had they seen them than they quietly walked in with the easy self-possession of people who are quite at home, and looked at the sketches with much interest. In a short time the room, although large, was filled with peasants: some of the children and women tranquilly seated themselves on the floor, and as it rained the whole party of villagers remained more than an hour. Although they were of all ages, yet there was no sign of ill-breeding in any of them; all were quiet, natural, and unembarrassed. The next day being unfortunately wet from morning to night, (the only completely wet day we have known here, and an unusual circumstance,) the out-door amusements of the villagers were spoiled.

Sunday evening, June 30.—Looked into one

of the cottages of the "Holy Spirit" as we passed. A number of men were standing at the door and at the windows with their hats off looking into the house: the owner asked us to walk in, and we sat down on a large chest. On the opposite side of the room was a canopy made with coloured handkerchiefs and ribbons, and beneath this a silver crown and sceptre: small looking-glasses and rude pictures of saints in little frames were hung about it. The greater part of the ceiling and sides of the cottage (the walls of which were of rough black unplastered lava) was covered

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE WITH AN ALTAR DECORATED FOR THE FESTIVAL OF THE HOLY GHOST.

with shawls and handkerchiefs of all colours tightly stretched over them. Round the room were men and women sitting on temporary benches, with children squatting on the ground in every vacant interstice and corner. The centre was completely filled with young girls and lads, dancing some simple figure, and occasionally "setting" to each other and snapping their fingers. Alternately a woman and a man, whilst dancing, sang, in a monotonous nasal tone and high key, what we were told were extemporaneous verses. A guitar was played by one who managed to thread his way amongst the thick crowd of dancers and to play at the same time with much dexterity. The dancers were not graceful. The old men and women did not join, but looked on with much seeming interest. There were no such accompaniments as would have been supplied under similar circumstances in England; nothing synonymous with beer and pipes. But what *is* a similar scene in England? We must go back to the middle ages to find a parallel, for this is part of a religious festival patronized and kept up by the priests.*

* Mr. Brand in his Popular Antiquities quotes the following verses from Barnaby Googe, which refer to some such popular

For several weeks these dancing parties have been held in the different towns of the various islands we have visited. The cottages which contain the silver crown and sceptre are, on Saturday and Sunday evenings, filled with dancers from six o'clock until midnight. We have not had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies in the churches, but the following is the description of the festival, which is given by Dr. Webster, in his excellent account of the Island of St. Michael's.

"Among the amusements of the peasantry at this time, is the 'festa do Espirito Santo,' a festival of the Holy Ghost, which takes place in every parish, and continues seven weeks. On each Sunday, during high mass, the priest places a crown of silver on the head, and a sceptre in the hand, of a peasant previously elected by the people. He is proclaimed "Emperadór," and is

amusement, commemorative like this of a most solemn circumstance, the descent of the Holy Ghost.

"On Whit-Sunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven flie,
And one that framed is of wood still hangeth in the skie;
Thou seest how they with idols plaie, and teach the people to;
None other wise than little gyrles with puppets used to do."

conducted to a seat beneath a canopy, prepared for him on one side of the church, where he sits during the remainder of the service. On leaving the church, a crowd attends him, strewing the roads along which he passes with flowers, and, in return, he bestows his blessings upon them by flourishing his consecrated sceptre.

"It is usual for the emperadór to have his cottage repaired, painted, and white-washed, if he can afford it, or decorated with branches of myrtle and flowers, to receive the numerous guests who return with him to the church, to dance and sing till late at night. The crown and sceptre are always deposited in the best room in the house, on a salver of silver, and tapers are kept burning about them. The dancing and singing are repeated every Sunday evening. In every parish, there is a rude stone building erected in the most public road, the floor of which is elevated some feet from the ground, and an open arch on each side supports the roof. On the last, or seventh Sunday, of this festival, the emperadór, early in the morning, takes his seat in this "theatro," as it is called; a table is placed before him, on which are bread and wine, and on his right and left are two or three of his

particular friends. He remains here till night, during which time the pious bring offerings of bread, wine, eggs, and poultry to be blessed by him. A certain portion of these is divided among the donors, and the remainder distributed in the evening to the poor. On the same day the populace elect the emperadór for the ensuing year, to whom the crown and sceptre are delivered; he takes them home, and deposits them in a room prepared for their reception. The house of the emperadór elect is open every Sunday till the next festival, on which he is publicly crowned and proclaimed; during this time it is the weekly resort of all his friends and acquaintance, who engage in dancing, singing, and various rustic games." *

The consummate worldly wisdom is unquestionable with which the church of Rome adapts herself to popular habits and manners, however various, making herself all things to all men, so that she may win them. Here all the amusements of the poor are intimately connected with their religion. From one end of the year to another, there is a series of religious processions and

* Description of the Island of St. Michael's, 1821, by Dr. Webster, Boston, United States, p. 71.

observances, embodying, in a rude way enough, the great events in the life of our Saviour, or circumstances, often entirely fabulous, in the history of saints. At one time, every boy is armed with a squirt to celebrate one event, or with a hammer to mark another, and now these dances are going on for a couple of months in remembrance of a third. Similar scenes were once passing in England, the traces alone of which now exist, hidden in a few customs and observances, whose origin is only known to the antiquary. But with all our progress in riches and in science, what recreations are there in the nineteenth century for that large class, the laborious and untaught, who need amusement, and will have some kind or other? There are a few manly games for strong and active young men; and for the rest, fairs and mountebanks, dancers on tight-ropes, drinking-booths, stalls of figs and gingerbread, travelling circuses, locomotive theatres, horse-racing, with such in-door amusements as gin-shops, beer-shops, and public-house taps most abundantly supply.

June 30th.—To-day we have shifted our abode. The mode of taking lodgings in the valley of the Furnas is as opposite to a similar operation at

Cowes or Brighton as can well be imagined; and when they are taken, the difference will be found to be as great. Our landlord in our new dwelling, —a comfortable hut, with one habitable room, between a hay-loft and a harness-room, lighted by one dismal, filmy window, the panes of which, like the anti-Scottish doggrel in the inn-window at Doncaster, might, "with the help of a wat dish-clout, be rendered more clear and parspacuous,"—is a respectable Furnas man, named Antonio, who, when we went to take his lodgings, told us that he was our very humble servant, and that his house, and every thing in it, were quite at our service. He will listen to no question as to prices; but tells you again, that if his house is sufficient for you, there it is, like the Caldeiras in the valley, to be had free of cost. No haggling will he submit to as to the sum you are to pay him; his house and himself, are both equally at our disposal. All this means quite as much as any other complimentary and common-place phrase, whether Portuguese or English. Antonio expects his equivalent, and is very reasonable in his expectations, but this is his way of dealing in the matter; and I understand that it is the same with the other villagers

who have lodging-houses in the valley. The same open way of bargaining, however, does not extend to the sale of ducks and hens. These, with bread and eggs, are sold at their accustomed prices; and Antonio, or more frequently his wife, may be seen battling over rabbits and eels, or cheapening fish, with as much vehemence as if their lives depended on the issue.

Much independence of feeling, however, is to be found in these Furnas people, who have as great a practical equality as perhaps can exist. Almost all are land-owners, who, having lived all their days on one spot, are much attached to it; and actual money being scarce, and barter very common, there is little of the commercial spirit; — one man works one day in his neighbour's field, and the other returns the day's labour when required.

July 1.—In walking through the village, one wonders where the visitors, who pass a month or six weeks in this valley, can possibly be accommodated, for the baths and waters are not alone used by the sick; indeed, on the contrary, the greater number of strangers are in health, and resort to the baths as a luxury, and to the valley

as a cooler summer residence than the towns on the coast.

The village can boast of four or five private dwellings and of about a dozen other one-story houses, some of which possess glass windows, others nothing more than a strip of glass above the shutters, while the rest are lighted by panes of glass let into the wooden window shutters themselves. The other lodgings are small cottages of two rooms, neatly white-washed and roofed with bright red shards, and generally having earthen floors, which the inhabitants either strew with green rushes or cover with a yellow mat. As we were going to the bath in the early morning, several servants were busily employed before the door of one of these small abodes in loading a long string of pannelled asses with boxes, baskets, beds, frying-pans, and other household utensils, all indicating the departure of a family from the Furnas.

On our return the party had left, and pushing aside the half-opened window shutter we looked into the room that had been vacated. With accommodations equalling perhaps those of a cow-house for one animal, the deserted sitting-room

in other respects resembled a dull catacomb; the furniture had been removed, except, indeed, two worm-eaten bedsteads,—the melancholy spectres of their former selves,—and one high-shouldered wooden chair, which stood awkwardly awry,—as if in a fit of the sullens,—in a deep hole in the black irregular earthen floor. A piece of Indian matting had probably concealed the black earth; the boxes had supplied the place of chairs; and the clean beds with parti-coloured coverlets, and the pillow with its muslin hangings had completed the furniture of the room during the visit of the family who had left. They were "respectable" people from the neighbouring town of Villa Franca, who in this sorry abode had contrived to enjoy themselves for the last three weeks. A young man of an evening sat at the door tinkling his guitar, whilst two or three women indolently leaned upon their arms at the window, returning the salutations of each passer-by, or chatting to a group standing around them. After dark the squeak of fiddle strings or of voices, and the bright light shining through the chinks of the rough window shutters, betokened the merriment of the inmates.

In this way large families often leave their

capacious dwellings in the towns and elsewhere for the small, rough cabins in the village;—philosophically (as it would be called, if those few whom the world thinks wise men had put up with such inconveniences) making the best of such accommodations as the valley affords for the sake of its natural attractions.

The patriarchs of the village have a quiet expression of independence and honesty, which, combined as it is with a scrupulous and deferential politeness without the smallest tinge of servility, is very pleasing. Few of the poor know their own age; grey hairs and deeply furrowed faces are common, but not many are completely toothless: the old man Da Costa, who attends at the baths, thinks that he is the oldest man in the place; he is toothless: he remembers the expulsion of the Jesuits which was about seventy-three years ago.

This climate seems admirably adapted for old people and young children; there is no severe cold weather, such as fills the grave-yards with old people in England, and the constantly equable temperature throughout the year demands no unusual exertion on their circulation and nervous systems to keep up the due warmth which is

essential to the health of the whole body. The elderly can indulge in that quiescent state which is the happiness of old age, and children may be all the year thinly clad in the open air, may lie on the green banks, or sit in the paths, or upon the door steps, and toddle up and down before their cottages, fully occupied with their own active thoughts, or "endless imitations," without any danger of the discomforts and injuries which severe cold inflicts on the very young.

For those between youth and age, who are compelled to labour for subsistence, it is an equally genial climate, as the vigorous forms and healthy faces of the peasants testify. But so soft and equable a temperature is so seductive and enervating if yielded to, that it almost requires the compulsion of actual necessity, the *res angusta domi*, to take that exercise both of body and mind, without which neither can be vigorous nor healthy. The women of all the classes above the poor keep very much at home; the men of the same ranks are neither active sportsmen nor pedestrians, nor do they indulge in any of the manly games of our own countrymen, or (as far as I have seen) in any substitute for them. Those in trade conduct it in the most leisurely way,

shutting up their shops at two o'clock; and they are as scrupulous in attending to the red-letter days in the almanack as an English school-boy used to be when such events were more observed than they are now. Few ride on horseback; the majority move along upon the backs of easy-paced asses, sitting sideways on a soft cushion. The inevitable consequence follows. Man's body is alone suited to earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and he cannot defy that curse without a heavy punishment. If he need not earn his bread himself, he must substitute laborious pleasures: he must work harder than a post-boy, under the name of hunting; or for mere relaxation, encounter such cold and wet, hunger, thirst, and fatigue in deer-stalking or grouse-shooting, as a half-famished North American Indian meets with who has a starving family depending on his success; or he must rise early and work harder than a labourer in toiling over ploughed ground and stubble fields, or through wet turnips and thick grass in pursuit of partridges or hares; or he must walk up and down the same street in the same country town with all the assiduity of a policeman, to the market, or his club, or news-room; or with his wife, or for his wife; or he

must play at bowls or cricket, at gardening or at navigation; or if he does none of these things or similar ones, he grows fat, has indigestion, and consults doctors with the vain hope of being enabled to baffle nature with impunity for some little time longer, and after a few years of perpetual uneasy feelings, it is found that his heart is diseased, he becomes dropsical, or loses the use of one half of his body, and is wheeled about in a chair imbecile in mind as well as in limbs, or he becomes melancholy, and suspicious of his best friends, or by some such winding up he arrives at the last scene that ends his common-place eventless history.

Even to an English eye accustomed as it is to

"The fair round belly with good capon lined,"

the prodigality of fat Azoreans is striking. It is generally thought that England has a monopoly of human fat; that the conditions favourable to its inordinate growth, such as easy circumstances, abundance of beef and mutton from rich pastures, duly moistened with strong beers or strong wines, together with a constitutional selfish quietude of disposition and capacious hereditary powers of digestion,—the combined result of many gene-

rations of generous livers,—are alone found under our constitution. The Scotch have a "lean and hungry look, they think too much;" the Irish are too excitable or too poor; the French have, it is true, enormous appetites, but how can they fatten on bread, beans, dried peas, and thin wine? You may travel through their countries and not meet with more exceptions than are enough to prove the rule. I should doubt the existence of much fat in America; the unexampled busy-mindedness there must prevent all such accumulations. But here the necessary requisites are found; the rich viands and the beer are wanting, but the climate is superior; no extremes; no cold driving the fat man to unusual exertion, nor that other extreme, intense heat, melting him into a finer form; but throughout the year by night and by day, an equable greenhouse warmth, keeping the body, even when passive, in a genial glow, and enticing it to quietude and repose.

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it is,
Of dreams that are before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky:

> There eke the soft delights that witchingly
> Instil a wanton sweetness through the heart,
> And calm the pleasures, always hover nigh;
> But whate'er smacks of noyaunce, or unrest,
> Is far, far off expelled from this delicious nest."

The Castle of Indolence might have been built here; and he, who when smitten with the delights of leisure, declared, that if he had a son he should Do Nothing, and be called Nothing-to-do, should have transported him to this island. No speculations are there to vex the genial current of the soul of the indolent man, who would be richer without labouring for it: politics, instead of a daily excitement, are a monthly or quarterly one, softened by time and distance;—there is no literature to set men thinking,—midnight-oil is never burnt,—a face sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought is not, and no foolish, over-careful Aloreans break their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care, their bones with industry.

And if a rich man has no books nor field sports, no mental or physical amusements requiring exertion,—as years grow on and the passions cool, how can he amuse himself but by eating and drinking? The wine is abundant, and so is food, and the cooks are skilful, and

there is a large supply of fat men: and as fat men are not often spare livers, am I not justified (though knowing but little of the appetites of the Azoreans) in supplying the deficient link? *

The women in easy circumstances have the same tendency to amplification. Plumpness in them is said to be extremely admired; but I know not the general opinion as to the next stage into which, unhappily, plumpness so readily and so insensibly glides, — that of decided fat. I have seen some women here who would have been Venuses among the Hottentots, and one, (she was a quondam nun) who looked as if she must be "strangled in her waste fertility."

They say that men, who when they arrive at the Furnas look like huge hills of flesh, after soaking an hour a day in the very hot water, and

* "The Portuguese," says Mr. Beckford, of the class he mixed with, "had need have the stomachs of ostriches to digest the loads of savoury viands with which they cram themselves. Their vegetables, their rice, their poultry, are all stewed in the essence of ham, and so strongly seasoned with pepper and spices, that a spoonful of peas, or a quarter of an onion, is sufficient to set one's mouth in a flame. With such a diet, and the continual swallowing of sweetmeats, I am not surprised at their complaining so often of head-aches and vapours."

encouraging dissolution and thaw, for an hour or two afterwards, by lying upon a board covered with thick woollen cloaks, with towels wound round their heads and necks, return so slim as to be hardly recognized by their nearest friends: the baths using up their spare materials as a winter's starvation does those of a hybernating dormouse. There are now a few portly individuals, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights, who seem to be here for this reducing process.

As a remedy against obesity these baths may be highly useful, for they are means likely to be employed, as they require no self-denial. Order a sensual man to take hard exercise, little sleep, and less food, and you are sure to be unattended to; but direct him to use a luxury, and he may, in following his old habits, take the advice.

The delicacies which the valley affords are not numerous. Scarlet strawberries, tender greenhouse water-cresses from the pure fountain of "gloria patri," and eels that have attained perfection in warm mineral mud, are the chief of them. Insipid rabbits, also—to which the common people here have the same aversion that we have to rats—may generally be bought of the villagers.

CHAPTER XII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with sovereign alchemy.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patience and Temperance with this high reserve,
Honour that knows the path, and will not swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. * * *
* * * * * * *
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her acts, her strength, her iron, and her gold.

WORDSWORTH.

Scenery and walks of the Furnas valley.—Ride to Povoaçaõ.—Fighting.—Sunday mass.—Character and dispositions of the

islanders.—Field labour by women.—Curs, flies, and jewels.—Hopes of invalids.

TUESDAY, JULY 2.—The sides of the mountains which encircle this valley are traversed in all directions by narrow paths, winding among the green bushes of tree-heath,* bilberry, bay, and mountain grape, with which the ground is covered; and thus pleasant walks, with fresh views and new glimpses of the valley, may be found at every turn. But the paths are so numerous, that it would take a summer to know each lane and every alley green, dingle, or bushy dell. To-day, whilst strolling among them, clouds of mist rolled up from the ocean into the valley, (although the sky above them was blue and cloudless,) through a deep ravine, and in a few minutes shut it out entirely from sight; but as suddenly they racked off to the northward, and there again at our feet, encircled by its green mountains, lay the deep, quiet, sunny vale, with its single church tower and smiling village,—a picture of the most undisturbed yet cheerful tranquillity. Cloudless weather is not the most favourable for mountain scenery: mists, showers, vapours, and clouds are

* Erica arborea.

wanted, which, by veiling and then exposing, magnifying and again apparently diminishing, by colouring in a thousand different ways, and by shifting incessantly the lights and shadows, produce an infinite variety which never tires. But such changes as are most delicate, and, therefore, most beautiful, are too evanescent to be preserved. What painter has ever seized them? and that poet, who, were it possible, might have described them, (for he lives among mountains, and loves their scenery as intensely as he has deeply observed it,) confesses the task to be beyond the reach of art.

> "Ah! that such vapour, varying in the light
> Of living nature, cannot be pourtrayed
> By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
> But is the property of him alone
> Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
> And in his mind recorded it with love."

Lanes deeply cut in the loose pumice hills and mountain sides, having a beauty peculiarly their own, are characteristic of the volcanic scenery of these islands. The steep and high banks of such as are very narrow are clothed with a dark-green lichen, growing close to the soil,

which affords a resting-place to a few seeds of mosses and grasses, and occasionally to the white and yellow-flowered saxifrage. From the height of the banks, these deep green lanes are in cool shadow even in the hottest days. Their tops are fringed with the graceful feathery leaves of the fern, intermixed with briars and evergreen shrubs; and, on looking up, you see a strip of sky through the foliage of the young Spanish chestnut trees which meet over your head, or through that of the light and airy poplar. The green lichen, which so completely covers these banks, is only found in abundance where there are both shade and moisture: broader lanes are either partially covered by mosses, ferns and grasses, or are entirely bare, showing the clean white, grey, or yellow pumice, of which they are composed; but, however bare their sides may be, their tops afford, by decomposition, a luxuriant soil, covered with bushes and shrubs, and often edged by trees. The rain easily undermines these banks, and every here and there a slip has taken place, carrying down masses of shrubs and soil into the path beneath, which are rarely interfered with if they only partially obstruct the way; and the shrubs continuing to grow, the

lane becomes broken and still more picturesque, and the ass and his driver contentedly wind round them.

SUNKEN PUMICE LANE, NEAR VILLA FRANCA.

Wednesday, July 3.—Bathed, breakfasted, and rode to Povoaçaõ a village, on the coast. After passing the boiling springs, and fording a pleasant shallow stream, which brawls through a wooded

valley of its own, we began to climb the steep side of the mountains forming the south-eastern boundary of the Valley of the Furnas. The path was rough, precipitous, and winding: and it was nearly an hour before we gained the summit, and halted there to turn and look at the scene behind us. This point, being the highest boundary of the valley, affords the finest and most extensive view of the Furnas and of the surrounding mountains. From the other heights, the hills encircling the Furnas valley form the horizon line, but here still higher and more distant ridges are discovered; and the valley, which appears more deeply bedded and compact, seems also more obviously a circular crater. Before us, in the distance, was the blue calm ocean,—looking as if its deep azure had been partly faded by the sun,—with a valley stretching down to it between two mountain chains, which, as they opened to the sea, met at the opposite extremity in an oval sweep. Their sides were not so steep as those of the Furnas, but sloped gradually. Some parts were cleared and cultivated; but the greater portion was thickly covered with bushes of heath, intermixed with bay trees, the bilberry, and the mountain grape, which bears tufts

of delicate waxy flowers, tipped with crimson and shaped like those of the arbutus. The more level land at the bottom of the valley is cultivated, and divided into fields.

Our path lay along the ridge of hills or mountains which formed the boundary of one side of this valley. It was a wild lane among the evergreens, descending gently until we approached the coast, with here and there an ass and his self-solaced, easy-hearted rider, to enliven the quietude of the place. On the other side of the ridge, near the coast, was a deep ravine, covered on one side by a large wood of chestnut trees, now in full leaf and beauty.

The outskirts of the village are long and straggling; but the cottages of the poor are neatly built and plastered, with the least appearance of poverty about them of any similar ones we have yet seen in St. Michael's. The principal part of the town is immediately on the coast; there is, of course, a conspicuous church, the immediate adjuncts of which are a few glass-windowed houses of two stories, a small fort, a road with a strong terrace wall facing the sea, and a little bay free from rocks, with a beach of large pebbles, which, as the waves recede, are rolled down

with a sharp clattering sound. Many boats were drawn up on the beach, and near them stacks of wood (the bare poles of what were a short time since luxuriant evergreens) were standing ready for exportation to the principal town.

We bathed in the sea; the water was warm and pleasant, and, when once out of the surf, nothing could be more agreeable; but these Atlantic waves, when you get into shallow water, drive you about imperiously, and if you are not accustomed to them, so as to make use of them, they roll you over the pebbles, and turn you on your back with a giant's strength.

Out of the water the heat of the sun was unbearable: and this being a place without shade, the difference of temperature between the Furnas and the coast was painfully apparent. We spied some huge masses of volcanic rock at a distance, but the sun was so high that they cast no shadows. On examination, however, the face of one, which slightly sloped inwards, made a shady nook, and after long exposure to a roasting sun, the cool delight of this shadow of a great rock, joined to a pleasant sea-breeze, repaid the toilsome walk to reach it. A herd of fine young cattle, driven down to the water side by several harum-scarum

boys, formed a lively contrast to the lazy shore and still lazier ocean. The urchins stripped stark naked, and drove the herd, with long goads, into the sea, swimming after them, urging them into deep water, and jumping and riding on their backs as they swam towards the shore. The boys were quite at home in the water, and sported about like amphibious beings, now swimming round the cattle, catching hold of their horns, steering them by their tails, and turning them as they would, then jumping on their backs, like young Tritons. This was the only break in upon two or three hours' idleness, which the intense heat of the sun made necessary; but the time passed so quickly, that we congratulated ourselves on the tranquillizing effects of a six months' residence in the Azores.

The evening was cloudy and cool, making the ride home pleasant. From the heights, the view into the Valley of the Furnas had more of grandeur and magnificence, than in the full morning sun; for the clouds parted, so as to let two or three streams of light into the otherwise gloomy valley, whilst the mountains around and beyond were enveloped in a deep purple shadow.

July 4.—Although we are now in the dog-days

the heat in this valley among the mountains is not immoderate. To-day has been bright but not cloudless, (for the skies of these islands are probably never absolutely free from vapours,) and the heat of the middle of the day has been about 74°, tempered with pleasant draughts of air from the mountains, and without anything approaching to a feeling of oppression. But with all these advantages of climate and of mineral baths, there is considerable difficulty in advising *invalids* to come here. Those who have yachts could spend a summer at these baths with small inconvenience, because they could bring English comforts with them; but to people who have no yachts, the *public* accommodation which the valley affords would, if they were *delicate* invalids, or were healthy and fastidious, be insufficient. Persons who can put up with bare white-washed walls, chinky windows, and draughty doors, (where draughts are seldom undesirable,) would find the climate and baths weigh down all minor inconveniences. Metaphorically speaking, they can live here for nothing.

The fuchsia is wild in this valley in many of the cottagers' hedges. In any state it is as graceful as any flower that grows, but it is of

surpassing beauty in a hedge, mingled with ferns and briars, box, elder, grass, and moss. The Azoreans call it "the Tears of Venus."

Beans are now ripe, and at every cottage door men and women and children are thrashing out heaps of the black pods with flails or sticks, or a group of women squat round piles of the broken seed-pods, picking out the beans from amongst them, and clattering them into a box, from which they are transferred to a sack. The villagers roast the fresh beans when dry, and eat them, and they are both sweet and pleasant. The bean itself is larger than ours, and great quantities are exported to Portugal.

July 5.— To-day, for the first time since I have been in these islands, I have seen two boys fighting; that is, pushing, scratching, and pulling hair. They had no notion of the use of the fist. The men generally war with a woman's weapon, — the tongue, observing so much politeness, even at the climax of their rage, as to call each other "senhor;" but, in many cases, where two Englishmen would strip to fight, the Azoreans would use the knife. They occasionally fight with sticks, or rather long poles, requiring much dexterity in the management. When used in

sport, the rencontre is much more graceful than our game of single-stick.

July 7.—Being Sunday, we have been to the performance of mass in the village. There was a great crowd of all the villagers and visitors, and much gossiping before and after prayers. The church is small; the walls clean and white-washed, and the decorations of the altar mean and faded. Dull red and duller slate colour are the prevailing colours of the carved wooden altar. Two attenuated candles gleamed at one, a single taper at the other; and from the roof, a lamp, little better than a stable lantern, was suspended by a wooden pulley and coarse cord. The body of the chapel was strewed with fresh green rushes and filled with women,—the railed space before the altar and the part by the door being occupied by men and boys. The rich and the poor knelt down together, as if, indeed, "the Lord was the maker of them all." The wife and niece of the Baron, on their strip of gaudy carpet, knelt by the side of the poorest villagers.

At the ringing of a large bell, the men who had been chattering outside swarmed in and filled the end of the chapel; and the priest at the same moment strode up to the side altar in

his white brocades. While pressing in, the men were grave or noisy, according as they were old or young. Two or three made free use of the holy-water in the stone basin at the door;—sprinkling and splashing it by handfuls over those who could not get near for the press. But as soon as the service commenced all were perfectly quiet and serious in their demeanour, and continued to be so until it ended. The curate who performed the service—a vulgar person without education, whose pronunciation of Latin might well have established the learned in their belief of "hocus-pocus" being the "hoc est corpus meum" of illiterate Romish priests,—muttered the prayers in somnolent tones, bowed and knelt, not without grace; and wound up his short duties by delivering a notice to his parishioners, having reference to some approaching election.

At the close of the service I was entertained by the serious politeness of two Azorean gentlemen, who had knelt before me during mass; and who, the moment that the last prayer was finished, and they stood upright, took up their hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, turned round and made the same kind of complimentary bow to

one another, at the close of their devotions, that young people make who have finished dancing a quadrille.

A considerable time elapsed before the chapel was cleared; but, when this was accomplished, a general meeting of friends and acquaintances from villages in the neighbourhood took place at the door, where embraces and congratulations, mingled with laughter and merriment, were exchanged on all hands. There were circumstances and associations that called to mind a rural Sunday at home; but there were many others which did so only by contrast. The village churchyards in these islands are never near the church; and, even if they were, the gloomy yew-tree, with its sombre shade, or the white or moss-grown headstones, would be wanting to moderate the noise of such who need the warning of a gravestone to remind them of those who lie below. "The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places in England, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence an English parish church, in

the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both." In addition to the noise among the crowd, its composition was, of course, widely different from all that we find at home. There are few more pleasant sights than the emptying of an English church among the fields. But the respectable village matrons, with their clean checked aprons and sober black bonnets; the few "matriarchs" of the place, creeping home with serious faces, velvet shoes, long mittens, and withered arms; the healthy stare of sluggish smock-frocked bumpkins, full of strength and vacancy; yellow-haired-boys, shining from the morning administration of yellow soap; the well-bred occupants of a "squire's pew," as unpretending in dress as in manners; and the country clergyman, with his notable wife and family of thirteen children, who would have streamed from the porch of one of our own village churches, are only to be seen at home. Here, to-day, was a collection from all parts of the island; composed, first of all, of a swarm of peasants, well made and never awkward, whose untiring sprightliness was working itself off in continual gesture and grimace; then

of upper classes gaudily dressed and ostentatiously polite; of the conspicuous well-conducted mistress of the married civil governor, walking, prayer-book in hand, before her handsome servants, as if she were an honest woman; and a village curate, without learning, or wife, or cleanliness, (I was going to say without children,) made conscious of how low a position his profession holds in the estimation of the islanders, by the small notice that even these familiar people condescended to take of him.

The day was a perfect sabbath-day, and the whole crowd of loiterers in the village had so pleasant a holyday-expression, that it seemed as if a large portion of the brightness and sunshine of the sky had been infused into their own hearts, and had there ripened good feelings, and engendered active sympathies.

July 8. — These people are of great constitutional sensibility. Tears gush into the eyes of middle-aged stout men as readily as into those of young children; and women have an absolute command of any quantity of the same fluid.

A poor woman at Villa Franca came to us

one day overwhelmed with grief, sobbing as if her heart would break, the tears running down her cheeks in full streams, and her face the image of the deep distress of childhood. A sack had been stolen, and she feared that her husband, a harsh man, would beat her. Nothing could be more real. Some weeks after we found it was a mere *ruse* to obtain a trifle. The eyes of mustachioed, fat officials fill with tears on taking leave of a friend on a crowded deck, and common soldiers weep and sob on such occasions, and wave their handkerchiefs to their friends on shore until they are out of sight. In voyaging between the islands such scenes occurred frequently,—men on parting falling on each other's necks, with wet eyes and cheeks.

Their virtues and vices depend considerably on this constitutional sensibility. They are temperate in wine, as if their peculiarly sensitive organization rendered them almost independent of the gratifications of artificial stimulants. Camoens in the Lusiad makes Bacchus the constant enemy of the Portuguese, and Venus in the council of the gods is always their firm friend: an allegory which is equally applicable to these is-

landers, for their temperance is confined to strong drinks.*

They are eminently good-tempered, willing to oblige, and fearful to offend; merry, inquisitive, and excitable, having the simple tastes, capabilities of being pleased with little things, orderly manners, and strong attachments to the places in which they are born, which belong to a state of society fast passing away. The poor are industrious when they can procure employment, and willing to work hard for a very trifling remuneration. Their laziness is more apparent than real; for when unemployed they spend all their idle time out of doors in the sun. They make good boatmen, fishermen, and mechanics, excelling particularly in those arts which require imitation rather than invention. They are said to be inclined to pilfering,—"snappers-up of unconsidered trifles,"—but I cannot say this from

* "Tacitus (Vitâ Agricolæ, cap. 4) *raram* cujusdam fœminæ *castitatem* laudat. Quid si inter Azoreos vixisset? Prima mali labes, quod dum sacerdos

'Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ;'

Nunc tamen

'Alma Venus nunquam molli requiescere somno
Desertum in lecto cœlibe perpetitur.'

Hinc contagio serpit in vulgus."

experience. They are deceitful and fond of exercising *finesse*, a species of lying which one is inclined to look for only among those who move in the more polished and artificial classes of society.

In judging of them by their amusements, I apprehend they should be described rather as a gay than as a cheerful people. The dances and the crowded balls which are constantly recurring; the religious processions in the streets, and the exciting church services which the policy of the Church of Rome has accommodated to their tastes, indicate a necessity for stimulus which a cheerful people seldom need; but which is necessary to produce gaiety. They have the reputation also of being extremely fond of music; and the number of young men who sing and tinkle guitars is very considerable. It has been asserted that a *great* fondness for music is a mark of weakness, as well as of great vacuity of mind; not of vice or of downright folly, perhaps, but of a want of capacity or inclination for sober thought;—a preference of sound to sense; and although this may not be true of those who cultivate the art as an occasional amusement, the general aspect of professed musicians, and of persons called

"musical men," would seem to support the assertion. The common people here, with much cleverness, have many of these marks; which, although consistent with gaiety, are not consistent with steady cheerfulness of character.

The manners of the highest and of the lowest classes are equally good; easy self-possession is as common to the poorest as to the best born; owing no doubt to their having lived for so many ages under a strict aristocracy of birth where the position of all is defined by such impassable boundaries, that there is neither on the one side the endeavour to rise, nor on the other the determination to prevent it. The women are treated with a deference and courtesy paid to their *sex*, all consideration of rank out of the question. Thus the best part of every church is allotted to them, and no man takes his place until all the women (even the poorest) are accommodated. They certainly have, in manner at least, none of that want of self-esteem, as the phrenologists have it, which is one of the characteristics and one of the charms of Englishwomen.

When their passions are roused they are said to be vindictive and cruel; settling an affront or an injury with the knife. During the changes

of government a few years since, there was at the principal town a butchery of some old and defenceless prisoners, equal in cowardly cruelty (though on a smaller scale) to some of the worst scenes in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Murders for gain are very unfrequent, but those from revenge or passion are less uncommon, and suicides are very rarely known. In their freedom from suicides, indeed, as well as in their revengeful propensities, the Azoreans resemble the Irish; who, it is said, although they occasionally deviate from the strict letter of the sixth commandment, have too high a sense of propriety to think of killing themselves.

That with so much tenderness there should be cruelty and vindictiveness, would be strange, if sensibility itself were a virtue and a proof of goodness of heart, instead of being a "mere quality of the nerves, and a result of individual temperament." I should doubt their having much courage. Is such a temperament consistent with national courage? Occasionally there may be "resolute spirits asserting themselves in feeble vehicles;" but, as a rule, a harder and less excitable condition of the nervous system seems necessary for the display of determined character.

The people are all sincere and undoubting Roman Catholics; punctual to their religious observances, and going through them with an appearance of serious devotion. Some Protestants here have told me they are mere formalists. I should be sorry to bring such a wholesale charge against any body of men, for who but He that judges hearts can judge of this? Unhappily any form of religion (even the simplest) may be made formal, and men may rely on doctrines as firmly as on the merest ritual observances. The gross addresses to their senses, by means of rude images and figures, did not seem to produce any other than a serious impression upon the poor, and this rude translation of words into things appeared to give a reality to their belief in the actual circumstances attending the life, sufferings, and death of our Saviour which was often very striking.

In the last volcanic eruption in the Island of St. George's in 1812, when the red hot lava was slowly pouring down upon the village of Ursulina, the villagers filled the church and remained there until they were overwhelmed. This was superstition; but it indicates that they have faith left; not well directed, but still something better than cold unbelief.

Friday, July 12.—The baths were fully occupied this morning. After waiting more than an hour at the door of the iron bath, into which a Portuguese from Lisbon went, (whose sallow and deeply-lined face confirmed the story he told me, that he had been exhausted and weakened by the heat of the Brazils,) his wife came out and politely said, that I could use the bath if I wished, notwithstanding that it was tenanted, for the occupant was too hot to stir. I looked in;—the bath-room is sufficiently unattractive and dungeon-like at all times; but now the small hole in the wall, which at the best admitted a mere gleam, was almost closed by a wooden shutter, which afforded just sufficient light to discover the black pit of water, the damp earth floor, and, upon a broad bench, the recumbent figure of a man, entirely enveloped in large cloth cloaks, which steamed away as if he had been boiled, and was just taken out of the pot to cool. I did not interfere with the process, but willingly waited until a wholesome-looking Nun and her attendant had vacated the adjoining bathing-house.

After the bath, I sketched the principal Caldeira. The curate of the parish was loitering about the place, waiting for the arrival of sundry

ox-waggons, heavily laden with stone, which crossed the ford of the red river, and slowly ascended the steep hill that leads to the hot springs. On the arrival of each waggon the priest walked down the hill to meet it, and with his shoulder to the wheel, like Æsop's waggoner, helped the six oxen which dragged the cumbrous machine and its heavy load. He was spending his day here for this sole purpose, and as often as he heard the screeching of the wheels, off he went to apply to them his brawny strength. The stones were to build his own house, and he is a man of such an athletic form, and full of so much animal life, that he did well to assist fasting, by such exercise, as must have tended to that due subjection of the body which his office requires.

Monday, July 15.—The women here (as with us during harvest) work in the fields. We passed one to-day, who stood ankle-deep in the warm iron-water and mud of the yam-grounds, picking the leaves for the pigs. The leaf is a foot or two in length, heart-shaped, standing on a single stalk, five or six feet high:—a man staggers under the weight of a bundle of them. The root of the yam forms the principal food

of the poor here, but it is an insipid, sticky vegetable.

I like looking at these yam-fields: the plants have the bold vigorous life of tropical vegetation; their large, single, sharply cut leaves are each either wholly or partially distinct, so that their form is clearly seen, although thousands grow together. The rich bluish bloom on their upper surface, and the yellower green of the lower, vary the colouring according as the leaves are turned towards you or from you; and their large but light and graceful footstalks, slightly curved by the weight of the ample leaf, spring directly out of the bright orange soil; the grounds in which they grow most luxuriantly being overflowed by the warm chalybeate springs and coated with iron. Two brilliant colours, green and orange, are thus in contrast and yet in harmony; such tints as you see in some of Guido's pictures, in which he manages to introduce the most brilliant draperies and backgrounds of various bright dyes, without producing the impression either of gaudiness or finery. Then, to be sure, his female figures, so clothed, are like these plants,—tall, graceful, and luxuriant. Fine women and fine vegetables can carry

off bright and strongly contrasted colours, which would annihilate or overwhelm more minute and delicate ladies or flowers.

How is it that the practice of women working at agricultural pursuits is stigmatized as barbarous, and so often brought forward as a proof of the degraded state of the people among whom it prevails? Is it more degrading than the coarse drudgery of all kinds which our own country women perform within doors, — such refined toils as cleansing the insides of our houses and washing filthy linen? It may be too laborious for women, weakened by civilization, to till the fields, and less convenient in certain states of society, and thus be a test of the condition of a country; but I do not perceive the difference in dignity between the two pursuits, nor can I calculate their comparative powers of degradation.

July 22. — All these islands abound with a peculiarly worthless race of yelping curs, having no breeding, but uniting in itself the bad physical and moral qualities of the whole dog creation. They run out from every cottage door and bark, either at your own heels, or at those of your

jackass, with seeming ferocity; but they are base and cowardly. Like Coriolanus's mob,

> " Curs
> That like nor peace nor war.
> Hang ye !"

An Irishman in one of the islands carried pistols with him, and, to the great indignation of the owners, shot more than one of these nuisances. Flies also are now swarming in every possible form of annoyance; they sting inveterately, cover the table at meal-times, and irritate the face of whoever ventures to take a " siesta." The island of Pico during the vintage is, however, their Egypt. " You cannot sleep after dinner for them," — the climax of fly discomfort, — was the exclamation of a sufferer.

Every one probably has had his humanity towards flies quickened by Uncle Toby; but the story loses its effect in warm climates. Here, to catch one fly and to put him out of window, is but giving thy sum of more to that which has too much. If Uncle Toby, in endeavouring to sleep away the torpor and heat of after-dinner existence, had been tantalized by the incessant

crawl over his benevolent face of scores of flies, amusing themselves in their busy, curious, thirsty way, whilst he lay in that state of half repose, where the slightest exertion is most odious, he would assuredly have been less humane. In England, it has been wittily said, we sympathise with the flies; here we sympathise with Domitian.

There are musquitoes too, but not in tropical abundance: their wings are of the slenderest texture, and are large in proportion to their thin elongated bodies. The crawl of a fly over your face is heavy, compared with the airy tread of these "delicate fiends."

A woman from a neighbouring cottage, without glass windows, and with an earthen floor, came to-day with a pair of ear-rings, which she had recently bought of a Jew, to ask our friendly advice as to whether they were gold. She had bought them as such, and had given eight dollars (2*l.*) for them, a sum equal to twice or thrice that value in England; actual money in this village being comparatively scarce. They looked like those ticketed gilt trinkets exposed in small shop windows in London, and were very different from the massive crucifixes

and ornaments manufactured in this island, which are made of pure Brazilian gold, and, although coarse in workmanship, are designed in excellent taste. It is a matter of wonder to see such handsome ornaments suspended from necks and ears peeping out of poverty-stricken hovels; but, as there are no saving banks, or three per cents, gold crosses, ear-rings, and the other "hardware that women wear about their persons," may be an Azorean mode of accumulating capital, and preferable, perhaps, to another investment said to be common among these non-commercial islanders, as it was in England at one time,—that of burying their dollars in the earth.

* * * * *

To an invalid, one of the advantages of change of climate is the hope that it constantly supplies him with, of amendment,—

> "We see by the glad light
> And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
> And so we live, or else we have no life."

As for the notion of making the most of and enjoying the present, is it not contrary to the very constitution of our natures?—for as the child places his happiness in boyhood, so does

the boy in manhood, and the man looks forward to some resting place on the ladder which he is climbing, as the point of happiness, and, as he reaches that, to one step above it; and then, as his hopes vanish one by one, and his vain or absurd expectations are disappointed, he hopes for a purer ray, a more serene enjoyment. Happy are those who have always had this principally in view; a deep under-current, upon which other hopes merely floated, like loose weeds or flowers on a perpetual and pure stream.

CHAPTER XIII.

Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.
VIRG. ECL. lib. 4.

They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in no wise injured by us; because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure.
HOOKER.

Excursion to the Seven Cities.—Porto Formoso.—Wine shop.—Capellas.—Ass-riders in St. Michael's.—Amusing objects on the road.—The Seven Cities.—Wretched improvements.—Catharina and her cottage.—Return by Ponta Delgada and Ribeira Quente to the Furnas.

JULY 11, THURSDAY.—On Monday morning (July 8) I started from the Furnas for Ribeira Grande and the Capellas, on my road to the seven cities (Sete Cidades), a little village in a

deep valley among the mountains, bearing this singular name.*

The path to Ribeira Grande led up the north side of the Furnas valley to the brow of the mountains; and, after skirting the edge of the crater for about a mile, dipped into a deep pumice lane, bordered and fringed with long fresh ferns, over-hanging heaths, and long brambles, and then opened on a wide and level district, resembling a flat heathy common, destitute of trees. The road consisted of a multitude of separate paths, divided and bordered with fine grass, and occasionally intersecting one another, just as may be seen among forest by-paths, or roads over unfrequented English commons. It wound along before us, —

> " A length of green and open road —
> As if it from a fountain flowed,
> Winding away between the fern;"

and might be seen for a considerable distance

* We were unable to ascertain the origin of this remarkable name; nor is there, as far as we could learn, any island tradition to throw light upon it. It has been suggested, that the spot may have been called the Seven Cities from some such reason as a place in the west of Ireland is called the Seven Churches.

a-head, with here and there a few moving objects to indicate the track. You might, for instance, occasionally see a donkey and his indolent rider slowly plodding along, or a flock of pert black goats, tinkling with bells, and attended by their sober goatherd, who whistled to them as they browsed by the way-side, and jumped on and off the steep places and banks; or a few red cows standing in a shallow pond, ruminating and flicking off the flies, while boys, dressed like their fathers, in dwarf carapuças and suits of light-blue linsey-woolsey, sat by to watch them. Besides these objects, there was no living being to relieve the monotony between the Furnas and Porto Formoso,—a village through which we passed on our road to Ribeira Grande. The green heaths before us, intermixed with fern and brambles; in the distance, conical hills, covered with the same; beyond these, mountains rising high above them in less regular forms, and still clothed with the same green garments; the distant ocean to the north "gleaming like a silver shield," and unruffled by a single breeze, constituted the quiet and monotonous scenery through which we passed. Among the heath stood a few melancholy fir-trees, keeping watch over two or three

ruined cottages, which, if ever inhabited, had long been forsaken, and had come to that stage of naked ruin when dwelling-places look most miserable; just so much of the doors and shutters, rafters, floors, and tiles remaining, as serves to show what time and the weather, and unscrupulous pilferers have destroyed or taken away; and just sufficient paint and whitewash to indicate that the walls and wood-work had seen better days.

Porto Formoso, (the Beautiful Port,) after a long ride, with hardly a habitation in sight, seemed, perhaps, more beautiful than it really was. But, on the road turning suddenly, and bringing to view a neat white church, with houses right and left; in front, a dell running towards the sea; a rugged point of lava stretching into the water; a quiet blue bay, edged with white surf, sweeping towards the dell; a few boats, and boatmen; women, in white dresses, beating flax, washing linen, and spreading it to dry in the dazzling sunshine; children squatting in circles round the cottage doors; girls, with shining red pitchers on their heads, coming from the fountain; and, in the distance, the irregular shore dimmed by a hot noonday haze;—I

thought it one of the prettiest villages I had seen in the island. The life given by men, women, and children; and the ornamented church, forming a centre-piece to the white and grey cottages about it, were a pleasant change from the dull evergreen mountains and moors that we had left behind.

Quitting this village, we passed through more deep pumice paths leading up the hills, where a peasant, who had accompanied us on his mule, told marvellous stories of a battle that had been fought some time before, between Pedroites and Miguelites, in the troublesome times of Portugal. Farther on, a string of donkeys, with jabbering riders in heavy carapuças, passed us, who said, in answer to a question of what was the time, that it wanted but "a hair's breadth of mid-day;" and after a hot ride through fields of Indian-corn and bearded wheat, we entered Ribeirinha, a small village in the outskirts of Ribeira Grande, where we halted at a wine-shop for refreshment. The cottage was very little better than that of a Frenchman, which Cobbet asserts to be "a shed, with a dung-heap before the door." The little room was dark, being lighted only from the door; and as ceiling, walls, and earthen floor, were all

of the same iron-grey, it was difficult, at first coming from the glare outside, to see what the wine-shop contained. After sitting for a second or two on a chair that the wine-seller placed, the contents of the room gradually dawned upon one. On a bench on one side several hot and weary peasants sat in silence, and bowed in due course; and barrels, full and empty, were ranged in genuine Azorean disorder towards the back of the shop. In front of these, and behind a small counter, on which were dingy tumblers, red earthen wine measures, a rusty tin funnel, and whitish jug, stood the landlord. He was tall and merry, with jokes for his customers in proper abundance, a nose ending in a purple chilbain; cheeks in which his wine blossomed like the rose; and a vinous expression in his waggish salamander face, which seemed to say, that "if he had a thousand sons, the first human principle he would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack." As soon as we were seated, he took his largest white jug, frothed it full of his best wine from a cask behind, covered it with a soiled towel to keep it from the flies, and stood upright waiting for orders. A series of questions then passed between our ass-drivers

and the other customers, as to where we had come from and where we were going; and after these had been properly answered, and we had sufficiently rested and refreshed ourselves, we mounted, and went on our journey. A jacket which I wore, made of Furnas linen by a Furnas tailor, excited the attention of the landlord, and then of the standers-by, who seemed surprised that choice had not been made of some foreign gaudy print in the room of so quiet a colour; and as this afforded grounds for good-humoured remarks at parting, we left the door in some merriment, with a parting wish from the landlord, that we might have a pleasant journey, "without water;" a phrase which might mean either without rain, or without drinking what would spoil his trade. We passed quickly through Ribeira Grande, the wide streets of which were well filled with people, variously occupied in lounging, sauntering, chatting, and doing nothing, and halted farther on to buy bread. Having secured a good supply, we pushed on to Capellas. The road is near the sea, and leads through a straggling village, called Rabo do Peixe, resembling the dingy villages at the base of Pico. The broad slabs of lava over which the road passed, were dark

like clinkers; the walls on each side were black cinders, heaped up without plaster or cement; and the cottages were built of the same sooty materials. Beyond these, lay enclosures formally divided by low black stone, in some of which a few tender vines were growing among other heaps of dismal stones; — hogs, asses, children, women, men, seemed, one and all, to partake of the chimney-sweep hue, which overspread their streets, and sties, and dwelling-houses.

It was growing dark when we reached Capellas. Near the village we passed a well, (the first I had seen in St. Michael's,) where the villagers were getting a supply of water for the night; and groups of men and women sat and leaned about, waiting for their turn. A drawer was hard at work with a line and bucket, and a herd of asses laden with empty barrels hung their heads in patient dulness, while they lingered for their burthens. My jack, either because he was occupied in looking at his dull companions, or attracted by "the long dry see-saw of their horrible bray," or by reason of his day's journey, or the roughness of the road, took it into his head to fall his length along and relieve himself of his burthen. This he did very suddenly, and as

quickly recovered his footing, rolling me some little distance before him. But as I had not far to fall, I was put to no more inconvenience than that of getting up again. His driver, however, was more disconcerted, and besides a long abuse of the animal in words, gave him, notwithstanding all remonstrance, a severe beating. His reason was unanswerable; — that the ass seldom stumbled, and that when he did it was always his custom to beat him. The ass-drivers in this island are great talkers to their dumb companions. They speak to them, like Sir Walter Scott to his dogs, as if they understood what was said. They use epithets such as we should only use to human beings. One of these, which my driver applied to his Jack when he fell, was that he was now "a lost soul." When the ass takes a longer circuit than is thought necessary, or treads on stones and might have chosen a surer footing, when he is slow or when he goes too quick, I have heard his owner speak to him in the absurd irony of Swift's advice to servants, and sometimes with as little delicacy.

The village of Capellas is very scattered. There are vineyards and orange gardens in and near it;

and several respectable houses. We stopped at a wine-shop with the intention of putting up for the night; but the occupant saying that her family was large and that she could not take us in, we left her door for the house of a friend of my companions, where we were well lodged.

The next morning, which was grave and warm and pleasant, with neither wind nor sunshine, we started early to see the Capellas: rocks projecting into the sea, in which, as the waves and the weather have moulded them into fantastic shapes, fanciful persons may have discovered a remote resemblance to *chapels*, and thence have given them this name. The Capellas is a crater of brown tuff, somewhat resembling that of which the island at Villa Franca is composed. The walls of the crater which face the sea are high and perpendicular, and the tuff being softer than stone has been water-worn into caverns, seamed into deep lines, and rent into chasms. So high are the cliffs that frown over the sea that a stone flung from the top took nine pulsations in falling into the water, and the sea-birds that skimmed about the rocks and the pigeons that settled on them were greatly diminished in appearance.

The murmuring of the sea below, as it rolled off and on the brown sides of the Capellas, was muffled by the distance, and the complaining notes of the sea-gulls could scarcely be heard. The view from this point at early morning, when the country round was wrapped in a sober livery of light mists, and

> " A thin grey cloud was spread on high
> Which covered but not hid the sky,"

was pleasing as well as extensive. It embraced vineyards and orange gardens; mountains, fields, and hills, speckled with white houses; long villages, chapels, and churches, far and near. Here was a squire's house (the one in which we had slept), higher and broader and whiter than its neighbours, with a long white wall shutting in his grounds; there, a church-tower white among the trees; and, turning to the sea, the rough sooty lava cliffs near Rabo do Peixe backed by the faint distance of Ribeira Grande, and the pale mountains in the rear, rose from the grey ocean, and were marked by a long irregular line of foam playing backwards and forwards on the shore. The crater dips into a small circular valley in

which beans, Indian corn, and lupines grew vigorously. The beans were gathered and threshed on a floor of trodden earth. The grave old man who busied himself in laying out the bean-stalks for his flail, stopped from his work and gave us his polite salutation, and then slowly replacing his massive carapuça continued his easy labours. An ass, which had brought the old man to his work from the village below, stood with his head in the hedge thinking and doing nothing, as dull as dull could be.

At the bottom of the hill near the Capellas, we mounted the donkeys and trotted on towards the Seven Cities. The road led along the coast for some leagues and then struck into the hills. At first it resembled a neglected English lane, except that here and there the fence was made of yellow canes plaited into a coarse hurdle, and acacias occasionally overhung the road; but bramble hedges with fern intermixed, hedge-row poplars, and fields of waving corn, reminded me forcibly of some parts of the south of England. There were, however, plenty of objects to remove the impression. The women were busily employed at their doors in beating out flax and tying it into bundles

for spinning. With clean white handkerchiefs over their heads to guard them from the sun, or occasionally with one of a showy colour to enliven their simple white dresses, or covering themselves in with a full blue petticoat of linsey-woolsey, they stooped about, beating out the dry bundles of flax with wooden mallets. The smell of this flax in its early state of decay being something between Warren's Blacking and a tan-yard, is far from an agreeable accompaniment to the gay groups of cheerful flax-gathering women and children, which enliven the roads and fields at this season of the year. But besides the white fountain with its broad red border, and the women and children who stood about it filling their bright red pitchers and carrying them away on their heads wet and glistening in the sun, and in dull contrast to the active flax-beaters at their doors and in the fields, a wayfarer was now and then to be seen, so peculiar to the Island of St. Michael that there was no mistaking where we were. The man was fat in body, red in face; fat-witted and sensual in expression. Imagine such a man with a small beaver cap and a seven days' beard, wrapped, on a hot summer's day, in a heavy cloak

of blue or brown cloth, and covered with a large umbrella of faded cotton; seat him sideways on a sober ass, and let his slovenly legs dangle from beneath his cloak and show a wrinkled pair of lack-lustre boots, and loose, strapless woollen trousers. Let his cloak blow open and discover its scarlet lining with his faded cotton jacket, soiled shirt, red oily neck and abundant whiskers. He must have a cushion to sit on, a piece of carpet, gay or faded, with a fringe, or bare, to hang down behind him; and beneath the cushion and carpet a heavy pannel, reaching from the neck of the animal to within a foot of its tail, must be tightly strapped round his Jackass's back. Behind him, and in absolute contrast with his dull greasy sensuality, put his active ass-driver; brisk, energetic, and alert, with bare feet, blue carapuça, short jacket and white linen trousers, who goads and bangs the ass, swears at him long strings of mouth-filling oaths, threatens, encourages, and chatters to his donkey and his rider with untiring gaiety, from the beginning to the end of his journey; and who, when that is over and his scanty fare is paid, springs lightly on his animal's back, and dangling his naked feet as he sits sideways merrily returns to his home.

Such a stolid person as this, with his light-hearted driver, passed us between Capellas and the Seven Cities; and many such before and since have we seen and passed in St. Michael's.

The villages through which we rode had their usual supply of healthy, squabbling children, dressed for the most part in a single white shirt or sometimes sitting even naked in the sun. They were engaged in their usual habits of eating, hallooing, squalling, and earnestly stoning pigs, poultry, and one another, or squatting about at make-believe games. They looked in good condition, handsome, and happy, as if the vegetable diet of stewed cabbages, beans, and Indian corn bread was not unfitted, in a climate like this, for raising fine children upon. Their fathers and mothers in common with the other poor of the island live almost entirely on vegetable food, and are, as a rule, well made and athletic. They scarcely ever eat meat except on feast-days and great rejoicings, and I never heard it made a matter of grievance that they could not procure it.

Having once more got free of houses and children, the inland road led up a steep ascent of several miles. As we approached the mountains

the path ran through lanes of pumice, the banks of which rose on each side to a height of twenty or thirty feet and completely shut out the view of everything but a strip of ultra-marine sky, and a few hundred feet of road. Emerging from these sunken lanes, so peculiar to the Island of St. Michael's, we came to the green hills which border the village and the valley of the Seven Cities, where, as far as the eye can reach, nothing could be seen but the fresh green bushes which clothe the mountains. Cattle were grazing far from one another on the hills, and birds occasionally flew across the path; but no man, or other moving thing caught the eye in these green solitudes; and the birds that were in the bushes kept their usual noon-tide silence.

From these dull evergreen mountains, stretching before us without apparent end, we speedily had an unexpected change. Suddenly the mountain track up which we were climbing ended on the edge of a vast precipice, hitherto entirely concealed, and at a moment's transition disclosed a wide and deeply sunk valley with a scattered village and a blue lake. The hills which hemmed them in were bold and precipitous, tent-shaped, rounded and serrated. Others swept in

soft and gentle lines into a little plain where the small village was nestled by the water-side. The lake was of the deepest blue, and so calm that a sea-bird skimming over its surface seemed two, so perfect was its image in the water. The clouds aloft were floating in this very deep lake, and the inverted tops of the hills on every side were perfectly reflected in its bosom. A few women on the shore seemed rooted there, so steady were their reflections in the water; and the cattle standing in the shallows, stood like cattle in a picture.

The lake, although in some respects nearly circular, is as irregular in its shape as a map of England and Wales, to which, from some points, it bears a slight resemblance. Where the village has been built the shore is flat; but the opposite mountains rise from the water without a shore of any kind. The sides of the valley are also as irregularly formed as the lake. It was evidently at one time the crater of a vast volcano, of which the highest hills encircling it may have been the walls. But within this outer boundary are smaller hills and craters which break up the regular curve of the steepest side of the valley, disturb the formal basin-shape which

we commonly associate with a crater, and, heaped together as they are on the side nearest the village, appear like a pile of independent hills unconnected with the boundary walls. The sides slope gradually from this part of the valley into the level ground where the village stands. It is a small collection of cottages without a church or a wine-shop, or a store of any kind, and at the time I entered it was enveloped in clouds of wood-smoke, which rose from the fires used in the process of bleaching cloth. This and clothes-washing are the chief occupations of the villagers. One of the bleaching places was a singular spot. A circular piece of ground near the cottage, six or seven yards across, was surrounded by a wattled fence of evergreens eight or ten feet high. Inside the fence a wall and ledge of rough stone, by way of fire-place, supported a row of bulging pots, with legs and without legs, of all ages and sizes, of iron and of clay, behind which a fire was kept up by throwing in from time to time as it flagged, branches of green wood. The pots were filled with lye, which, when boiling hot, was ready for use. Opposite the fire-place and within the fence, a circular wicker-work frame, filled with the cloth

for bleaching, was fixed in the earth. The boiling lye was then poured on the top of the linen, and gradually soaking through it to the bottom, was caught in a pot, which, when filled, was again put on the fire to be reboiled. While this soaking process was going on, a woman, hot and sooty, fed the fire with small branches of an evergreen from the hills, which, being green and wet, sent up volumes of smoke and crackled loudly behind the pots. The wattled fence was brown and crisp, the ground black and wet, strewed with ashes and fuel, empty pots, and unbleached linen. The poor woman in her blackened white dress was enveloped in smoke, and when she approached her line of pots to fling on more fuel, turned her head aside from the heat and flare which flushed her face and reddened her eyes. She said it was a difficult matter to live with all this labour, but what would it be without it? and therefore that she had no other remedy but to work as she was doing.

There were enclosures similar to this near many of the cottages in the village, and, as nearly all were in full action and the fuel was the same, the whole village was clouded over with a line

of blue smoke which the winds wafted to the lake. When I first caught sight of these fumes from the edge of the precipice to which I so suddenly came, they appeared to rise from the cottages just as wreaths of wood-smoke curl up from the chimneys of English cottages.

After coming to the edge of the mountains, we wound round them to descend into the village. In so doing we made a circuit of half the crater, and saw it in great varieties of light and shadow. The path led along the border of the hills, which were only not perpendicular, and where a false step would assuredly have sent man and beast headlong into the lake, a fearful distance below, where men were diminished to the size of figures in a landscape, and the grey gulls, that skimmed round and dipped into its blue waters, were little larger than flakes of snow. It is curious, too, how systematically your asses, long familiarised with precipices, prefer the very outside edge of the path, where a fall is destruction, to the safe inside where your driver runs. No blows or persuasion could induce my beast, (which, like the horse bestrode by La Fleur, seemed "le plus opiniâtre du monde,") to take the safe side of the path.

A portion of the lake is separated from the larger one by a narrow causeway. It is singular to notice the difference made in the two pieces of water by this small embankment; for, while the large lake is clear and crystalline, this is thick, green, and muddy, and as gloomy as the Dead Sea, with no clouds, or birds, or bright sky, reflected in it.

Beyond this causeway was a promontory or peninsula, which, before it came into the hands of its present owner, was clothed, I was informed, with its natural covering of fayas, heaths, and evergreens, like the banks bordering the lake. But some good person (like the Cockney who fortified one of the islands of Derwentwater or Windermere, with red brick,)—with the well-meaning intention of improving the natural beauty of the spot, has most effectually destroyed it. He has pared it down to a bare bank of yellow pumice, and out of the scrapings has made four equi-distant conical hills, stiff and formal, like archers' butts, two of which were turfed in with grass. In this state it has been abandoned, and, from whatever point it is seen, it destroys the graceful curve of the shore line, like a naked railway embankment. But the

puerilities of this wretched improver, who, had he known the golden rule of "working in the spirit of nature with the *invisible* hand of art," might have carried on his alterations with really good effect, were useful in one respect, for they afforded an explanation of the manner in which the numberless ravines, which seam the sides of nearly all the mountains in St. Michael's, were made. Two of the conical hills of pumice which had been scraped together on the peninsula were left unfinished, and the rain, which had fallen upon them, had washed them into the very same forms as many of the mountains in the neighbourhood assumed. There were the same inverted Λ ravines, beginning at the top in a narrow line, and opening widely towards the bottom, and the same accumulations at the mouth of the opening which might be noticed, in a remarkable degree, a short mile away on the shore of the lake.

Continuing to ride along the edge of the crater, we came in sight of a hamlet on the coast, in front of which, at a little distance from the shore, were several steep rocks, with precipitous sides and shelving tops. Near these are warm springs, which are covered by the tide at high water. Half an hour's ride from the

ravine, down which these were seen, brought us to the village in the valley, where we halted for the night. Here is a cottage belonging to one Catherina,—an old woman, who can accommodate those who pay the Seven Cities a visit with two beds. To her house, accordingly, we went, and found her both at home and very glad to receive us. Catherina was a sallow, withered old woman, short and dumpy, with watery grey eyes, dry cheeks, and puckered lips, expressive of much cunning. She was sitting on a dirty bed on the floor, with children and chickens playing and picking about her, and, at the moment we made our appearance, was engaged in mending her dress. But when she saw my companion, whom she knew, she made a spring from her bed, came up to him, put her arms upon his shoulders, and poured out a flood of Portuguese, which, I may almost say, flowed on continually the whole time I saw her; for few neighbours passed by without some rapid sentence; and her daughter, her husband, ourselves, our ass-drivers, their asses, with her own, and her pigs and poultry, occupied the rest of her time, and allowed no rest to her tongue. There seemed to be no earthly means of stopping her. Although

poverty-stricken in appearance, she owned lands and cows, the house she lived in, poultry, pigs, and asses. She greeted us with as much affection as if she had been our foster-mother, and then produced a bunch of rusty keys, and hobbling out of her door led us to the room above by an outside flight of steps. After fumbling with a wrong key, and *diaboing* the lock with some vehemence, she threw open the door of the guest-chamber, where we were to sit, and eat, and sleep. But the thrifty Catherina turned her chamber to many more accounts than that of accommodating strangers. It was storehouse, granary, and barn, where, besides two aged beds, with rusty coverings of reddish cloth, were long ox-goads, yellow maize, fresh beans in sacks, in heaps, and in shells, mixed up with tables, boxes, clothes, cow-bells, and collars, a drum and drumsticks, gimcrack hats, and gowns of gay printed calico for the ceremonies of the "Holy Ghost," dirty yam roots, rickety stools, donkey furniture, her husband's venerable boots and Sunday suit, the whole more or less filmed over with undisturbed dust. In the midst of this confusion, Catherina bustled about, talked, pulled out a stool, opened the window-shutters, and bade

us be welcome, with as much authority as if she had been the landlady of a tidy inn, and had been opening for us her best parlour; and, as well to enhance the favour she was doing us, as from "a natural but corrupt love of the lie itself," told us, that an hour before some strangers had arrived, and had come to her for lodging, which, not knowing who they were, she had refused; but that out of regard to my companion, whom she had known so long, she could not refuse him; adding, that when her husband re-

CATHERINA OF THE SEVEN CITIES.

turned, he would be vexed with her for taking us in, that he was very rough, and did not like to have his house disturbed. These, I was told, were sly manœuvres for raising the value of her services: although without a change of face, they were sanctioned by these words, "God knows whether I lie, for He knows every thing." "The Holy Ghost knows that what I say is true." And whether it was that she told us we could not have milk till night,—that she had sent out for eggs, —that she had no chicken fit to be killed,—that she had not a bit of Indian-corn for our jacks, (her store-room being covered with it,)—or that she was suffering great pain in her eyes and chest, the same expressive form of words, addressed to God or the Holy Ghost, wound up the sentence.

Those who go to the Seven Cities and sleep at Catherina's should rise early and get rid of their fleas in the lake. After an uncomfortable night of dog-sleep it is almost as refreshing as a good night's rest.

Soon after five o'clock we were on our way to Ponta Delgada. The sun rose in vivid red and seemed to betoken a roasting day. Our road wound up the mountains and through deep dull

lanes and flat green slopes, wholly tedious and devoid of interest; and after a noonday rest in a wine-shop kept by a woman, whose milk of human kindness (if she ever had any) had long ago "turned to cream of tartar," and a few hours at Ponta Delgada, a boat for Ribeira Quinte being ready to start, we sailed for that place with a fine N. W. breeze.

The change from the heat, bustle, and dirt of the town, and the jolting bumps of a Jackass, to the fair and gently undulating summer seas, just rippled by a breeze that swept us bubbling along at a cheerful rate, was very agreeable. So was the shore scenery along the coast. Sheets of lava, grey with the rust of age, green cliffs, yellow corn-fields, rich orange gardens, straggling villages, long ravines, and serrated mountains, passed by as in a panorama in the warm afternoon voyage between Ponta Delgada and Ribeira Quinte; and the formal island and the pretty town of Villa Franca backed by its semi-circle of hills, white and yellow beds of pumice washed into numberless fantastic shapes, or worn into formal bays, sunken reefs, and jagged rocks with white sea-birds sitting on them, called to mind the pleasant rambles we had enjoyed among

these parts. As we neared Ribeira Quinte and were becalmed under high cliffs, a flying-fish leaped from the sea with a sharp rattle as if its wings were of glass, skimmed in semi-circles for a few seconds, and then with a splash and a glitter disappeared.

Boatmen were lolling on the sands of Ribeira Quinte when we landed, while others loaded a boat with wood for Ponta Delgada. The river brawled rapidly to the sea over a rough stony bottom; two women, to their ankles in the water, were banging, flapping, and screwing linen; the shore fluttered with drying clothes; weary labourers, with loads of wood for their evening fires, followed by their downcast dogs, were coming home in lines; shadows were lengthening, crickets chinking, blue wood-smoke rising, children disappearing, and the last pitchers of water from the spring were coming down the lane on the heads of the slender village girls. We lost no time in getting asses, and having mounted two active ones, started at a brisk pace for the Furnas.

The ascent is tedious and difficult over the steepest and worst path in the Island of St. Michael. It is rugged, zigzag, stony, loose, slip-

pery, false, and ruinous. No other animal but an ass or a mule could carry you up it, and in some places the steps are so high, and the struggle of the animal to lift his burthen is so slow and uncertain, as to make it doubtful whether he will overcome the difficulty or roll back. At last he gives a grunt and succeeds; and then moves on at a better pace. Another high step follows, and with the help of his driver he slowly grunts up this. Then he rests and labours up once more; again sighs and scrambles, until, all the difficulties of the ascent being surmounted, he brings you to a more level pumice road over the mountains of the Furnas. Here your difficulties end, and you descend the rest of the way. Man and beast seem refreshed and jog on in better spirits.

It was quite dark when we came to the valley, and the night being fresh but calm, a heavy column of white vapour had settled over the Caldeiras. Two or three lights twinkled in the windows of the principal houses, and all was still except the dogs and grasshoppers, who yelped and chirped most vigorously. It is in a climate like this, where grasshoppers are noisy in their mirth above any of their kind in England, that

you can realise the time when "the grasshopper shall be a burden." I could easily imagine an irritable old man sitting rather late at his cottage door, finding the rasping din of these insects extremely burthensome.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dr. Johnson.—It would require great resignation to *live* in one of these islands.

Boswell.—I don't know, sir; I have felt myself at times, in a state of almost mere physical existence, satisfied to eat, drink, and sleep, and walk about and enjoy my own thoughts; and I can figure a continuation of this.

Dr. Johnson.—Ay, sir; but if you were shut up here, your own thoughts would torment you: you would think of Edinburgh or London, and that you could not be there.

Boswell's Tour.

Voyage to Lisbon.—Lisbon.—Cintra.—Convents.—Mr. Beckford's Villa.—The Queen and Prince.—The Palace.—Mafra.—Lisbon.—English burying-ground.—Portugal; its literature and indolence.

July 26, Atlantic Ocean, off St. Michael's.—A messenger from Ponta Delgada came puffing into our Furnas cottage on Tuesday morning with news that the "Tarujo Segundo," a Portuguese

brigantine of two hundred and thirty tons' burthen, having taken in her cargo of beans, would sail for Lisbon on the following Thursday. Accordingly beds, boxes, fossils, portmanteaus, poultry, cloaks, and mineral waters having been strapped to the asses, passports duly written and pounced, kind friends shaken by the hand, and importunate boatmen despatched, at noon yesterday we found ourselves once more among the dirt and good-temper of Portuguese sailors, and stood out of the roadstead of St. Michael's, amidst screeching hens, crowing cocks, and greasy passengers, with every prospect of a favourable voyage. A lazy breeze swept us out of sight of land, and a still lazier Atlantic swell,—long, unbroken, and emetic, confined our fellow passengers to their berths. They were a Coimbra student with his younger brother,—who lugged on board an unwieldy clasped trunk of the precise size and pattern of that carried before the Queen of Sheba in Claude's picture of her embarkation,—a fresh-coloured trader and his wife, a cheesemonger with a store of cheeses made in the Island of St. George's, which he was carrying to Lisbon for sale; a jocose nondescript, boisterous and disagreeable; a plethoric cur dog, and

a quiet ex-sergeant of the "caçadores," making a sum total of nine passengers for the one cabin and its four berths.

The means of getting to England direct, at this time of the year, are uncertain. English-bound vessels occasionally touch at St. Michael's for provisions, and in them a chance passage may be had; but the arrival of these is precarious, their stay short, and the ass-journey to Ponta Delgada from the Furnas so long, that bathers would in general be unable to reach them in time. But between St. Michael's and Lisbon numerous Portuguese vessels, now laden with beans, and a little later with Indian corn, are constantly plying, in some of which there are coarse accommodations for passengers.

Some one has said that travellers make no friendships; they are rolling stones that gather no moss. We have not found it so here. The pleasurable feelings at the prospect of being once more in England are mixed with regret at leaving friends whom we may never again meet. Most fortunately we had letters of introduction to Mr. Hickling, the Vice-Consul of the United States, to whose hospitality and unvarying attentions during the eight months we have re-

sided here, we are infinitely indebted. Although strangers, he put at our disposal for several months his country-houses at Villa Franca and the Furnas, and in visiting other parts of this as well as the other islands, he spared himself no trouble in affording us every necessary assistance.

Sunday, July 28th.—Calm day. The evidences that it is Sunday are that two of the passengers have washed their faces for the first time since Thursday; the captain has produced a pack of well-stained cards with the corners worn into semicircles, and is playing with three of the passengers; a sailor in the forecastle, in a filthy woollen shirt and corresponding canvass trowsers, is fingering with his rough tarred hands the tinkling strings of a guitar, and looks as pleased with himself as any other "ladies' man." The cheesemonger is occupied in the odoriferous task of scraping and oiling the rinds of his cheeses; while the rest of the party have been lying beneath the awning on mats.

Tuesday, July 30.—I am more impressed with the wealth and resources of England since I left it; but I am less surprised at them. The compass of this Portuguese vessel was made at Wap-

ping; the quadrant in Holborn; the knives are stamped "sheer steel;" the bell for the watch, and the iron of the windlass, are from an English foundry; the captain uses an English watch, and calculates by John Hamilton Moore's "Seaman's complete Daily Assistant;" "Sailmaker" is stamped on one of the sails, and the passengers are dressed in Manchester. prints or Leeds' cloth. Everywhere it is the same; you meet in the solitary mountain paths of these almost unknown islands a pedlar with two square boxes slung on each side of his ass, and see him in the villages tempting the women with the bright handkerchiefs and gay prints from Manchester. In the obscurest village the neat blue-paper needle-case from Birmingham hangs from a string at a cottage door-way, to tell that English needles are sold within; and in crossing in an open boat between two of the remotest islands, Flores and Corvo, an English sailmaker's name and residence were printed legibly on the sail. V—— tells me that the other evening he had just landed in a fishing hamlet,—a lonely place at the mouth of a deep ravine which parts two gloomy mountain ridges,—when his reveries were disturbed by a fellow-passenger, who having caught sight

of some village girls suddenly exclaimed, "Look, those are all my prints!"

July 31.—Perfectly calm day. The ocean is as smooth as glass, merely undulated in vast masses by the ocean swell; the sun has just set in his ocean bed without a cloud to obscure him; and the sky is growing cooler and less flame-coloured. There is something sacred in the intense stillness of an unclouded sunset in a calm sea. Talking seems profanity, and every one is mute or whispering merely, or looking over the side in a brown study. There is but one star, and that a planet, for it is still too light for the others to be seen. She shines with a soft subdued light,

> "Fair as a star when only *one*
> Is shining in the sky."

Half an hour later, when all the stars have come out, this planet will be bright and dazzling, and will throw a narrow line of light upon the water. There is no perfect reflection in the ocean even when as smooth as glass, for it is never still. Jupiter is now most brilliant, but he throws a path of quivering light from the horizon to the vessel, which is broken up and wavy like the

stream of sparks made by passing electricity through a series or separate bits of tin foil on a glass rod. Campbell writes of the rainbow, as

"Mirrored in the ocean vast a thousand fathoms down."

A calm lake, or even a well or a shallow pool of still water, will give the poetic reflection; but not the ocean. Wordsworth's epithet "steady" is essential to perfect reflection. The visible scene

"With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the *steady* lake."

The poet Elliott, leaving his fierce politics for nature, has described with exquisite truth these ocean reflections.

"Hail, placid deep!
Ocean before me swells, in all its glory spread.
Lovely! still lovely nature!—and a line
Of quivering beams, athwart the wavy space,
Runs like a beauteous road to realms divine,
Ending, where sea and stooping heaven embrace."

August 3.—It was calm the whole of yesterday, but at night a breeze sprang up which has increased regularly during the day, so that we are dashing through the waters at a gallop. After

a calm this is most exhilarating. The evening is damp and chilly, the night dark, but the sea, where disturbed, brilliantly luminous, and the clouds of spray which our vessel throws up, and our broad wake with its broken waves, (which look like patches of bright moonlight in a thick wood,) are of a silvery white. When a wave breaks over us the deck is spangled for an instant with luminous stars, the minute medusæ which occasion the light. The captain, who, for several hours before nightfall, had been anxiously looking out for land, as the night advanced turned into his little kennel on the deck, and had not lain there long, when, the mate crying out that he saw a light, captain, crew, and passengers, who had been invisible since the calm, one and all, crowded up the companion: the whole ship was instantly alive; each one seemed more friendly to his neighbour, and cordially congratulated him on the prospect of a speedy escape, until the first excitement being over they subsided into a state of semi-quiescence. The light proved itself to be the beacon at the mouth of the Tagus, and established the character of our captain for skilful navigation. In an hour we exchanged the unending see-saw of a brisk sea for the smooth

water of the embouchure of the Tagus; the wind was from the land, and the change in the temperature, from a cold damp north-easter to a soft dry warm breeze, was extreme. It was March and August in an hour. The water literally swarmed with small and exceedingly lively crabs that scrambled over one another, and shot and sidled in and out, pursuing and retreating, pinching and squabbling, with the same fierce and rapid energy that may be seen amongst the magnified monsters of a drop of putrid water in the slide of the oxyhydrogen microscope. Is the Tagus famous for crabs? or did Gay think of its "sands" simply with a view to a rhyme when he said?

> "When the crab views the pearly strands;
> Or Tagus bright with golden sands;
> Or crawls beside the coral grove
> And hears the ocean roll above,
> 'Nature is too profuse,' says he,
> 'Who gave all these to pleasure me.'"

As the day advanced we found ourselves in a new climate, beneath a hot, cloudless, light blue sky. The low land near the sea, scattered over with white windmills, looks dry and scorched,

with no colours but yellow ochre and brown; the mountains of Cintra in the distance are of a light laky purple, and in a hot haze their outline appears jagged and sharp from bare and projecting rocks. These, when seen through a telescope, were of a light grey colour, altogether different from the rounded pumice mountains, green to their summits, which we have been looking at for the last eight months. The learned suppose these kinds of mountains are the first-born of the hills; they certainly look more barren, stiff, and unapproachable than their younger brethren in the Azores, whose soft round sides wear a more fertile and amiable appearance. You may fancy this sharp ridge of rocks to be a bit of the skeleton of the old world working through the skin of the new; some of his back bone, where he is thin and withered; an emblem of the decaying country where it stands, which, with the frame of a giant, possesses little else than his huge dry bones. A broad deep estuary, close to the Atlantic, with few ships; a noble city without wealth; a soil capable of bearing corn, and oil, and wine, uncultivated; a people with "the limbs, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man," but

without the "spirit;" and a government professing the utmost liberality of opinion, yet clinging with fiendish tenacity to that traffic in human flesh which all other civilised nations have now condemned;—such are the giant frame and the huge dry bones, the capabilities and the acquisitions of the Portuguese nation.

Lisbon, standing as it does on the side of a hill, appears city-like and noble from the broad masses of white buildings which stretch in long bold lines from the water's edge to the brow of the hill; and, as all the buildings are of white stone or plaster, unsmoked and unstained with weather, the whole city looks in this cloudless sunshine as if it were newly built.

The principal streets we passed through were well paved, the side-paths being protected from the street by massive stone posts. They were perfectly clean, well swept and well drained, and free from dogs. It was not so even a few years since. Then,—

> "Hut and palace showed like filthily,
> The dingy denizens were reared in dirt,
> No personage of high or mean degree
> Did care for cleanliness of surtout or shirt
> Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwash'd, unhurt."

But since this misanthrope "disconsolate did wander up and down" the streets of Lisbon, venting many truths moodily and bitterly, the "dingy denizens" have mixed much with their ancient ally, and have caught some of her cleanly ways. Indeed among the better dressed men there is such an ample display of clean stiff shirts, that the wearers seem to be anxious to show that they are wiping out the poet's stigma. The dogs were banished a short time since by a decree.

The costume of all above the poorer classes is copied from England; fashionable absurdities are conveyed there every week by steam, and are exaggerated by the men, who have much false taste. The women of the poorer classes of Lisbon wear white muslin handkerchiefs over their heads, and a dark cloth cloak with a deep cape; those from the country wear Wellington boots, thick, loose, and clumsy, making their walk awkward. It is as warm as a hot-house, a close heat from which there is no escape, doubly oppressive after the more temperate Azores and two days of cold easterly winds at sea. We opened all the windows at night

and slept uncovered, but it was still close and oppressive, and sleep was unrefreshing.

August 5.—Called on ———, whose library is the coolest place in Lisbon. He shuts out the heat by keeping the windows and shutters closed; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, the thermometer was at 80° in the shade, and out of doors it stood at 95°. The wealthier people go to Cintra and to their country-houses whilst the weather is so hot, (which it is during two months,) and they find it much cooler than in Lisbon.

We went into a church, which is still under repair from the effects of the great earthquake of 1755. We build almost all our public buildings, except our bridges, too rapidly; but this is the other extreme. Some of the stone carving was very beautifully executed. The finical occupation of sculpturing stone seems eminently fitted to the indolence of the Portuguese character.

There is but little resemblance between the physiognomy of the Portuguese here and that of the people of St. Michael's. Both have black hair and dark complexions, and there is the same breadth across the eyes, and large develop-

ment of the lower part of the face; but the large black eye, soft, yet full of animation, which constitutes the chief attraction of the face of the islanders, I have not yet seen here. The poor are destitute of the grace of the Azoreans. How can there be any natural grace of movement, at least, with those clumsy boots?

August 6th.—Off to Cintra to escape the heat. Rode there, through deep dust, in an omnibus and six,—the same oblong, ugly, convenient box on wheels which brings together the opposite ends of London and Paris.

I was entirely disappointed with the first view of Cintra; perhaps it was because I had recently read Byron's glowing description,—"the fabled landscape of a lay;" or it might have been, that having come fresh from islands where grander, wilder, and more beautiful scenes meet you everywhere, the incongruities of square white houses, stuck conspicuously on the choicest spots of scenery, jarred with the vivid impressions of undisturbed natural beauty brought with me from the Azores. Depreciating comparisons, however, are detestable, and ought, as John Bunyan says, "to be hissed out of the world." "Thou makest all nature beauty to his eyes," and the fault lies

with him who cannot see it, not with the workmanship.

The chief excellence of Cintra seems to be its situation. For leagues and leagues, in every visible direction, the eye wanders over a parched, undulating plain, with none of the sylvan beauties of the tamer scenery of England, its green hedges, meadows, thatched cottages, copses, villages, and church spires, embosomed in trees; but, in their place, ill-paved roads, stone walls, or aloe-hedges, scattered villages of one stiff pattern, interspersed with a few, dull, road-side olive-trees, like stunted willows. From this open and burnt-up country, you see in the distance a low range of grey rocks, with their jagged edges against the sky. This is Cintra; but on coming to it, you find that one side of this mountain-ridge is covered for several miles with fresh groves of chestnuts, orange, lemon, and other green trees, and fertilised by the gardens and plantations of the numerous houses and villas which variegate the sharp grey crags. On the extreme summit of the loftiest of these crags, the small convent of Nossa Senhora da Penha, built from the same rock, and looking as old and grey, and simple, as the undisturbed mountain, points

its small turrets into the sky, and seems the only device of man in perfect harmony with nature.

In the evening we rode up to it. Like the rest of the convents in Portugal, it has been sold to pay the expenses of change of government: the king bought it and intends to preserve it, keeping the church and altering the convent into an occasional residence. The road up the mountain is under improvement, and workmen are busily engaged in transforming the plain old cells for monks into "perfumed chambers for the great." If it were fortified, it would be a most inaccessible place:—the situation is not bad for the occasional country-box of the king of an unsettled country.

We continued our ride along the mountain to the Cork Convent. Honorius, the sincere and mistaken man,—

"Who hoped to merit heaven by making earth a hell,"

lived for many years in a low hole among the rocks, on which his epitaph still remains.

"Hìc Honorius vitam finivit,
Et ideo cum Deo vitam revivit."

The poor people looked on him with great veneration, for self-denial of all kinds begets respect;

and he was made a saint, and a small convent was built close by, where ten or twelve men devoted themselves to a somewhat similar mode of life. It has been built to appear as mean and wretched as possible. It is as if several low huts were built among rough masses of rock, and accommodated to them: you grope your way, through narrow dark passages, into which the cells open, the doors to some of which are so small that no one can enter except on his hands and knees, and fat saints would be inadmissible even sideways. The chapel, with its rich marble altar, is like a damp, underground cellar. The dining-room is a narrow oblong cell, in which was a rough table of black stone, of so inconvenient a size as to leave no wider space round it than would barely admit the meagre forms of those who sat at meat. The walls had been duly scribbled and carved with the names of English visitors, from Earls' daughters down to Mr. Pickwick; a grateful sight to eyes long absent from the tracks of one's fellow countrymen, however childish and inconsiderate this national failing may be.

The navigation of the winding passages and low doorways, with their projecting knobs of cork, is far from easy. It would not have been possible

for the man who contrived them to have lamented—as an assistant poor-law commissioner is said to have done, while examining one of his modern union workhouses—that the place should have been built so much too comfortably. Ragged and awkward discomfort had here been attained with elaborate perfection.

We rode on to a very different place, Montserrat, the former residence of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, a place where Nature has been sufficiently prodigal of her most varied beauties, and art once aided her in making it as fair a dwelling-place

> "As ever mortal head
> Imagined in its little schemes of thought."

But time and neglect have worked their wonted effects upon what they could injure. We passed through a broken gate, with its roofless lodge, thence along a paved carriage-road, shaded by shabby cork-trees, which led to the house.

The villa is now a ruin; and a ruined house whose original beauty consisted in tasteful decorations rather than in architectural excellence; in drapery, mirrors, lamps, and the thousand ornaments which taste and wealth united, can alone

command, calls up few other feelings than those of dull dejection. Briars choked the passages and flourished in unroofed rooms; and in the Asiatic saloon,—where only a few years ago the mirrored walls, hung with the choicest and most tasteful drapery that "England's wealthiest son" could arrange, echoed to the voices of wits and fools, and nobles and statesmen,—the pellitory of the wall was now growing abundantly. It is said, that being tired of the place he left it, and, considering himself unjustly treated by the proprietor of the soil, allowed it to fall into ruin. This may be true or not. The story suits the present state of the house and grounds, which look like the broken toy of a spoiled child of Fortune. Byron, as a young man, fitly moralized on the ruins, and pointed his moral by a just reflection on the mistaken way in which its possessor had sought happiness; and then the poet went his way, and, in a few years, did the same.

Cintra, Thursday, August 8.—In passing the palace this morning, two small open carriages, drawn by four mules, and preceded by two outriders, drove into the yard, the first of which contained the Queen of Portugal and her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who, by the

birth of a prince, has acquired the right of being styled King of Portugal; the second, his father and some other relatives, who are visiting the Court. I walked into the court-yard to see the queen alight. No attendants from the palace were waiting for her, but the king gave her his arm up the steps. Before I saw her face, and recognized her as the queen, I thought she was a woman of that age which is so well defined by the three short words, "fat, fair, and forty," but her face, which is both fat and fair, undeceived me, and proved her to be still quite young. Her expression was good-tempered; she was very plainly dressed in an unadorned straw bonnet and light silk pelisse, of becoming colours, and looked quiet but unqueen-like. The king, a tall, graceful, young man, with light German hair, healthy juvenile colour, and long legs, reminds you of a prepossessing young Englishman leaving Eton for college. He is said to be very devoted to his queen, and to mix but little with the Portuguese nobles. There was nothing in the carriages, mules, attendants, or principal personages which marked their rank; everything was plain, private, and slovenly; and I am told that it is the habit of the Queen to omit ceremony,

and to be much seen. Is this wise in the present day? That was a safe reply of a Spanish minister to the king,—"Omit this affair; it is but a ceremony."—"A ceremony! why the king is a ceremony." Shakespeare makes his king arrive at popularity in a different way, and human nature is still the same;—

> "Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
> My presence, like a robe pontifical,
> Ne'er seen but wonder'd at, and so my state,
> Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
> And won by rareness such solemnity."

The palace — a fantastic and irregular building, which appears to have been constantly enlarged, without the remotest attention to design— is as if all the good houses of Cintra, of whatever modes, shapes, or sizes they might be, had been thrown together in a heap on the top of a conspicuous hill, with no more regularity than would just suffice to keep them in their places on the pile with the least danger of their rolling down again.

We left Lisbon, overwhelmed by the heat and glare, from which there was no escape; but here we are in a climate more like England in the hottest summer days; a cool morning, evening,

and night, with fine breezes in the day, somewhat tempering the uninterrupted sunshine. There was a difference of ten degrees in the thermometer; in Lisbon we left it at 80°, in a room into which no sunshine was ever admitted, and here it was 70° in a similar spot.

Wednesday, August 7. — Up at daybreak, breakfasted, and started on mules for Mafra. The road is sufficiently tedious and dull for rail-road travelling, but intolerable with the slow progress of the mules:—you could dwell on all its beauties a sufficient length of time, whilst rushing along it at thirty miles an hour; but you are compelled to more leisurely observation. A parched, treeless plain, with undulating hills, stretching as far as the eye can reach,—scattered villages and endless windmills, posted like sentry-boxes on the hills, and whizzing round their sails with a whirring noise, that Don Quixote might have mistaken for a grumbling defiance,—dry beds of streams, aloe-hedges, stone-walls, and deep dust;—the wheat gathering in, and the Indian-corn looking shabby; — lines of mules, with tumid wine-skins;—shambling hinds in clumsy boots, and women in Wellingtons, were the principal varieties in our ride.

A boy runs behind your mules, and, by goading and shouting, contrives, with considerable difficulty, to persuade them into an irregular intermittent pace of three or four miles an hour, — often quickening their progress at the most inconvenient places, making them canter or gallop down hills badly paved and covered with loose stones.

Mafra is so vast a building that you see it from Cintra. Its size is prodigious. It is said to be the largest building in the world. It is placed alone in an open country, and unites in one building and one design a cathedral, a palace, and a magnificent convent, — not such a dwelling as Honorius and his followers lived in, but a fit habitation for dominant and lordly priests. The palace is without furniture, and the monks have been driven out of the convent; a person resides in the building who shows it to visitors, and two priests are permitted to live in the empty and deserted convent. One of these, a tall gaunt man, in a full, rusty black cloak, and stiff jack-boots, like those of a French post-boy, walked us through the library; his appearance was dingy and neglected, his tonsure had not been shorn for weeks, and its coarse stubble spoke too truly,

like the weeds in the court-yard, of the impoverished state of Mafra.

The library is a magnificent room 300 feet long, filled with books, well arranged for reference. The ponderous folios, with their heavy French binding and red edges, sent me back to the Seine, ten years since, down which, one fine spring morning, when the Paris mob were ransacking the palace of the archbishop, I saw a continuous line of thousands of such books floating rapidly along the swift stream, followed by costly hangings and silken furniture. This library is better defended than that of the archbishop of Paris;—a march of thirty miles would diminish the numbers and the ardour of a mob, however destructively inclined. Probably the destruction of such a library, with its arid histories of councils and fruitless polemics, may have been a lighter loss than its destroyers had imagined. In the bindings of many of the tomes of the Mafra library there was a fresh and smooth redness and a sharpness of edges that told tales; some of the classics were more used; one volume of a fine quarto copy of Ovid bore such evident marks of much reading that I took it down from the shelf, and found it to be the volume which I expected.

It had been one of the Platonic recreations of the elderly gentlemen.

The church is built of marble elaborately carved; costly, beautiful, but cold. The gothic architecture of our cathedrals spoils us for these Grecian temples. Who can enter Salisbury or Winchester cathedral without stepping softly and speaking low, and feeling that he is under the influence of the "religio loci." In their ruins they are still appropriate. The ivy which clambers over the broken arches of the windows of Tintern, or the tall and stately trees which have sprung up and replaced the antique pillars and high embowed roof of Netley, seem almost to have sympathised with the ruins they replace, and have beautified it in its decay by a living architecture, in conformity with the original design. Association has also much to do with this preference. "I never enter a gothic church," says that admirable clergyman, Cecil, "without feeling myself impressed with something of this idea, 'within these walls have resounded for centuries, by successive generations, *Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.*' The very damp that trickles down the walls, and the unsightly green that moulders upon the pillars,

are far more pleasing to me from their associations, than the trim, finished, heathen piles of the present fashion."

The usual lamp, burning with its short and subdued flame, was suspended near the principal altar, and showed that the temple was not absolutely deserted; but, in other respects, there was a dismal appearance of neglected disuse, wholly unsuited to the rich marble altars and florid capitals and pillars, the sharpness and finish of which, together with their tones of colour, were blunted and disfigured by thick layers of dust. Different, indeed, was this house of God from its appearance a few years since, when Popery there

> "flaunted in such glorious sheen,
> That men forgot the blood that she had spilt,
> And bowed the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt."

Mr. Beckford (as well as Byron) saw it in its palmy state, and has described it in prose with the power of a poet and the effect of a painter.

Saturday, August 10, Lisbon.—Walked in the cool of the evening to the English burying-ground, and passed through some of the less frequented streets. I can now conceive what Lisbon must have been in its palmy days of filth;

some of the odours we encountered were sublime. I am told that this offensive peculiarity will be soon remedied by a law, compelling the inhabitants to provide suitable sewers in every part of the city. The English burying-ground is of particular interest, Fielding having been buried there. It is the most appropriate burying-ground of the kind I have seen; not equal to a country churchyard in England, but far better than the frivolous Père-la-Chaise, with its lively acacias, fantastic tombs, gay temples, spooney lying epitaphs, and smart artificial garlands, savouring, one and all, of the spirit of Falstaff's, "Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's head, do not make me remember mine end." Here there are solemn rows of stately cypresses, walks overhung and shadowed by cedars, which, in the dusk of this sultry evening, were as still and motionless as the dead underneath them. The exact spot where Fielding lies is unknown; but of late years the English residents have erected to his memory a tasteful monument, consisting of a plain sarcophagus resting on two scrolls. It was designed by an amateur possessing considerable taste, Mr. A. Howell, but a committee of no taste whatever have stuck it on a pediment of

their own contrivance, entirely out of proportion with the original plan. Their notion was to make it more conspicuous.

Doddridge, the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," lies close by. He sought health here, and found what in his instance was far better.

There are few sadder spots than English burying-places in foreign lands. How many tales they silently tell of sad and desolate death-beds among strangers, far from friends and from sympathy; of the disappointed hopes and broken hearts of many, driven into exile by incapacitating disease, or compelled by necessity or shame to seek fruitlessly their fortunes far from their own kindred!

* * * * *

Portugal seems peculiarly distinguished among the civilized nations of Europe by its entire deficiency at the present moment in authors. There is no modern Portuguese literature, except a few bad newspapers, which, with "a certain vastitude of phrase," delight at present in coarsely abusing the English for their attempts to suppress the slave-trade. Even these newspapers do not answer; many of them only lasting for three months,

and new toad-stools sprouting up out of the rotten ones, to rot in their turn. Three or four of Walter Scott's novels have been recently translated, and are well done, and there is a respectable imitation of the "Penny Magazine" called the "Panorama," as well as a monthly Journal of the Lisbon Society of Medical Science. French is generally read by the educated class: in book-shops and catalogues are many modern French works, and the ordinary French classics, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Le Sage, &c.; also a large proportion of translations into Portuguese of the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, as well as of many obscure French novelists. Tom Paine's works and Faublas I have seen in some windows. I am told by English residents here that Voltaire's writings are to be met with very generally in Lisbon libraries, and that they were, together with those of Rousseau, much read twenty years ago, but that the taste for them is happily on the wane: translations are to be bought now for a trifle. If the *persiflage* of Voltaire, and the wild, visionary theories of Rousseau have been performing here their purposes of "withering and annihilating all whereon majesty and worship for the present rest," they have had to work

upon different materials than those on whom they were first directed. It was proved to have been comparatively easy to act upon the mobility and excitability of the "light children" of France, and to convert them into an unbelieving people; but there is in Portuguese indolence a "vis inertiæ" which must require great and continued force to overcome.

It is said that the general wish of the people is to be quiet, they are tired of constant change. Great complaints are made that trade declines, and that a country to which nature has been so bountiful is poverty-stricken, until it has become one of the most insignificant among European nations. This people, who once by their fortitude and perseverance "completed for the world the greatest discovery that navigation has yet to boast of,"—the discovery of India, are reduced so low that their commercial *prosperity* in their own opinion seems to hang on the monopoly of that horrid traffic which all other civilized powers have abandoned.

The want of native writers is one of the signs of the Portuguese times, showing a deficiency in that stirring activity of mind which enables the British, Americans, French, and Germans, to

maintain their position. For, to be great as a commercial nation, (the present kind of greatness,) requires of course in the mass of the people the same qualities that enable a single individual among them to excel his fellows,—not virtue, even in the old Roman sense, much less in the Christian,—but activity of mind, indomitable perseverance, prudence, and a strict regard to (conventional) honesty. Is it strange, then, that the Portuguese, who seem to possess few or none of these business-doing or moral qualities, are left behind in the present race for wealth among the nations?

There is a pretty theory of Rousseau's to explain the industry of the inhabitants of climates to which nature has not been bountiful, "comme si la nature voulait ainsi égaliser les choses, en donnant aux esprits la fertilité qu'elle refuse à la terre." But the Portuguese, can hardly appropriate this excuse.

CHAPTER XV.

The real thing which calls forth the sympathies and harrows up the soul, is to see a number of boisterous artisans baiting a bull or a bear; not a savage hare, or carnivorous stag, but a poor, innocent, timid bull; not pursued by magistrates, and deputy-lieutenants, and men of education, but by those who must necessarily seek their relaxation in noise and tumultuous merriment,—by men whose feelings are blunted, and whose understanding is wholly devoid of refinement.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Lisbon.—Bull-fight.

I HAVE seen the Lisbon bull-fight; as ludicrous a mixture of the comical and tragic, as can well be conceived. A description of the ordinary butchery of horses and bulls in a common Spanish bull-ring would be irksome and inexcusable, after the pictures in prose and verse which every one has read and remembered; but I do not at

present recollect to have seen any minute account of the comicalities which, for the amusement of the Lisbon population, as well as for that of the midshipmen, lieutenants, and other officers of her Britannic Majesty's navy, now afloat on the Tagus, are performed once a-week at this season of the year in the outskirts of the city.

The ring where the sports are exhibited is in a hexagonal or octagonal building of wood open to the sky. Rough seats rise on every side,—after the fashion of a Richardson's show,—and above the benches on the western or shady side are boxes for the Queen and the exclusives. The one shilling gallery sits opposite, in the sun, yelling and hiding its head under umbrellas and shady coignes of vantage; the horsemen and bull-fighters enter through an opening on the same side; the bulls through a door on the north; and under the boxes are the shady seats answering to the pit. Here I sat amidst light-hearted "middies" of our own service, grave pursers, and elderly seamen full of shrewd humour and broad oaths. Of Portuguese women there was more than a sprinkling, ladies but a few, and the Queen was absent. Soldiers with bayonets, in the place of the blue policeman, kept order, and put down disturbances

of which there were several. A damsel near me thought there was nothing she so much loved as to see the Spaniard fight the bull, and her eager eyes and excited face did not entirely belie her confession.

The seats slowly filled to the number of two thousand, and when all were overdone with impatience, the swish of rockets, and the crack of maroons, announced the bedizened functionary who presided over the revels of the day: his cocked-hatted and silk-stockinged lacqueys slammed him into his box, and after a short delay, one of the silken horsemen who was to fight the bull galloped in from the opposite side.

The dusty circus in which the contest took place had been sprinkled with water by half a dozen blackamoors in loose dresses of gay chintz and coronets of Turkey feathers, like the head-dress of the North American Indians. These awkward blacks were huddled in a group chattering and grinning with unseemly gestures, whilst a knot of Portuguese bull-fighters, with short red poles or prongs stood by them fantastically dressed in particoloured suits of cotton prints; and, in absolute contrast to both, a light Spanish stripling, active, wiry, and energetic, in

tight black breeches and slashed sleeves,—as graceful a figure of young unembarrassed manhood as was ever tossed by a Spanish bull,—stood in the midst of the arena, prepared with a scarlet scarf and a handful of arrow-headed darts, to receive the first bull.

The Lisbon bull-fight differs from those of Spain in almost every particular, but especially in the weapons used in the ring. The only weapon in the bull-fight which I am describing was a small arrow of deal, three feet in length, like a barbed yard measure. This the bull-fighter holds by the end, and, as the bull rushes at him, eyes shut, he very coolly steps a few inches on one side of the direct course of the bull, and plunges one (or, when dexterous, two) of these darts into the most fleshy part of the animal's neck, leaving them there to tear the flesh, and speedily to lose their yellow deal colour for that of a lively red. In this manner, a single bull may have, at one time, from fifteen to twenty of these arrows hanging down from each side of his neck, like a bloody mane. These he will shake and rattle in agony, uttering, when the pain is past bearing, a subdued yell, (almost human, and, to the uninitiated, painfully expres-

sive,) and striving all he can, by violent tossings of his head and writhings of his neck, to rid himself of them. He can only effect this by shaking out the pieces of flesh which the barbs necessarily bring with them. The horsemen make use of a similar dart, but of three or four times the length; and their object is to strike the bull in the neck, and the instant the barb holds, to give the weapon a turn, so that it shall snap off at about three feet from the point. If this is done dexterously the people applaud; but should the spear not stick thoroughly well into the neck, or if it should break off so short as not to cause the maximum of pain, or so long that it soon tears itself out again, then the sensitive spectators call the *diabo* to witness that the thing is badly done, and feel hurt and hiss.

The young Spaniard held several of these darts in his hand, when the side-door was opened, and out there came, slowly and circumspectly at first, as if the light might have dazzled him, such a noble, high-bred black bull, with short horns, curly mane, straight back, soft kind eyes, and generous mouth, as strongly enlisted one's sympathies on his side, and made me secretly wish that

the fine young animal might overpower his nimble tormentor and throw him in the dust. The bull stood three seconds in the ring, snorted, gave a low expressive moan, bowed down his head, shut his eyes, and made one rapid bound at the Spaniard, who nimbly avoided him, and the bull glanced by with a gasp and a groan, at the torture of the two barbed arrows which the youth had plunged in his neck as the animal flew past him. The bull turned again in an instant, reared on his hind legs for one moment, as if to free himself by a desperate effort from the long darts that rattled in his neck, gave a passionate whine, and once more dashed at his enemy with the rapidity of light. But again the Spaniard turned aside, at the moment when it seemed that he *must* have bitten the dust, and another pair of the light wooden darts were streaming with blood in the grizzly neck of the tortured animal.

The man had now no more darts left, he had dropped his scarf, and I really was rejoiced to find that there was now to be a fair race between him and the generous-looking brute, for the sheltered alley which encircled the ring. The Spaniard ran as if (which was really the case) his life depended on whether he should gain the

shelter or not. At first it seemed as if he had a fair chance of escape, but the bull gained upon him, overtook him, and as he had his hand upon the circle to vault into the alley, pitched the rascal into the crowded rows of the opposite benches amidst the clear vivas of hundreds of the spectators. This is indeed an exciting exhibition, thought I, as I gasped for breath when the lucky Spaniard had recovered his footing, amidst the jeers and jests of his one shilling neighbours.

Twisting proudly his small moustache, though somewhat daunted at the fierceness of the animal, he strolled round the alley for a moment's breathing. The bull (which had not done with him yet) followed him, and made several attempts to get out of the ring, so enraged was he at his adversary's escape; but the youth tapped him familiarly on the nose, other bull-fighters attracted him with shawls and scarfs, which they left on his horns, as they vaulted into the alley, and at length, rattling the wooden darts which clustered in his thick fleshy neck to the number of fifteen or twenty, he roared deep, and galloped round the circle in an unequivocal fury.

More contests and more hair-breadth escapes

succeeded, until a luckless Portuguese, as heavy, awkward, and uncollected as the Spaniard was elastic, graceful, and cool, standing stupified with indecision, was borne down with a dull thump, (which sounds in my ears at this moment,) and was carried out for dead.

The horses and riders were hooked and rolled in the dust, tumbled, tossed over and alarmed, without fatal effects; bull after bull, with greater or less determination and courage, came in, roared, groaned, and went out again, after a sufficiency of barbed arrows had been lodged in their necks, —the populace screamed,—one furious beast at a single bound, sprang, in the eagerness of pursuit, over the fighter's alley into the spectators seats, and produced as much discomposure and amusement as the proverbial bull in a china-shop; the people clapped and vivaed, groaned and hooted, as they were pleased or disappointed, until at length the intense excitement began to subside, and disgust, or a longing for the end, or for something new, came strongly upon me.

There was a short pause, and sundry cries of "Sambo" from the one shilling gallery, when the rider's door again flew open, and instead of

the silken horseman and his prancing grey, six glossy Negroes rolled-in an empty barrel to the centre of the ring. This was set on end, a Negro was tossed inside, armed with half a dozen darts, another Negro with a pair of barbs was put by his side, the door opened, and in walked another astonished bull. At first the animal merely looked at Sambo with what seemed an expression of contempt, and slowly took a walk round the ring, to look at the spectators. They cursed and execrated his want of alacrity with the full vocabulary of Portuguese abuse, sent down upon him the thousands of *diabos* that are always within their reach, and again violently called on Sambo to endanger his life for their amusement. The hootings and execrations were not lost on the bewildered animal, who in a few seconds looked gravely at the tub and its grotesque contents, and then snorted and galloped at it. The outside Negro was soon dislodged, but before he could be tossed and gored he threw himself on the ground, stretched out to his full length, with his broad nose deep in the dust, his hands flat beside him, his limbs motionless and rigid like the dead, and lay there apparently with a mind as careless, as if a good-tempered New-

foundland dog had been caressing him. The bull soon moved away, and the Negro first crept on his legs, and then sneaked rapidly off to the sheltered alley, followed in a sort of half earnest way by the good-humoured animal, who capered after him like a goat.

The single-handed contest between Sambo in the tub and his horned enemy then began. The black grinned over the edge of the barrel, shook his feathers, and the bull, after a few moments' steady perusal of the Negro's absurdities, made a headlong rush, and rolled man and barrel down the ring. A scream of laughter shook the entire building. Fat Portuguese lay back in their seats, quaking like calf's-foot jellies, ladies put up their fans to hide their open mouths or olive faces, and men and women stamped out a hailstone chorus of applause. The solemn purser, who had hitherto been sad, laughed a hearty sailor's laugh, and looked round at his officers with a long drawn oath, expressive of *his* sincere delight. The bull, not knowing what to make of the tub and the African, kept trundling them about the ring with the gravest humour. Sambo, every now and then, in the intervals of rotation, peeped round the barrel's edge, shook

his feathers, and saluted the bull on the nose, drawing blood at each push. The bull, finding his mistake, made an excited gesture with his head and tail, bounded round in front of the barrel to draw the fellow out, or, if not to unkennel him, at any rate to prick and goad him in his puncheon, and finally struck the tub a violent blow with his horns. But as the mouth narrowed (after the manner of barrels) to a size just sufficient to admit the body of the Negro, all that the bull could do was to get in one horn at a time, and as this was quite insufficient to put poor Sambo in a complete dilemma, he managed to keep up such a continual succession of petty annoyances as ended in the complete overthrow of the animal's equanimity. The bull, foiled in all his efforts to dislodge the Negro, looked into the barrel's mouth with absolute dismay,— stamped and whimpered with vexed bewilderment, like an impetuous spoiled child,—snuffed the ground,—threw up a bushel of dust,— and then impatiently smashed the tub with his stony forehead. The odds were heavily against Sambo, who frowned out of his tub, and seemed to say, most significantly, to the amused spectators, "For God's sake, come help

me." But there was no one near to help him. His five companions sat silently on the wooden ring, grinning and showing their teeth. The bull made another rush at the barrel, rolling it backwards and forwards, like an empty puncheon on a brewer's dray, and then pursued it, with something between fun and rage, in a tortuous course along the ring. The black cried out for help, and the five gaudy Negroes were at length shamed into the circus by hoots and loud jests. The moment they entered it the bull, attracted by their gay dresses, fiercely rushed at the whole group, and instantly dispersed it. Three fell flat on their faces, with outstretched arms and legs; the other two straddled off to the alley in awkward haste, and, in place of the light vault of the graceful Spaniard, clambered up the fence like bears up a pole. None were hurt; those who hid their noses in the dust were merely snuffed at and smelt by the bull,—and before the snuffing and smelling were over the others had retreated in safety. At length, by some means or other,—it is difficult to say what,—they all six had hold of his horns and tail, and dragged him about wherever they pleased.

Having removed him, preparation was made for other diversions. An upright pole, and horizontal whirligig, having four such horses on its four ends as are to be seen revolving, at the rate of a penny the ride, in all English fairs, from St. Bartholomew to Weyhill, was fixed in the centre of the arena. The sorry straw-stuffed canvass horses were fixed firmly in their sockets; four of the blacks mounted, and the remaining two whirled them into motion. The dry tails and manes streamed out with centrifugal force, the blacks leaned inwards, and rose in their stirrups to an imaginary trot; the bull capered out, and without preface, sound, or hesitation, galloped vehemently at the stuffed roundabout, gored the bowels of the nearest horse, rent the canvass, tore out the straw, and spilt the rider among the feet of the twisters. The others turned their near legs into safety, and merely laughed at the exertions of the bull. With his horns entangled in the canvass and straw-stuffing it was not without difficulty that he freed himself for a tussle with the next. He succeeded at last, upset the Negro, spurned him most ludicrously, until, as matters became rather

serious, the six once more retreated to the alley, leaving the bull to twist round the whirl-about at his leisure. Having, however, soon discovered the difference between dead straw and live flesh, he left the whirligig and took a turn through the circus.

The sun was now getting low, and the day's amusement being nearly at an end, the populace were allowed to do as they pleased with this last of the twenty bulls which had been tormented and baited for the afternoon's sport; and accordingly, at some signal that I did not see, two hundred of the scum of Lisbon leapt into the circus, and were scouring and retreating through the arena after the bellowing animal.

The single bull, in the midst of the breathless scuffling crowd of dusty ragamuffins which nearly filled the arena, with tail erect and head to the ground, swept round the ring, overturning in his course all who were too slow or too hurried to get out of the way. One lad of eighteen, with a persevering bull-dog pluck, seldom met with or expected in a man, ran straight at the head of the powerful animal, seized him by the horns, and actually permitted himself to be shaken and

twisted to and fro, and finally to be thrown into the air, twenty feet above his head, as if he were nothing more than a stuffed man of sailcloth and straw. In the midst of shouts and plaudits, he repeated his feat three several times, and at length held on so firmly that others were encouraged to join him; the crowd rushed in, lugged the animal from side to side, cruelly twisting his tail, and pricking him with the darts; and concluded by leading him off to his stall, amidst a herd of cows that had been driven into the ring to pacify his rage.

Thus ended the Lisbon bull-fight. The ring was erected by Don Miguel, for his own and his people's amusement, at the beginning of his reign; and I was informed, that of the many low tastes, for which he is notorious at Lisbon, a love for fighting the bull with his own hands was, perhaps, the least objectionable. Fatal accidents, I hear, rarely happen; and, as the bulls' horns are cased with leather, and tipped with a padded ball, the horses are not gored and ripped open in the frightful way described in the rings at Grenada and Madrid; in short, there is nearly the same difference between a bull-fight in

Lisbon and a bull-fight at Madrid, as there would be between a regular prize-fight in England and sparring with the gloves; or between an extemporary contest at the barn-door and a battle between clipped and nearly featherless game-cocks, in glittering steel spurs, at the late Lord Asterisk's, or the present Hampshire mains.

CHAPTER XVI.

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

* * * * * *

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around:
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

MONTGOMERY.

Voyage to England.—Portuguese physiognomy.—Vigo.—Spanish market-women.—Bay of Biscay.—Steam-boats.—Frenchmen.—The Thames.—Conclusion.

MONDAY, August 12.—Left Lisbon by a steamboat for England. One of the passengers is a

Spanish lady who is going as far as Vigo. In features, complexion, and gracefulness of manner she bears a strong resemblance to the peasant women of the Furnas. There is little similarity between the peasantry of St. Michael's and the Portuguese of Lisbon and its neighbourhood; these latter are a "dingy" set, (an admirably expressive epithet of Lord Byron's, who, poet-like, conveyed in a word or a line more than others accomplish in pages,) and they are generally taller and more largely framed than the Azoreans; and instead of the full soft eyes of the islanders, they have sparkling black ones of a hard jetty brightness. The same large jaw-bones and consequent projection of mouth characterise both the Azoreans and the people of Lisbon and its neighbourhood; indeed, this developement of jaw is a striking peculiarity of the Portuguese physiognomy, particularly when it is compared with the smaller mouths of the English; but the complexion of the Portuguese of the Peninsula, which is as it was when Evelyn described that of the ladies who accompanied the Queen of Charles the Second, "olivador and sufficiently unagreeable," is still more olivador and unagreeable than that of the Azoreans.

Wednesday, August 14.—Landed for an hour at Vigo, a small Spanish town on the confines of Portugal, situated on the edge of a noble bay which has two or three barren rocky islands at its outlet, forming a natural breakwater. Though so near Lisbon the natural appearances which indicate climate were very different. The day was perfect, but instead of the constant hot cloudless sky of Lisbon, with its brown and parched-up country, the hills surrounding the bay of Vigo, and the meadows and woods at their base, were as green, and the sky as full of clouds, as in England. It is pleasant to be among clouds again: they are to the sky what trees are to the earth; without them, both earth and sky are bare deserts.

The town stands on the side of a hill; and after the stiff barrack-like sameness of Portuguese and Azorean towns and villages, where all the houses are built of one pattern, appeared highly picturesque. Here every house and cottage differed from its neighbour. The balconies running the whole length of the house, and covered with deep eaves of guttered tiles, so as to form verandas; a second story frequently projecting over the first, and closing in the street from the sky,

gave that pleasing irregularity which is so fast departing from the old towns of our own country. The streets were chiefly steep lanes, up and down hill, paved with smooth stones; but as the houses were low they were light; and the bright crimson sashes which flaunted at the open shops, the peasant girls in short capes of scarlet cloth, with the ox-waggons and sleek mules, gave to them much life and variety. The market is in a small square, having in it a covered walk like a cloister. At the fountains were many bare-footed women, carrying wooden buckets like those used in the Island of Fayal; and in the market-place, melons, peaches, and grapes were exposed for sale, and bought for a trifle by the steward of the steamboat. A fish-market by the sea-side was crowded with women and fishermen, among whom was a market-woman, with a figure and carriage fit for a court. Her black hair was plaited in a single tail, which reached to her waist, and a thick gold chain was tightly wound round her long neck: she was dressed in a black velveteen boddice, and a full petticoat of coarse, rough, home-made woollen cloth, striped with black and white,—mere rags, but they became her commanding figure as if they had been "a jacket of ermine

and a skirt of violet velvet." Many of the dark-eyed women were handsome and looked good-tempered, and joyous like the Azoreans, brown enough but not dingy. I feel more satisfied than ever that the islanders of St. Michael's owe their gracefulness and good looks to their Spanish ancestors.

Thursday, August 15.—In the Bay of Biscay, with an ugly swell which makes the broad steamer roll from side to side, and waddle like a fat man or a cow at full speed. Steam-boats with their advantages have many drawbacks. Their certainty and speed make them necessary to those who have no time, and agreeable to such as know not what quiet enjoyment means,—who cannot bear the idleness of a calm, nor the opposition of a contrary wind. But for certainty and speed many of the especial pleasures of the sea are sacrificed. There is none of that free motion, the combined result of wind and waves, which is so exhilarating in a sailing vessel. In the one case the wind carries the vessel along the surface of the waves or merely through the tops of them; but a steamer is urged by another power independent of both, and is forced *through* the water

rather than along it, conquering and subduing the wind and waves instead of using them as free agents. The sea no longer bounds beneath you like a steed that knows its rider, but she is a galled jade lashed and spurred into a quick pace; and she revenges herself by kicking and making the horseman as wretched as she can. Besides the tremulous motion produced by the engines, there is the filth of the smoke. In place of the absolute cleanliness of a ship, you have the filth of London: everything you touch is stained with soot, and your skin requires unceasing purification. The sails are as black as the sheltered sides of St. Paul's Cathedral, the masts are scraped every voyage, and the crew are of every shade of black, from the man at the helm, whose fresh ruddy English colour is only seen on Sundays, to men as sooty as sweeps, who every now and then emerge from or slide into two holes in the deck in search of coals. You doubt whether the crew are not smiths. Their physiognomy, also, is singularly changed by their habits. On board these large steamers the work is easy, the warmth considerable, and the food abundant; and instead of hard, sinewy,

active fellows, with faces deeply marked and dried up by exposure, the men are fat, and stoop with difficulty, or are smooth and bald-headed, with full cheeks and double chins.

Friday, August 16.—We have twenty fellow-passengers, consisting of Spaniards, Portuguese, English, and Scotch, a German, a Dane, and some Frenchmen. The latter are of the self-same species described by Boileau nearly two centuries ago; but they do not require wine to bring out their peculiarities.

> "Le vin au plus muet fournissant des paroles,
> Chacun a débité ses maximes frivoles,
> Réglé les intérêts de chaque potentat
> Corrigé la police, et réformé l'état;
> Puis, de là s'embarquant dans la nouvelle guerre,
> A vaincu la Hollande ou battu l'Angleterre."

Saturday, August 17.—The German to-day was very characteristic. He was seriously arguing in fluent English against the existence of the devil; but failing to convince his opponent, he said, with much naïveté, "If you understood German I could explain it to you!" Such wisdom should be always preserved in its German dress; it does not bear translating out of its native obscurity.

Sunday, August 18. — A dawdling day on deck, in the midst of a vast solitude, is now beginning to be relieved by frequent sails on the horizon.

A Danish captain, with a deepset grey eye and overhanging brow, sees farther than any of the sailors, even with telescopes. When a man at the mast-head, with a glass, said he could see nothing, the Dane held out his finger in one direction, and mentioned the rig of a vessel, which shortly became apparent to all. To-day he saw land half an hour before it could be seen with a glass by any one on board. It was like second-sight. He said he had only met with one other man, a pilot on the Elbe, who could see farther than he could.

Monday, August 19.—Passing rapidly along the coast of Devonshire in a gray morning, with a sprinkling of rain,—the scattered villas and country-seats among trees, small village churches, and vessels in all directions, are pleasant indications of England. So are the beef and mutton taken in at Falmouth last night; the flesh of actual oxen and sheep, not of the poor apologies

for these animals with which for months we have been supplied.

Tuesday, August 20.—Came up the Thames, which is by far the most striking entrance to London. Vessels lying at anchor by hundreds, —India merchant-ships the size of frigates,— steam-vessels shooting along incessantly one after another, carrying their smart crowds on excursions of pleasure, so that the broad river is like a crowded highway, — in the distance the prodigious extent of the city, marked by its vast canopy of smoke,—then, the leagues of streets, and streams of human beings flowing through them, without cessation or abatement, the horses, carriages, shops, and other indications of an almost boundless wealth, — are altogether such signs of intense energy, perseverance, and success, as cannot fail deeply to impress a stranger, or to make an Englishman, looking at the golden side of the shield, exult at belonging to such a people. It is not, however, so much for her wealth and mechanical prosperity that he has reason to be proud of his country, as for the honest, straightforward manliness of the English character, and for that great fund of common sense, and, above

all, for that extensive diffusion of practical piety which has made Britain "a bulwark for the cause of men." If this were not the case, her present prosperity, attended as it is with so much covetousness, misery, and vice, would be no solid ground for satisfaction.

APPENDIX.

THE CLIMATE OF ST. MICHAEL'S;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE DISORDERS TO WHICH ITS CLIMATE IS PARTICULARLY SUITED.

THE following table of the temperature of St. Michael's, which is the result of observations during the months of December 1838, and January, February, March, and a part of April 1839, although necessarily imperfect, may serve to show the relation which the climate bears to that of our own country, as well as to the climate of Madeira and that of other places of resort for invalids. The register thermometer was hung in a large room at Villa Franca, which faced the south and the east; and the thermometer from which the other observations were made was placed in a shaded part of the adjoining garden. Villa Franca, as it lies on the southern shore of St. Michael's, and is hemmed in by mountains screening it from the north, is probably several degrees

warmer than the villages or towns on the northern coast, where the orange trees are later in producing their fruit; and where a perceptible difference may be detected in the forwardness of vegetation.

REGISTER THERMOMETER WITHIN DOORS.

Months.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Medium.	Range.
1838 December	60	57	58.5	4
1839 January	63	60	61.5	3
February	63	60	61.5	3
March	64	60	62	4
April	63	59	61	4
Medium	62.6	59.2	60.9	3.6

MEAN OF THE COMMON THERMOMETER IN THE OPEN AIR AT FOUR HOURS OF THE DAY.

Months.	8 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.	10 P. M.	Medium.	Range.
1838 December	55	63	52	58	57	5
1839 January	60	64	58	58	60	9
February	63	66	60	58	61.25	8
March	61	66	61	60	62	6
April	62	66	59	56	60.25	10
Medium	60.2	65	58	58	60.1	7.6

WEATHER.

Months.	Days on which rain fell.	Days with Southerly wind.	Days with N.E. winds.	Prevailing winds.	Calms.	Moderate wind.	Strong wind.	Stormy wind.
1838 December	17	12½	10	N.E.	1	24	—	—
1839 January	13	17½	10½	S.E.	3	13	12	3
February	10	25⅓	1½	S.W.	6	10	6	6
March	14	21½	2	S.W.	3	10	16	2
April	—	—	—	S.E.	3	8	4	—
Medium	10.8	19.25	6	—	3.2	15	7.6	2.2

The result of these observations is that the mean in-door temperature of a room in Villa Franca without fire, curtains, or carpet, during the winter months, is 60° with a mean range of 3°; and that the out-of-door temperature during the day for the same period presents a mean of 60° with a range of 7°. The mean difference between the climate in-doors and out-of-doors is so trifling as scarcely to deserve notice; being no more than a small decimal fraction of a degree. There is, however, a difference of 4° between the range of the thermometer in the house and out-of-doors.

The highest point to which the mercury rose in the shade during the five winter months before named, between the hours of eight in the morning and ten at night, was 76°, and the lowest point to which it sank was 51°.

Comparing the climate of Villa Franca during the winter months with that of the south of England in the summer time, it appears from Mr. Giddy's Meteorological Journal * that the average mean temperature of the Land'send in the month of August during a period of twelve years was

* See Dr. Forbes's Medical Topography of the Land'send; Provincial Medical and Surgical Transactions, vol. 2.

precisely the same as that of the town of Villa Franca in St. Michael's during the months of December, January, February, March, and April; over which the foregoing observations extend,—namely, 60° 9.

The mean temperature of the winter months in St. Michael's, according to these observations, is 2° colder than Madeira; 5° warmer than Lisbon; 13° warmer than Nice; 12° warmer than Rome; and 12° warmer than Naples. It may be observed that this comparison agrees with that furnished to Sir James Clark by Sir Henry Halford; in which the mean annual temperature of St. Michael's is estimated at 62°40; that is, about two degrees less than Madeira, throughout the whole year. "The greatest difference between the temperature of these two islands," he says, "occurs in the autumn, when St. Michael's is 5° below Madeira. The winter is 2°, the summer and spring only one degree colder."* As far as our observations went, this quite agrees with our tables when compared with those made by Dr. Heineken at Madeira.

Again, the mean monthly range of the ther-

* See Sir James Clark, Bart. "On the Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases."

mometer at St. Michael's, during the winter, is 7.6, while that at Madeira is 12°. At the Land's-end it is 24°; at London, 30°; at Nice, 23°; at Rome, 23°; at Lisbon, 26°; and at Naples, 30° It must be borne in mind, however, that the observations from which the average at St. Michael's is taken, were made between eight in the morning and ten at night; while those at Madeira and in England were made with a register thermometer, always hanging in the open air. Still, the average approximates the truth, and serves to show, that while the St. Michael's winter is only 2° colder than that at Madeira, it is more equable, or, at any rate, not less so, while it far exceeds in equableness the winters of Rome, Nice, and Naples.

With regard to the humidity of the climate of St. Michael's, estimated by the number of days on which rain falls, it will be found to be greater than that of Madeira and Naples, and less than that of London and Rome. The monthly average number of days on which *some* rain fell in Villa Franca, during the winter, was 10; at Madeira, 6; London and Penzance, 15; Rome, 12; Naples, 9. But this is an estimate from which little real information can be gained. The rain at Villa Franca was, on some days,

nothing more than a mountain scud of a few minutes' duration; and at other times it fell heavily, and for several hours; but, during the whole period of our residence in the islands, there was only one day of continuous rain, in which we were confined to the house from morning till night. At the same time, the humidity is so great that your boots grow mouldy in a few days; kid gloves speedily become spotted; books feel damp, and your clothes smell musty.* To prevent these inconveniences, as fires, with one or two exceptions, are nowhere used, except for cooking purposes, the inhabitants are much in the habit of hanging out their clothes in the sun.

The wind which prevailed in December was north-easterly; that in January, February, March, and April, southerly. The gales which blew, and the strong winds, came from the southward and westward.

The south and westerly winds are soft, relaxing, and warm; the north-easterly are colder and more bracing, but never keen and thin.

This is an estimate of the winter months from

* I have been informed by a gentleman who spent a winter in Madeira, that the damp in that island produces precisely the same effects.

December to April, the most important ones to the invalid. During part of April and May, a tour was made among the other islands, and no thermometrical register could be kept. The weather was genial and pleasant, although easterly winds predominated, and it was said not to be a favourable specimen of the spring. In England, as well as in Europe, the spring was cold, wet, and changeable. June and July were passed in the valley of the Furnas, at St. Michael's, which, from its elevation above the sea, and its situation among mountains, is much cooler than the towns on the coasts. Owing to an accident with the thermometer, we have no register of the temperature, but the weather was in all respects delightful: warmer, of course, than in the winter, but never oppressively hot; and, with the exception of one day's continuous rain, we were never prevented from passing the greater part of the day "sub dio." *

* From the thermometrical observations of Thomas Blunt, Esq. in St. Michael's, in 1825, which are published by Sir James Clark, in his standard work on Climate, the mean temperature of the summer and autumn months is as follows: —

May	June	July	August	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
63°	65°	70°	73°	71°	67°	62°

From these data, the climate may be defined as " mild, humid, and equable."

The distribution of temperature is remarkably equable: not only does it vary but little from day to day, but there is also great steadiness during the whole day, and little difference between the day and night.

This equality in the distribution of heat depends on the isolated position of this group of islands; for, as they are of small size, and as they lie in the midst of the vast body of water that forms the Atlantic Ocean, almost midway between the old and new worlds, on the east and west, and between the pole and the equator, on the north and south, they are too far from either hemisphere for the climate to be much influenced by these large continents, and their size is too insignificant to modify it themselves. Their climate is therefore almost precisely like that of the ocean, the characteristic of which is equability. Thus, at sea, " even in the equatorial regions, the greatest difference between the temperature of the day and that of the night is said to amount to 3° or 4° only; while upon land the difference often amounts to 9° or 10°. In temperate regions, and particularly in latitudes ex-

tending from 25° to 50°, the difference between the maximum and the minimum diurnal range of the thermometer at sea is still very trifling, amounting only to 4° or 6°; while upon the continents, as for example, at Paris, the range often amounts to 20° or 30°." *

If the range of the thermometer at St. Michael's is compared with that of the nearest city on the continent, — Lisbon, which is situated in about the same latitude, — the difference will be found to be as great as between the temperature of the ocean itself (as stated by Dr. Prout) and that of the neighbouring continents. Thus the medium range of the thermometer at St. Michael's, from December to April, 1838-39, was rather more than 7°, whilst, during the same months of the previous year in Lisbon, the medium range was 29°.

The explanation of this greater equability in the temperature at sea, and in small insular situations which partake of the character of the surrounding ocean, is to be found in the difference of the action of the rays of heat upon water and upon land. The greater number of the rays of the sun which fall upon the surface of the

* Prout.

earth are immediately reflected and radiated, so that their heat is at once diffused in the surrounding atmosphere: a few only are absorbed and penetrate slowly to a very limited depth, as is proved by the earth's surface being but superficially heated. But the rays of the sun which fall on the surface of the sea are not stopped, but pass into it for a considerable distance, and thus they heat the water itself to a depth of from ten to twelve feet.* Owing to the fluidity and greater mobility of the particles of water, heat is much more quickly transmitted through it than through solids: the portions which are most heated dilate and immediately rise to the surface, whilst the colder particles sink. Hence the upper stratum of water is always warmer than the surrounding air, whilst the bottom of deep water is intensely cold. In this manner, a hot stratum of water, ten or twelve feet in thickness, which retains its heat for a considerable length of time, is the agent in equalising the temperature of the ocean. The heat absorbed during the hottest parts of the day is not given out again to the air with the same rapidity as from the surface of the earth; so that

* Article Climate, Encyclopædia Britannica.

as, in the day-time, the temperature is cool, at night, the heat absorbed during the day is given out and the temperature becomes warm.

In islands, the warm sea-breeze in the evening, and the cool breeze from the sea during the day, (which are readily explained on the principles just stated,) tend still further to equalise the heat, and to prevent small islands from modifying their ocean climate.

The humidity of the climate is owing to the extent of the surrounding ocean, and to the mildness of the temperature. Nearer the equator, the heat so rarefies the moisture as to render the atmosphere of the ocean dry; and, although in the latitude of these islands, the sun's rays are not sufficiently powerful to produce the same effect, yet the equable warmth is sufficient to hold the moisture in such a state of suspension, that the air is particularly transparent and fogs are very uncommon.* The dampness of St. Michael's much resembles the humidity of the

* This transparency of air, when charged with highly rarefied moisture, is well known to close observers, and explains the reason why distant objects appear much nearer in fine weather just before the approach of rain.

atmosphere on board a ship at sea; in both cases mould is rapidly produced, wearing apparel feels damp, and iron speedily rusts; but in neither case is this condition of the air productive of disease, nor is it even a source of inconvenience to the feelings of those who are in tolerable health. The native poor, who are exposed to it all their lives, and whose cottages (having no glass windows and only earthen floors) are not at all calculated to resist its influence, are a healthy, robust, and handsome race. And more than one instance occurred within my own observation, where Englishmen, who had been very subject to colds at home, were entirely free from them here. Those who are debilitated by pulmonary diseases might be rendered uncomfortable by the humidity within doors, but this would be effectually counteracted by a small stove, lighted occasionally in the evening; for it is only within doors that you are aware of this state of the atmosphere, and, except with a north-east wind, it is generally warmer to the feelings in the open air than in the house.

Owing to the same causes, a cloudless sky is very rare; and this adds considerably to the plea-

sures of a residence in these islands, and also to their advantages as a place of residence for an invalid. The direct heat of the sun does not prevent even an invalid from spending the greater part of his day in the open air.

THE DISEASES OF ST. MICHAEL'S;

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE DISORDERS TO THE RELIEF OF WHICH ITS CLIMATE IS PARTICULARLY SUITED.

THE diseases of the natives are such as might be expected from the mild and equable climate; they are of a passive and atonic, rather than of an active character. Not that active diseases, such as acute inflammations running a rapid course, are not occasionally met with among the young and robust, but that, in general, the affections are rather of a nervous than of an inflammatory kind; indicating either a deficiency or an irregularity in the distribution of nervous energy, as if particular nerves were in a feeble and unstrung condition. Thus the prevalent complaint, and one that is very common, is a painful affection of the nerves of the stomach, unattended with much disorder of the digestive function itself, or of the general health: a dull, slow,

aching pain, coming on soon after meals, and lasting many hours. In many cases this had lasted for several years: in some aggravated ones there were other symptoms, such as pyrosis and constant vomiting. The most common exciting cause of this affection among the poor is their diet; their principal meal consisting of cabbages and potatoes, chopped up, boiled, and mixed with a little lard. It is necessary for strangers to be very cautious in their diet, lest they should suffer from this form of indigestion. Somewhat stimulating food and wine are advisable, as well as a very cautious use of vegetables and fruit.

Next in frequency to this disease of the nerves of the stomach are painful affections of other nerves of the body, including rheumatic neuralgia: and loss of sensation, (either partial or complete,) in single nerves, is not unfrequent. Hypertrophy of the ventricles of the heart is more common than in England, and is sometimes accompanied with asthma, which is by no means a rare disease. Leprosy (elephantiasis tuberculata) may be said to be endemic, but it is not frequent; much less so, probably, than at Madeira, where there is a hospital devoted to those affected with this disease.

The children of the poor, from their constant exposure to the open air, their simple food, and the light unfettered dress which the mildness of the climate permits them to wear, are very healthy. I saw but few scrophulous diseases. The complaint to which they are most subject is bronchial inflammation, which sometimes seemed to lay the foundation of organic diseases of the heart and of asthma.

On the whole the diseases were simple and easily manageable. Complicated organic diseases, or morbid growths of a malignant character, are rare. I met with but a few cases of fever: in these the fever was complicated with inflammation of the bronchial and intestinal mucous membranes. Morbid growths of a simple character, such as steatomatous, fatty, and encysted tumours requiring removal, were not uncommon; and I saw many cases of bronchocele.

Consumption is extremely rare. I saw only two cases among 465 patients who fell under my observation, most of whom were affected with diseases of a chronic character. This immunity from consumption is further evidence, that one of the principal causes of this destructive disease is great vicissitudes of temperature, and it also shows that humidity, when accompanied by a

warm and equable temperature, is a favourable circumstance, rather than otherwise, in a climate which is sought by those who are predisposed to tubercular diseases of the lungs. In the island of Malta, where the air is very dry, although the climate is warm and not very variable, consumption prevails to a very considerable extent. The dryness of the air is shown by the quantity of dust which floats about in the atmosphere for more than half the year. In the Azores, on the contrary, dust is rarely seen.

These islands have not been much resorted to by invalids from England. I heard of some youths, with a family predisposition to consumption, having spent the winter at St. Michael's with considerable advantage. In another instance, the patient was a young man who left England with most marked symptoms of consumption, which were the more alarming as many members of his family had died of the same disease. During a residence of upwards of twelve months in St. Michael's, all his symptoms were relieved, and he became so much stronger as to walk from the valley of the Furnas to Ponta Delgada, a distance of thirty miles over a mountainous road. He returned to England, and, not regarding the

difference of climate, he exposed himself by travelling at night; the symptoms recurred, and he died. In a case which fell under my own observation, consumption was advanced before the patient left America; its progress was by no means retarded, and the dampness within doors was a source of much annoyance to the sufferer. These cases will serve as examples of three different classes of consumptive patients who are sent abroad from England for change of climate; and as much misery is yearly entailed upon numbers by an improper removal, right principles and views, such as are now held by those most conversant with the subject, cannot be too strongly enforced.

The first class is that of young people with a consumptive tendency, who are sent to a warm climate for a winter's residence. In such cases a change of climate is more beneficial than in any others: unfortunately, it is seldom attempted, and when it is tried, the experiment is frequently not carried out fully. It cannot be denied, that in some instances of strong family predisposition to consumption, a temporary residence in warm climates has been very beneficial; but these cases are few. One winter can be of little service in

changing such a disposition of body as that on which consumption depends: several years, or at least winters, should be so spent.

A second class are those who have incipient symptoms of consumption. If a change is determined upon, it cannot be made too soon; but a residence of some years abroad must be contemplated, otherwise the hopes of the patient and his friends will be surely disappointed.

A third class are sent abroad too late, and (as the records of Madeira prove) this is by far the most numerous. The excuses for this very cruel proceeding are, the difficulty which often exists of ascertaining the exact state of the lungs, the earnest entreaties of friends, and the argument that a doubtful remedy is better than none. Perhaps those on whom such a decision rests do not always sufficiently realise the circumstances which certainly await such a sufferer. A weak invalid, to whom all exertion is irksome, who has been used to all the comforts of a sick-room in an English home, is to be exposed to the hardships of a sea-voyage, a confined cabin, necessarily noisy from the presence of other passengers, perhaps themselves invalids, or at any rate of those who have no sympathy, or but little, with

him:—at night the various sea-noises, the sound of the waves against the ship's sides, the clanking of blocks or chains, the tramping of sailors immediately above his head, the cleaning of the deck in the early morning; wet decks, perhaps, to walk upon; chilly evenings; storms at sea with their attendant discomforts; landing or going on board in wet or in stormy weather; ill-furnished or inconvenient lodgings, or the more numerous evils of a boarding-house; a dull foreign town, and (as the immediate effects of novelty wear out) the depression of spirits from continued illness far from home and among strangers;—when such risks are to be run, and when a point of so much importance to the feelings and comfort of an individual is to be decided, the medical attendant has a task of very great responsibility.

Experience has fully proved that no person should be sent abroad when consumption has proceeded to any considerable extent; and unfortunately it is exactly such persons upon whom the experiment continues to be most frequently tried. Even in many of those cases of incipient consumption where a change of climate may be beneficial, the south of Europe is recommended,

whereas an oceanic climate in warm latitudes is the only one in which equality of temperature can be secured. For although the temperature of the south of Europe is on the whole very much warmer than that of England, yet it is subject to those great vicissitudes to which all continents in the same latitudes are necessarily exposed. And it is not because the general amount of heat during the winter months is greater, that the climate is therefore more favourable for such patients; for considerable inequalities of heat during the same day, or sudden changes from day to day, may at once undo all the advantages of a long residence. The thermometer, looked to as the sole guide, is very fallacious. In all such calculations founded on figures, and on that account carrying with them the appearance of absolute demonstration, it is as well to recollect that many circumstances are to be taken into account, and "one circumstance left out may be the vital one on which all turned." Hence the short notes of the weather in journals of trust-worthy travellers often afford more practical information than general thermometrical results. A few such examples will show this very strongly.

"Naples, Feb. 12.—Oh this land of zephyrs! (says Matthews in his "Diary of an Invalid.") Yesterday was as warm as July; to-day we are shivering with a bleak easterly wind, and an English black frost."

"March 14.—If a man be tired of the slow lingering process of consumption, let him repair to Naples, and the *denoûement* will be much more rapid. The Sirocco wind, which has been blowing for six days, continues with the same violence. The effects of this south-east blast, fraught with all the plagues of the desert of Africa, are immediately felt in that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits, which is the most intolerable of diseases."

Here is another extract written at Rome in December.

"Having provided myself with a warm cloak, which is absolutely necessary where the temperature varies twenty degrees between one street and another, I have been proceeding leisurely through the wonders of Rome."

The late Mr. Walker, author of "The Original," writes from Genoa, January 12, 1822, "The room in which I am writing is splendidly ornamented with gilding and fresco paint-

ing; I do not think I ever saw in London so superb an apartment, but in cold weather as this is it is impossible to keep oneself warm." Again he writes from Florence, February 2, "It is very, very cold here,—much colder than I ever felt it in England. The air is so thin, and the wind often so strong, that it seems literally to blow through one. The men constantly wear cloaks, ordinarily hanging open; but the moment they come upon the wind they throw them over the left shoulder, and carefully cover their mouths. The houses are contrived with reference to hot weather, and are very comfortless to English feeling at this season. After dinner we often sit in our travelling cloaks, with napkins put over our heads, like judges' wigs, which is very efficacious."

After spending the winter in Italy Mr. Walker writes, "By the way, if you want to spend the winter comfortably you cannot do better than stay in England," and Matthews says the same thing.

"Rome, Dec. 20.—The more I see of Italy, the more I doubt whether it be worth while for an invalid to encounter the fatigues of so long a journey for the sake of any advantages to be

found in it, in respect of climate during the winter. The only advantage of Italy then is, that your penance is shorter than it would be in England; for I repeat, that, during the time it lasts, winter is more severely felt here than at Sidmouth, where I would even recommend an Italian invalid to repair from November till February, if he could possess himself of a Fortunatus's cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey."

Such changes never occur in islands in the same latitudes.

There are, of course, many diseases for which a change to Italy is desirable, but consumption, even in an incipient stage, is not one of those. The Island of Madeira is now recognised as far preferable to the south of Europe for this class of invalids. The Azores are rather colder than Madeira and somewhat more equable, and perhaps more humid, but they have not at present those accommodations for strangers which the latter island possesses, nor have they communications by steam with England. For such as have a family predisposition or tendency to consumption, and are strong enough to submit to the inconveniences which must be expected in a foreign

place, little frequented by visitors, St. Michael's or Fayal would be a good winter residence; but those in whom the disease was at all advanced would not obtain the necessary comforts. A patient of the former class, who had wisely resolved on spending several years abroad, could alternately winter in St. Michael's, Fayal, and Madeira, and thus gain the benefits of change of residence and of society, and partially relieve the dulness of his banishment. Many persons now spend the whole year in Madeira, living during the hot months among the mountains. Such would find the Valley of the Furnas in summer a delightful change. The intercourse between Madeira and St. Michael's is frequent, and in the early part of the summer the voyage is likely to be very pleasant. By leaving Madeira in the beginning of June such invalids might pass three or four months in this valley, and thus take advantage of the baths. The voyage, the change of scenery, the singular natural wonders of the spot itself, and that agreeable mental stimulus which novelty affords, would make a residence in this somewhat rude watering-place both beneficial and agreeable, and re-

lieve in some measure the monotonous existence of a confinement to one small island.

The following observations on the diseases for which the climate of the Azores is applicable, are from the pen of Sir James Clark, whose authority on such matters is deservedly very high.

"In diseases in which a soft soothing climate is indicated, that of the Azores will prove beneficial; in gastritic or inflammatory dyspepsia, in bronchial irritation accompanied with little secretion, and in affections of the skin attended with a dry irritable state of that organ. On the other hand, in a relaxed state of the system, in those morbid conditions of the mucous membranes attended with copious discharges, and in an enfeebled state of the digestive organs (atonic dyspepsia) it will decidedly disagree.

"There are many cases of a mixed character, where irritation of the mucous surfaces coexists with a relaxed state of system. In such the climate may prove beneficial for a time; but as soon as the state of irritation is abated, the relaxing effects of the climate will prove injurious. A removal to a drier and more bracing

climate would then be desirable and even necessary. A change from the Azores to Madeira, and thence to Teneriffe, would in many cases prove more beneficial than a residence during the whole winter in any one of these islands."

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS,

AND MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF THE HOT BATHS AND COLD SPRINGS IN THE VALLEY OF THE FURNAS; WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISEASES FOR THE REMEDY OF WHICH THEY ARE SUITABLE.

The springs used for medicinal purposes or for luxury are the following :—

HOT SPRINGS USED FOR BATHS.

1. The great "Caldeira;" a boiling alkaline water.

2. The "Quentúras;" a hot carbonated chalybeate water.

3. The "Mistúras;" a mixture of hot alkaline water and cold carbonated chalybeate water.

COLD SPRING.

4. "Água azêda;" a highly carbonated chalybeate water. This is usually drunk, but it may be employed as a cold bath.

TEPID SPRING.

5. "Ágoa de férro;" a tepid carbonated chalybeate, containing more iron and less carbonic acid than No. 4. Never used as a bath, the quantity being small.

I am indebted for the account of the chemical analysis of these waters to the kindness of Sir James Clark, Bart., to whom (knowing the interest which he takes in the subject of mineral waters) I forwarded the specimens which I brought from St. Michael's. The analysis was made by Professor Graham of University College, London.

1. THE GREAT CALDEIRA.

The "Caldeira," or caldron, is a circular pool about ten feet in diameter, in the centre of which the water boils up to the height of three or four feet among fragments of rock. The steam, which escapes in large quantities, smells slightly of sulphuretted hydrogen (like a hard boiled egg). The water is opaline, and very soft to the skin when cooled. Its temperature is about the boiling point. It deposits silex copiously in the channels through which it flows,

and pieces of fern, moss, sticks, &c., which are covered with the water for any length of time, become petrified. The soil around the Caldeira has become whiter than pipe-clay from the constant action of internal heat and of sulphurous vapours on the pumice or on the volcanic clay. In some places, the iron or sulphur which abounds in the soil tinges it with orange colour, red, and green. Fine crystals of sulphur, as well as silky crystals of alum, are very abundant in the earth surrounding this Caldeira, and in its immediate neighbourhood.

ANALYSIS.

An imperial pint of the water from the great Caldeira contains: —

	Grs.
Chloride of sodium, with small quantities of an alkaline sulphate, sulphuret, and carbonate	11.83
Silica	2.60
	14.43

" This water," says Professor Graham, " differs from all the others in containing little gaseous matter. It is also remarkable for the absence of all the earthy bases. To this last circumstance, and the presence of a portion of silicate and carbo-

nate of soda, it is indebted for its agreeable softness to the skin. It is, indeed, distinctly alkaline to test paper. A minute quantity of sulphur is present in the form of sulphuret of sodium."

This analysis, coming as it does from one of the highest authorities, is, of course, a correct one of the specimen which was examined. But I suspect that, owing either to the cork of the bottle, or to the wax with which it was covered being imperfect, there might have been some escape of gas. Professor Dunn, of Dartmouth College, in America, (see Dr. Webster's Description of the Island of St. Michael's,) found, in a pint of the water which he examined, 26.4 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas, with a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen; and Dr. Turner also found carbonic acid in all the specimens of the water brought from this spot which he analysed.*

* "Alkaline waters are such as contain a free and carbonated alkali, and, consequently, either in their natural state, or when concentrated by evaporation, possess an alkaline reaction. These springs are rare. The best instance I have met with is in water collected at the Furnas, St. Michael's, Azores, and sent to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Lord Napier. These springs contain carbonate of soda and carbonic acid, and are almost entirely free from earthy substances.

This agreed also with my impression from bathing in the water. The springs in the immediate neighbourhood are all highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and the stimulating effect of the water of the great Caldeira upon the skin is so similar to that of water charged with carbonic acid gas, that it is difficult not to believe, whilst using it, that the gas also exists in it, but in smaller quantities than in the other springs. The natives call it a sulphurous water, and from the steam smelling of sulphuretted hydrogen, and from the existence of crystals of sulphur in the crevices of the soil through which the steam rises in the immediate proximity of the boiling spring, there seems more reason for believing in the correctness of the term than the chemical analysis warrants.

The quantity of silex held in solution by the water of this caldeira is considerably greater than that found in any of the thermal springs of Germany, but is less than in the Geysers of Iceland. The large quantity is owing to the very high

Of five different kinds of these waters which I examined, the greater part also contained protoxide of iron, hydro-sulphuric acid, and chloride of sodium."—Turner's Elements of Chemistry, 5th edit. 1834, p. 1028.

temperature of the water giving it a greater solvent power, and also to its alkaline nature, which makes the silex more soluble. Before this hot water was used for baths, it appears to have flowed over the side of the hill in a broad stream, for the road which is cut through this part shows that the soil consists of thin parallel layers of silex, varying from one-twelfth to one-quarter of an inch in thickness, and separated by other thin layers of earth. These form a thick bed, indicating that the water must have been running over for a long period, probably for centuries. The top layer of silex is undulated like the rippled surface of water.

The water is conveyed into open coolers, and when cool is mixed with the boiling water in due proportions for tepid, warm, and hot baths. The Azoreans employ them "ad sudorem," using them very hot, remaining in them for a considerable time, (often for as much as an hour daily for several weeks,) and encouraging perspiration subsequently by warm clothing. The most agreeable temperature, either for those in health, or in cases of disease, where copious perspiration is not indicated, is about 96° (Fahrenheit). Baths at this temperature produce a soothing and tranquillising

effect on the system, and a sensation afterwards, not of relaxation and weakness (as after simply warm water), but of stimulus and of increased disposition to exertion. In common with other alkaline waters, there is a sensation of great softness and smoothness of the skin, which is probably owing to the union of the alkali with the natural oil with which the skin is covered. They are much used by those in health as a luxury, to which title they have every claim. Those who continue them for any length of time become decidedly thinner. If taken too hot or too long by delicate persons, they are apt to produce headache and, nervous irritability; but, when no such excesses are committed, they are beneficial even to the healthy.

I have had many opportunities of observing that full, bloated, fat people, after a course of these baths, not only become thinner, but more wholesome in their expression and appearance.

Although the composition of this water is very simple, yet on this account it is not to be inferred that it is of little value as a remedy. It is well known that there is some quality in hot springs, (possibly the peculiar nature of the heat itself,) by which they exert an in-

fluence on the frame very different from that of water which is heated by artificial means. The bather may remain immersed in them a much longer period without injury, they do not produce the same debility afterwards, and their influence on disease is altogether of another kind. The hot springs of Gastein, in Bavaria, are much more simple in their chemical composition than these waters of the Furnas, differing little from pure water, and yet their efficacy in curing many diseases is represented as being undoubted. The tepid springs also of Matlock, and Buxton, and the Hot-well spring near Bristol, except in temperature, nearly resemble pure water.

The greater number of bathers (during my residence at the Furnas) were healthy persons, who came there for pleasure: and from the comparatively small proportion of invalids, it appeared as if the medicinal virtues of these waters were not duly appreciated. I saw benefit produced by the employment of these baths in a case of hemiplegia, from an old apoplectic effusion; in paraplegia; in gravel; in secondary syphilitic diseases; in chronic eczema, and pityriasis; in chronic rheumatism; and in a plethoric state of the system,

produced by full living and indolence, without any actual disease.

The diseases for which these baths are particularly suitable are: gout and rheumatism, when chronic; all affections in which the skin is dry and harsh, and does not perspire naturally, whether from actual disease of the skin itself, as in pityriasis, &c., or where this state of the skin is merely a symptom of internal disease, as in diabetes, kidney dropsy, &c. For that form of dropsy, attended with an albuminous secretion from the kidneys, and depending (as Dr. Bright has shown) on diseases of those organs, these baths would be deserving of a lengthened trial; for the principal means which medical art has yet suggested, and which seem feasible, must be directed to improve the condition of the skin, and baths in which the patient can remain, if necessary, several hours daily, and which produce such softness of the skin, would seem to supply the great desideratum in the cure. They are likewise suitable in all chronic diseases of the skin: if these affections are acute, or if there is much attendant inflammation, the stimulus may be injurious, and their use should be delayed. Where the lithic acid

diathesis exists, and the deposition seems to depend on indigestion or on a gouty state of the body, or the individual lives too freely, or errs particularly in the quantity of his food, and is unwilling to undergo the necessary restrictions, these baths may be tried. On the contrary, in the phosphatic diathesis, where there is much irritability and debility of the body, or when there seems a breaking-up of the system, they would probably be injurious, as well from their alkaline nature as their heat.

In a general plethoric state of the system, in persons (generally of the sanguineous temperament) about the middle of life, who are growing fat and abdominous from indulging in full living and in indolence, and who are often on the verge of disease, these baths, used "ad sudorem," reduce this plethoric condition, and enable the individual to persevere in his old habits with greater impunity than he otherwise could. The German physicians recommend similar baths in a condition which they call abdominal plethora (unterleibsvollblütigkeit), by which term they explain the occurrence of indigestion, biliary derangements, hæmorrhoids, &c., in elderly persons who live freely, on the supposition that the venous

circulation in the abdomen is sluggish and obstructed.

There are other diseases in which the propriety of the use of these baths is more doubtful: they may prove beneficial or otherwise, according to the peculiar nature of the case. Such are the whole class of nervous diseases. In a case of hemiplegia from apoplexy, in a plethoric gentleman who would not reduce his diet sufficiently, these warm baths were certainly somewhat beneficial in restoring the lost power: but in a case of similar paralysis, arising from another cause, (ramollissement of the brain in an elderly lady,) they were decidedly injurious. In hemiplegia from recent apoplexy, and also in determinations of blood to the brain in plethoric and strong persons, it would be unsafe to recommend these baths; but in such determinations of blood to the head as weakly and debilitated persons are subject to, where there are a feeble pulse, cold feet, and general want of power, their cautious and moderate employment is likely to prove beneficial, by equalizing the circulation without exhausting the strength.

The celebrated Hufeland (a high authority) says of the Schlangen-bad, a very similar bath in

Nassau, what is probably as applicable to these waters:—"Its operation is softening, purifying, and sedative; allaying irritability. I know no bath so proper for all kinds of nervous affections, especially in females unable to bear medicines or mineral waters in general; and where the chief indication is to diminish morbid irritability and convulsion. In such cases is Schlangen-bad a true and often an only means of strengthening the nerves."*

The intimate connexion between the skin and the lungs warrants the supposition that these baths may be useful in some cases of asthma, and in chronic bronchitis attended with a dry and irritable condition of the mucous membrane. They may be cautiously tried by invalids from this country who may be residing in the Azores on account of phthisical symptoms, if consumption has not proceeded far, and if the skin is not in a natural condition. Great caution would be necessary, and the bather should only remain in the water a short time.

From not possessing a quantitative analysis, it is impossible to compare this water chemically with

* Hufeland, quoted by Lee, on the Principal Baths of Germany.

any of the celebrated German spas. In its effects on the system it resembles, in some measure, the Wildbad in Wirtemburg, and also the Schlangenbad in Nassau: the former brought into great repute by Dr. Granville, and the latter celebrated by the "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau." Like these it is hot and alkaline, smooth to the skin, and soothing to the system: but its source is much hotter. The water of the Wildbad rises from the ground at a temperature of 98°: the much praised Nassau spring is but 81°, neither hot nor cold,—while this is just below the boiling point, and can be cooled to any required temperature.

Although the name "sulphurous water," which is given to it by the inhabitants, is not strictly applicable, when compared with the sulphurous springs of Harrowgate, Barèges, and Aix-la-Chapelle, yet the small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen which it contains must have some effect on the system, and in this respect it seems to differ from the above-named German baths. The hot-baths of Gastein, in Bavaria, are not alkaline, and they neither produce the same smoothness of the skin, nor the same tranquillity of the system.

2. The "Quentúras," a hot, carbonated, chalybeate water used for baths.

These springs are about a quarter of a mile from the boiling springs. They sparkle with carbonic acid gas, and are perfectly transparent, depositing a bright red oxide. Their temperature is about 105°.

ANALYSIS.

One pint contains:—

Carbonic acid gas	19.7 cubic inches,
Saline matter	7.6 grains.

The latter consists of carbonate of lime, carbonate of soda, chloride of sodium, silicate of soda, a little sulphate, a trace of a potash salt and of oxide of iron.

This analysis gives only a trace of oxide of iron, which may be owing to some deposit having taken place; for there is every natural indication of the waters being highly chalybeate. To the taste they are metallic and astringent; they deposit a thick orange coating on the earth over which they run, and when used as baths they corrugate the skin, and at the time make it feel rough and harsh, and if the eyes are opened beneath the water they smart. They produce redness of

the skin, and give a general feeling of tone, and disposition to increased activity. The bathing-places themselves look and smell as if they were covered with rust. From the quantity of carbonic acid gas, with which the water is charged, the iron is perfectly dissolved, and the water itself is transparent, crystalline, and sparkling.

In most cases where iron is indicated these baths may be used: these are, especially in diseases peculiar to the female constitution, attended with debility and poorness and thinness of blood, as is indicated by a pallid or even yellow skin, blanched lips, tongue, and gums, feeble and irritable pulse, cold extremities, languor, &c.

3. The "Mistúras."

The baths so called consist of a mixture of hot alkaline and cold carbonated chalybeate water: they therefore partake of the qualities of each. They are less luxurious to the touch and sensations, and more stimulating and tonic than the hot alkaline.

4. "'Agoa Azêda." This is a cold chalybeate spring, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas.

ANALYSIS.

This water was found to be highly charged with carbonic acid, to deposit nothing on standing, and to be faintly alkaline after ebullition. A pint contained,

Carbonic acid gas . . . 27.6 cubic inches,
Saline matter . . . . 1.97 grains.

The saline matter consisted principally of chloride of sodium, carbonate and sulphate of soda, and a salt of potash, with a trace of silica, and carbonates of lime and iron. It contains nearly eight-tenths of its bulk of carbonic acid gas.

This water is commonly drunk by the visitors and invalids. It is transparent, and sparkling like soda water; when first taken it produces a genial glow in the stomach, and subsequently it acts upon the kidneys and skin. Although the quantity of iron indicated by the chemical analysis is so small, yet the taste is decidedly chalybeate, and the channels through which it runs, the stones in the streams, and the grass and rushes along their banks, are covered with a bright orange coating. The carbonic acid gas with which it is charged is in such quantity that a cork lightly inserted in the neck of a

bottle containing it is blown out. A small quantity is bottled and sent to Lisbon, to the other islands of the Azores, and to different parts of St. Michael's.

When used as a cold bath the subsequent reaction is very great. It is highly tonic and strengthening, if the invalid has sufficient vigour to bear the reaction.

Like Seltzer, and other highly carbonated waters, this may be taken (as the common practice proves) by those in health, with impunity. When the slight chalybeate taste is got over, it is a pleasant beverage, it exhilarates, and gives a tone to the stomach and energy to the system. In many calculous complaints it may be taken freely with great advantage.

5. 'Agoa do férro. A tepid carbonated chalybeate spring.

ANALYSIS.

On boiling it threw down a slight rusty precipitate of carbonate of lime, mixed with oxide of iron, and became slightly alkaline. The iron exists in it as proto-carbonate, dissolved together with some carbonate of lime by the excess of carbonic acid.

One pint contained:—

Carbonic acid gas	25.7 cubic inches.
Saline matter	2.19 grains.

The saline matter was carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, carbonate of soda with a little sulphate and chloride.

This tepid water tastes more highly chalybeate but is less pungent and agreeable than the "ágoa azêda," from its containing less carbonic acid gas, and more iron. It may be drunk in cases where iron is indicated.

The season during which these baths are frequented is from June to September.

INFORMATION

TO PERSONS VISITING THE AZORES.

The following information may be serviceable to persons visiting the Azores.

The means of getting to and from St. Michael's direct are by orange vessels. These sail from London, Cowes, Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, and other ports, in the middle or at the latter end of October, or the beginning of November, according as the orange season is early or late.

The best vessels for passengers to sail in are the Miranda, Captain Artis; the Britons' Queen, Captain Newton; the King Alfred, Captain Knill; and the Audax, Captain White. They are built by White of Cowes, are between 120 and 200 tons burthen, are fast sailers, good sea-boats, and commanded by thoroughly experienced men, who take with them chronometers, and are

good navigators. The voyage varies from seven days to one month; the average length being probably ten days or a fortnight. Vessels generally go out in ballast; and return with oranges. The fare is ten guineas. It is necessary to provide beds and bedding, towels and linen. The cabin dinner is the ordinary salt junk, potatoes, cabbages and carrots, soup, suet-pudding, bottled porter, wine, and a little fresh meat at starting. Passengers would do well to hang a haunch or two of mutton over the taffrail, and to take live fowls with them, hams, a Yorkshire pie, and some of the potted soups and game which manufacturers sell for yachts and long voyages. A loose pair of Indian rubber boots to draw on over the ordinary ones would be found useful for invalids, as in rough weather the decks of these small vessels are constantly wet.

The orange season at St. Michael's, during which vessels ply backwards and forwards, extends from November to the latter end of April; and probably one vessel at least comes from England to St. Michael's in the course of the summer.

There is an inn at the chief town of St. Michael's, Ponta Delgada, kept by an Englishman

of the name of Mason.* We had occasion to use it for a fortnight, and were very comfortably treated. It is chiefly frequented by the masters of orange vessels. The charges were very reasonable; a dollar a day each man. There is also a small inn kept by a Portuguese.

Lodgings are not to be had; nor are there boarding-houses.

Houses may be hired without great difficulty; and as the climate is so mild, they may be furnished at a very moderate rate with the inexpensive Azorean furniture; but all foreign furniture and manufactured goods bear an enormous duty, and, unless absolute necessaries, should not be carried out to the islands.

For several miles, in all directions round Ponta Delgada, are roads fit for carriages.

In Ponta Delgada house-rent is high. Houses may also be had at Villa Franca, a town on the coast twelve miles distant from Ponta Delgada; which, as a place of residence for an invalid, is preferable to Ponta Delgada. At the latter place, however, there is a monthly ball and assembly, to which the English and Portuguese go;

* I understand that Mr. Mason has since returned to England.

and at the subscription rooms where these are held are billiard tables and card rooms; but there are no such amusements at the town of Villa Franca. There is, likewise, a Protestant Episcopal Chapel at Ponta Delgada, in which the Reverend Mr. Brandt, H. B. M. Chaplain for the Azores, officiates; but there is no such place of worship at Villa Franca or in either of the other islands.

There are several English medical men in St. Michael's; who all reside at Ponta Delgada.

There are quails in the neighbourhood of Ponta Delgada and Villa Franca, for those who are fond of shooting; but the dogs are generally worthless.

The supply of water in St. Michael's is abundant and excellent.

Servants' wages are low; and it is not usual to allow them the same meals as their masters. Indian corn-bread, vegetables, a little wine, and occasionally a small allowance of meat, are their common fare.

Agricultural labourers earn from six-pence to eight-pence a day, with breakfast and dinner, when hoeing corn and at harvest time; and these are considered good wages. A skilful carpenter,

mason, tailor, blacksmith, or other handicraft, will earn from fifteen-pence to twenty-pence a day.

Wood for fuel is abundant and cheap.

During the winter no fruit but oranges can be had; and these last from December to July. Apples and pears may be procured in June; and in the summer months, melons, grapes, and hard peaches.

In St. Michael's there is an abundance of asses for hire, which are very serviceable and necessary in moving about the island, there being no ponies, as in Madeira, or other public means of conveyance. But at Fayal and the other islands we visited, asses and horses are not to be hired.

In Flores the mode of conveyance is in a palanquin on men's shoulders. By having relays of men, it is possible to go round that island in two days.

In Corvo, rough and weak ponies were what we made use of, in going up the mountain.

The clothes worn in these islands are the same we wear in England; woollen in the winter and linen in the summer. A brown Holland shooting-jacket, or a Merino coat, is useful at Midsummer; and a large and stout umbrella is a

good defence against sudden mountain rains, or (when riding in the summer months) against the noon-day sun.

The indirect passage to and from the Azores is by way of Lisbon. The Peninsular Steam Navigation Company's packets take you to Lisbon, and thence you sail to St. Michael's, or the other islands, by trading vessels, or by "the Azores' packet," a government vessel, which makes periodical trips to the islands. We were informed that the government packet was a less expeditious conveyance than the traders; the reason being, that the pay of the captain and officers is proportioned to the length of time their vessel is away from port. The average passage between Lisbon and St. Michael's may be said, perhaps, to be twelve days; but owing to the greater prevalence of westerly winds, the voyage *to* the islands is usually longer than the voyage from them. The passage-money in the traders is about 5*l.*; the eatables are very tolerable, consisting chiefly of poultry, fish, soup, and rice.

In the month of July vessels are constantly sailing from these islands to Lisbon, with cargoes of beans and Indian-corn; and in these a passage may always be had.

Money.

The silver money in use in the Azores consists of Spanish pillar dollars, pistarines, testoons, and half-testoons. The copper money consists of patakas and vintems. Very little gold is in circulation. Accounts are kept in reis, which are an imaginary sum. A Spanish dollar, in 1839, was worth 1,200 reis; a pistarine, 240 reis; a testoon, 120 reis; and a vintem, 20 reis; but the standard is occasionally altered by a decree. The vintems answer to our pence, the testoons to our sixpences, and the pistarines to our shillings; there being six vintems in the one, and twelve vintems in the other.*

A gain of nearly four shillings in the pound

* The following is a table of the currency at Madeira: —

	Madeira.	Azores.
Vintem	20	20
Half-testoon, or half-bit	50	60
Testoon, or bit	100	120
Pistarine, or two testoons	200	240
Crusado	400	480
Spanish dollar	1000	1200
Sovereign	4600	
Quarter doubloon	4000	
Half-doubloon	8000	
Doubloon	16000	

is made by taking out Spanish *pillar* dollars, but this is an inconvenient form of carrying money; and a letter of credit on one of the English merchants in the island is probably the least troublesome.

A leathern bag for dollars is better than a purse; and two or three stout leathern straps, with buckles, are of good service in ass-travelling.

One of the principal and most respectable merchants in St. Michael's is Mr. Ivens. His agents in London are Messrs. Ivens and Co., 2, Arthur Street East, London Bridge.

The agent of Lloyd's for St. Michael's is Mr. Dart, whose agent in London is Mr. Richard Dart, 3, Walbrook Buildings.

The present British consul for the Azores is Mr. Thomas Carew Hunt; and the Vice-consul of the United States for the Azores is Mr. Thomas Hickling.

A passport should in strictness be taken out.

Letters should not be sent to St. Michael's or to any part of the islands by post. They should be forwarded to the London agent of some merchant at the Azores, who will enclose them to his correspondents, or give them to the master of one of his orange vessels. Letters may in this man-

ner be sent to St. Michael's during the orange season (from November to April, that is,) once a month; and may be sent to England from St. Michael's once a week.

Parcels of books pay heavily, if they fall into the hands of the custom-house people; and newspapers pay according to weight. This last imposition is in open breach of a treaty between England and Portugal, by which it has been stipulated that they shall go free of all but a merely nominal charge.

The few books which we carried with us were not subjected to duty.

Guns, telescopes, and folding-chairs pay duty; unless smuggled on shore.

The mode of getting from England to the island of Fayal direct is likewise by orange-vessels; but there is less communication between this island and England than between St. Michael's and England. The orange season at Fayal, however, is usually several weeks earlier than that at St. Michael's; and, consequently, if a proper vessel can be obtained, an earlier passage may be had to this island than to St. Michael's.

At Horta, the principal town in the island,

a boarding-house is kept by a civil Portuguese, Thomas Joaquim do Castro. We stayed at his house as little as we could, but we found him an obliging person, and he speaks English very fairly. Beds and board may be had at his house. Sailors and masters of vessels occupy the common room, and Thomas dines with you in the inner. His charges are low: a dollar a day each man. He said he could obtain two asses if they should be needed, and would be pleased to act as a guide round the island.

Houses may be hired and furnished here as at St. Michael's; but with the exception of Thomas's there are neither lodgings nor boarding-houses.

In fine weather there are ferry boats every day to and from Pico; and it will be found quite worth the pains to stay there several days should the traveller be able to obtain the loan of a house. Excellent bread may be bought at Madelena, the principal town of Pico; and fowls, milk, cheese, eggs, the wine of the country, and all necessaries are to be bought in abundance.*

* Mr. Read, the late Consul for the Azores, in the Report made by him to the Poor Law Commissioners so recently as April 1834, states,—"Pico being very mountainous and vol-

The Pico boats may be hired to take you to St. George's.

The British Consul for Fayal, Pico, and St. George's, is Mr. Minchin.

The Consul of the United States for the Azores is Mr. Dabney; and his agent in London is Mr. Camroux, 23, Abchurch Lane.

There is no Protestant place of worship in Fayal.

There is one English physician resident in Fayal.

canic, *the whole island is one continued vineyard;* little soil for corn; *the inhabitants depend upon the other islands for supplies of bread.*" Mr. Read was forty years the Consul at St. Michael's, and in that island had great opportunities for observation; but I apprehend he was never at Pico. He has been succeeded by Mr. Thomas Carew Hunt, a gentleman well fitted to fill this important office with credit to his country.

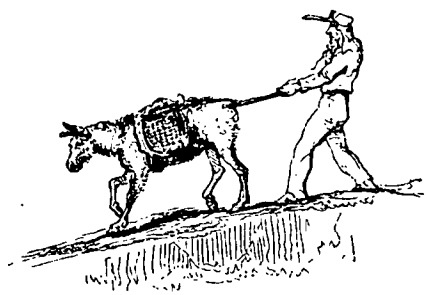
COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ISLANDS.

THE intercourse between one island and another is by Portuguese Yátes; small schooners, varying in size from 30 to 60 tons, furnished with the coarsest accommodations, and commonly crowded with passengers. The masters of these craft usually wait for a fair wind; their vessels being heavy sailers. In the winter months, when the weather is bad or uncertain, there is little traffic between the islands.

Occasionally an English schooner is chartered to St. Michael's, Fayal, or Terceira, whichever island may afford a cargo; and then a more agreeable passage may be made; but generally speaking the Yátes are the only craft.

It is seldom possible to hire an English vessel to carry passengers from island to island, as such a voyage would generally be a deviation from the charter of insurance.

Should any one "knock about" between the islands in the way we have done, he would find a small horsehair mattress with bedding and case, and a canteen fitted with dinner crockery, knives and forks, spoons, teapot, teacups, &c., of very great service.



METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR DECEMBER 1838.

At PONTA DELGADA from the 9th to 18th; at VILLA FRANCA from 19th to 30th.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out-of-doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Thermometer in the house. Max.	Mim.	Range.	Winds.	State of the atmosphere, &c.
9	59	63	58	62	63	58	5	S.E.	Cloudy;—occasional drizzling rain.
10	61	64	60	62	65	53	12	N. S.E.	Fine, clear day; showers for an hour.
11	57	61	58	54	63	51	12	N.E.	Beautiful day; morning and evening chilly.
12	54	—	57	—	64	54	10	N.E / S.W.	Fine, clear day.
13	58	54	51	54	58	51	7	N.W. / N.E.	Cold, wet day; intervals of sunshine.
14	58	—	55	54	63	55	8	E.	Very fine day.
15	59	60	54	54	60	54	6	N.E.	Fine day.—showery.

16	58	—	—	51	60	50	10	N.E.	Warm, with showers.
17	51	—	59	60	68	58	10	S.W. / N.E.	Very warm and pleasant day;—rain at night.
18	60	64	63	64	65	63	2	S.W.	Mild, close day, with occasional drizzling rain.
19	—	At Villa Franca.					—	—	Rain in the morning;—pleasant mild day.
21	—	—	—	—	65	64	1	S.W.	Pleasant mild day.
22	—	—	—	—	64	64	—	S.W.	Heavy rain.
23	58	61	58	55	64	62	2	N.E.	Fine clear day.
24	60	62	60	58	62	61	1	N.E.	Rain;—fine evening.
25	56	74	62	61	65	61	4	N.E.	Very fine;—bright sunshine.
26	60	70	63	57	65	61	4	Calm.	Fine.
27	56	67	61	57	63	61	2	N.E.	Fine day;—one short shower.
28	56	62	61	56	64	60	4	S.E.	Fine day;—showers at night.
29	60	61	—	—	—	—	—	S.E.	Fine day.
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	S.E.	Fine mild day; heavy showers at night.
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	S.E.	Showery.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR JANUARY 1839.

At the FURNAS, from the 1st to the 5th; at VILLA FRANCA, from the 6th to 31st.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out of doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Thermometer in the house. Max.	Min.	Range.	Winds.	State of the Atmosphere, &c.
1	54	58	—	54	59	52	7	S.W.	Showery.
2	54	58	54	53	58	48	10	N.E.	Fine.
3	49	58	54	51	60	48	12	N.E.	Very fine.
4	52	54	52	50	58	47	11	N.E.	Heavy rain until 2 o'clock.
5	47	55	—	—	—	—	—		
6	—	—	61	62	62	61	1	S.E.	Mild day; strong wind.
7	60	69	62	61	64	62	2	S.W.	Showery in the morning; mild, strong wind.
8	64	71	62	60	65	62	3	S.W.	Very pleasant bright day; little wind.
9	59	64	60	59	64	60	4	S.W.	Showery, pleasant.
10	59	64	61	60	64	61	3	S.E.	Warm day.
11	60	66	60	58	63	62	1	S.E.	Mild day; strong wind.
12	61	63	58	58	63	62	1	S.E.	Strong wind, showery.

13	62	66	62	62	65	63	2	S.E.	Very mild, cloudy; strong wind, showers.
14	66	66	62	62	66	64	2	S.E.	Warm day; less wind.
15	62	72	61	59	66	63	3	S.E.	Mild, bright day; strong wind.
16	58	72	64	56	66	61	5	N.W.	Mild, delightful day.
17	65	74	64	60	65	62	3	N.W.	Ditto.
18	66	72	62	61	65	62	3	S.E.	Ditto; very calm.
19	61	64	60	60	64	62	2	S.E.	Strong wind; fine, with some showers.
20	60	66	60	61	64	62	2	S.W.	Strong wind; very mild.
21	61	74	63	60	66	63	3	S.E.	Fine hot day.
22	62	73	58	54	66	63	3	S.E.	Very fine day.
23	61	74	58	57	66	60	6	N.E. S.E.	Ditto; rain in evening.
24	56	62	56	54	61	59	2	S.E.	Strong wind; dull chilly day.
25	55	62	54	—	60	58	2	N.E.	Chilly day; a little rain.
26	61	61	53	—	60	57	3	N.E.	Ditto.
27	57	71	61	59	60	58	2	N.E.	Showery, pleasant.
28	61	63	54	54	60	56	4	N.E.	Steady wind, pleasant.
29	56	66	55	—	58	57	1	N.E.	Pleasant; a shower, wind.
30	54	63	53	53	58	57	1	N.E.	Ditto; no rain, ditto.
31	60	64	55	—	60	57	3	N.E.	Pleasant warm day.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR FEBRUARY 1839.

VILLA FRANCA.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out-of-doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Thermometer in the house. Max.	Min.	Range.	Wind.	State of the atmosphere, &c.
1	60	66	55	—	59	57	2	S.E. E.	Pleasant day.
2	—	58	57	56	59	58	1	S.E. W.	Ditto.
3	59	64	61	59	61	57	4	S.W.	Strong wind; very mild, showers.
4	61	63	58	57	62	59	3	S.W.	Ditto, ditto, ditto.
5	57	60	60	61	62	60	2	S.W.	Ditto, ditto, ditto.
6	61	70	60	58	64	62	2	S.W.	Ditto, ditto, ditto.
7	62	68	61	61	64	62	2	S.W.	Less wind:—pleasant warm day.
8	62	60	61	61	64	62	2	S.W.	Strong wind; mild, showers.
9	58	66	57	54	63	60	3	N.E.	Little wind; colder; pleasant day.
10	68	74	61	59	64	60	4	S.E.	Bright, fair, and hot day.
11	66	74	65	57	67	62	5	S.E.	Ditto. Calm.

12	61	72	63	58	65	62	3	S.E.	Ditto.
13	60	63	58	58	63	61	2	N.W.	Ditto, but rather colder.
14	65	—	62	—	63	62	1	S.W.	Very fine day.
15	61	—	60	54	63	61	2	S.E.	Ditto.
16	60	66	60	61	64	61	3	S.W.	Ditto.
17	57	58	58	51	64	59	5	S.E.	Showers.
18	56	68	60	55	61	59	2	S.W.	Very fine day.
19	60	66	61	60	65	60	5	S.W.	Ditto.
20	63	76	62	56	65	62	3	S.W.	Ditto.
21	62	68	60	56	64	62	2	S.W.	Warm day with showers.
22	61	73	63	62	64	62	2	S.W.	Very warm with showers.
23	62	64	60	60	64	61	3	S.W.	Warm with rain.
24	63	64	62	62	63	61	2	S.W.	Warm dull day.
25	63	65	—	58	64	—	—	S.W.	Ditto.
26	61	—	63	63	65	62	3	S.W.	Beautiful day.
27	62	66	62	60	65	—	—	S.E.	Strong wind;—warm day.
28	—	61	60	60	64	59	5	S.W. N.W.	Gale of wind:—rain in the evening.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR MARCH, 1839.

VILLA FRANCA.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out of doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Thermometer in the house. Max.	Min.	Range.	Winds.	State of the atmosphere.
1	—	61	59	59	60	—	—	N.W.	Fine day.
2	62	64	62	60	64	60	4	N.W.	Strong wind; bright and pleasant day.
3	62	64	59	59	64	59	5	N.W.	Ditto, ditto.
4	62	64	61	60	64	60	4	N.W.	Less wind, ditto.
5	62	66	63	60	65	61	4	N.W.	Very fine and warm.
6	62	64	63	62	64	61	3	S.W.	Rainy; warm, more wind.
7	62	64	57	57	64	—	—	S.W.	Windy, some rain; warm.
8	57	61	—	57	61	—	—	W.S.W.	Strong wind, bright warm day.
9	57	63	58	56	62	—	—	W.S.W.	Ditto, ditto, heavy rain at night.
10	58	62	58	—	64	—	—	W.S.W.	Ditto, ditto, strong wind.
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	W.S.W.	Ditto, ditto, rain in the morning.
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	W.S.W.	Ditto, ditto, ditto.

13	—	—	—	62	64	—	—	S.W.	Warm, sultry day, ditto.
14	—	68	—	63	65	62	3	S.W.	Strong wind, very warm, dry.
15	61	70	64	64	66	62	4	W.S.W.	Ditto, ditto.
16	63	65	63	63	65	61	4	S.E.	Warm day, showers at night.
17	63	—	62	63	65	62	3	S.E.	Ditto, no rain.
18	62	60	62	60	65	62	3	S.E.	Stormy, with rain.
19	63	66	61	62	66	61	5	S.S.E.	Very pleasant, with showers.
20	63	67	60	58	66	60	6	E.S.E.	Ditto, ditto.
21	63	68	61	60	66	60	6	E.S.E.	Very fine day.
22	62	68	61	58	66	60	6	N.E.	Ditto.
23	62	70	61	59	66	60	6	S.W.	Ditto.
24	63	72	62	62	66	62	4	S.W.	Ditto.
25	63	73	63	62	66	62	4	S.W.	Ditto.
26	63	73	65	63	65	63	2	S.W.	Ditto.
27	64	70	64	63	64	62	4	S.S.W.	Ditto.
28	63	70	64	58	65	62	3	S.S.W.	Ditto.
29	64	73	62	—	65	62	3	W.S.W.	Ditto.
30	59	60	57	56	61	58	3	W.N.W.	Much wind, rain.
31	58	62	58	56	61	58	3	W.N.W.	Strong wind, fine, a little rain at night.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR APRIL 1839.

VILLA FRANCA.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out-of-doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Thermometer in the house. Max.	Min.	Range.	Winds.	State of the atmosphere, &c.
1	65	67	62	58	65	58	7	W.S.W.	Little wind;—fine warm day.
2	60	62	54	53	60	58	2	N.W.	Ditto;—rather chilly, a little rain.
3	62	64	60	60	64	60	4	W.S.W.	Strong wind;—pleasant warm day.
4	62	66	60	58	63	60	5	W.S.W.	Less wind;—fine and warm.
5	63	69	61	62	64	62	2	S.S.W.	Warmer.
6	63	73	62	60	66	62	4	S.E.	Very warm, and pleasant.
7	62	66	56	53	64	60	4	S.E. W.	Ditto.
8	63	69	60	52	64	58	6	S.E.	Ditto.
9	60	64	59	53	62	—	—	S.E.	Ditto.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR JUNE 1839, AT THE FURNAS.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out-of-doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Range.	Winds.	State of the atmosphere, &c.
1	—	—	65	—	—	S.W.	Rainy morning; afterwards fine.
2	60	65	64	63	5	S.W.	Showery; fine.
3	62	64	63	63	2	S.W.	Fine, close, warm.
4	63	72	70	66	9	W.N.W.	Hot; clear, calm day.
5	68	70	68	65	5	N.W.	Hot and pleasant;—showers.
6	61	66	64	63	5	N.W.	Warm, with a pleasant breeze.
7	64	66	64	61	5	N.W.	Ditto.
8	65	68	64	62	6	S.W.	Drizzling rain until noon;—fine.
9	62	68	66	—	6	N.W.	Bright warm day.
10	65	70	65	63	7	S.W.	Cloudy warm day.
11	65	68	65	63	2	S.W.W.	Heavy rain in the morning;—bright warm day.
12	66	65	63	60	6	N.E.	Fine dry day.
13	62	63	62	60	3	N.E.	Ditto.
14	63	64	63	60	4	N.W.	Ditto.
15	63	64	63	60	4	N.E.	Ditto; a little rain.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR JUNE 1839, AT THE FURNAS.

CONTINUED.

Days of the month.	Thermometer out-of-doors. Hours. A. M. 8	P. M. 1	P. M. 6	P. M. 10	Range.	Winds.	State of the atmosphere, &c.
16	66	68	66	61	7	N.W.	Fine dry day.
17	66	66	63	61	5	—	Calm and warm.
18	63	66	63	63	3	S.W.	Warm, close, showery.
19	65	68	64	63	5	N.W.	Heavy rain early ;—clear hot day.
20	63	66	63	62	4	S.W.	Warm, cloudy day.
21	63	75	—	66	9	N.W.	Fine clear day.
22	68	78	70	60	10	N.W.	Ditto.
23	65	75	—	67	10	S.W.	Sultry day ;—strong wind.
24	65	67	63	63	4	S.W.	Rain all day.
25	63	66	63	62	4	N.W.	Fine day.
26	64	68	63	63	4	S.W.	Ditto ;—showers.
27	63	70	64	62	8	S.S.E.	Ditto.
28.	60	70	62	62	8	S.E.	Ditto.
29	62	70	66	64	8	S.E.	Bright hot day.
30	60	66	65	63	6	S.E.	Cloudy warm day.

DR. WEBSTER'S TABLE OF TEMPERATURE AT PONTA DELGADA.

	October 1817.			November.			December.			January 1818.			February.			March.		
	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10
1	68	71	67	66	69	63	62	67	59	55	59	53	54	57	51	57	61	54
2	68	70	67	66	70	64	59	68	57	54	57	52	54	59	52	56	61	53
3	67	70	66	65	68	63	62	67	58	53	57	51	52	56	51	55	59	53
4	66	69	66	65	69	63	61	66	57	53	56	52	53	57	51	56	61	52
5	64	68	65	63	66	62	62	66	57	52	59	49	51	57	51	55	62	54
6	64	66	63	63	65	62	62	67	58	53	58	50	52	55	49	58	63	53
7	65	72	64	63	69	60	61	68	59	53	60	49	53	57	50	57	65	54
8	65	71	64	61	68	60	62	66	58	53	58	51	53	58	51	59	64	54
9	64	73	63	64	69	58	62	67	58	55	59	50	52	56	50	56	62	56
10	65	79	64	60	68	60	60	66	59	54	61	51	54	57	50	59	65	55
11	65	69	65	63	70	60	61	68	58	55	58	52	54	56	51	59	64	56
12	66	68	65	62	69	61	61	66	57	53	60	50	53	59	51	60	66	57
13	65	70	64	63	71	59	60	67	56	54	59	49	54	57	52	61	66	56
14	66	72	65	63	70	60	60	63	57	54	58	50	52	58	52	62	68	57
15	65	73	64	65	71	61	59	61	56	55	57	49	55	59	51	63	67	58

DR. WEBSTER'S TABLE OF TEMPERATURE AT PONTA DELGADA.—CONTINUED.

	October 1817.			November.			December.			January 1818.			February.			March.		
	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10	A. M. 7	P. M. 2	P. M. 10
16	66	72	65	64	69	63	59	62	57	53	58	50	54	58	52	63	68	61
17	67	71	64	66	71	62	55	60	54	54	59	51	54	60	53	63	67	59
18	67	71	63	66	72	60	57	61	54	53	58	51	56	61	51	63	69	60
19	66	73	64	65	69	63	56	61	53	56	59	52	53	60	50	62	70	59
20	67	69	63	65	67	62	56	63	54	55	60	52	54	58	51	64	68	60
21	66	72	64	64	70	60	55	60	52	56	61	51	55	60	51	62	67	58
22	65	73	64	65	68	62	58	59	53	53	60	51	53	61	50	62	69	59
23	64	71	64	65	71	61	56	64	52	55	62	49	54	60	49	63	70	58
24	66	70	64	62	72	61	54	58	53	54	62	51	56	62	50	65	69	61
25	65	70	63	63	72	60	55	63	54	55	61	50	57	63	53	65	71	62
26	66	71	62	64	71	61	55	59	53	55	60	51	55	62	52	66	72	63
27	65	73	63	63	73	60	54	62	52	53	60	49	55	60	54	65	72	61
28	67	72	62	64	73	61	55	62	51	54	61	50	55	62	53	66	73	62
29	67	72	63	61	71	60	55	61	52	53	58	51	—	—	—	66	70	61
30	66	71	63	60	69	60	56	60	51	54	60	50	—	—	—	65	73	62
31	67	70	62	—	—	—	55	61	52	53	58	50	—	—	—	66	74	61

TEMPERATURE OF LISBON.

THE estimate of the temperature of Lisbon, which has been referred to in comparing a continental with an oceanic climate, was taken from the following "Résumé," published in the "Jornal da Sociedade das Sciencias Medicas de Lisboa," tomo xi. 1840.

The year 1838, to which this table relates, was very rainy, except during the summer, which was very hot and dry. In comparing it, therefore, with the more extended observations of the climate of Italy, the results only approximate the truth.

The mean annual temperature of Lisbon is 12° higher than that of London, 2° higher than Rome, and 1° higher than Naples; but the mean temperature of *winter* is 16° higher than London, 7° higher than Rome, and 7° higher than Naples.

The range of temperature is rather greater in Lisbon than in Rome or Naples.

A greater quantity of rain falls, and there are more rainy days in Lisbon than in Rome, but

less than in London. Thus, in 1838 there were 134 days in which rain fell at Lisbon, whilst the average annual number of days at Rome is 117, and at London, 178. In Lisbon 34½ inches of rain fell in one year, whilst at Rome the average number of inches annually is 31, and in London, 50.

From this it appears that the winter in Lisbon is warmer than that of Rome and Naples, but that there is even less steadiness of temperature, and that more rain falls.

Compared with the oceanic climate of the Azores or of Madeira, the inequality of the temperature has been shown to be very striking, and on this account Lisbon is an improper winter residence for those affected with consumption or with any of its premonitory symptoms. The changes of temperature are so great, that the natives are frequently obliged in the winter (even within their houses) to wrap themselves in their warmest clothing, and, as stoves are not to be procured in lodgings, an Englishman often suffers from the cold.

RÉSUMÉ OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE IN LISBON, IN THE YEAR 1838.

		Thermometer.				Barometer.					Weather.
		Maximum cold.	Maximum heat.	Mean.	Monthly range.	Maximum elevation.	Maximum depression.	Mean.	Days of rain.	Quantity millimetres.	
Winter.	Dec. 1837	42	66	55.7	24	766.8	750	759	15	100	Temperate, humid, rainy.
	Jan. 1838	40	67	53	27	760.1	734.8	749.8	24	230	Temperate, humid, very rainy; 3 days' tempest.
	February	43	62	55	19	762.5	739	750.9	20	193	Humid: very rainy and tempestuous.
	March	44	69	58	25	770.2	743.5	758.9	8	40	Temperate and dry.
Spring.	April	43	76	57.6	33	761.7	747.2	756	8	38	Temperature very irregular and cold; very dry and windy.
	May	48	76	63	28	760	746.5	753.7	17	100	Temperature irregular; very wet and windy.
Summer.	June	52	86	66	34	762.8	755.4	759.3	6	9	Cold, dry, and very windy.
	July	56	98	72	42	772.8	755	758.5	—	—	Temperature very irregular, heat sometimes very great; very dry and windy.
	August	57	97	75.5	40	762	757.3	759	8	1	[wind. Temperature very hot and dry; 8 days of strong
	Sept.	54	91	69	37	759.9	742.6	754.4	5	19	Very hot and dry; 5 days of very strong wind.
Autumn.	October	49	80	61.7	31	765.1	753	759	5	40	Very hot at the beginning, rest temperate and dry; 3 days of strong wind.
	Nov.	44	71	58	27	758.5	742.2	750.2	23	160	Temperate; extremely rainy, and windy.
	Mean	40	98	62	30.7	772.8	734.8	755.7			
								Total . . .	134	930	[which was very hot and dry. or 34½ inches. Very rainy, except the summer,

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